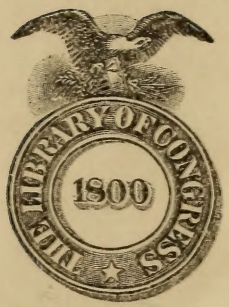
MEN AND WOMEN OF DEEP PIETY

MRS. CLARA McLEISTER



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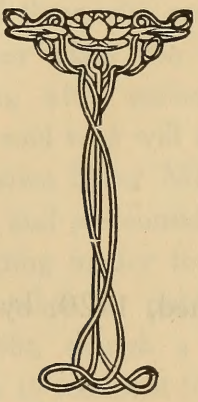
BY

MRS. CLARA McLEISTER



EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

REV E. E. SHELHAMER

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INTRODUCTION

ANOTHER new book? Yes, but a very inspiring one, and this justifies its publication. Biographical sketches of holy men and women come next to the Bible as a wholesome bill of fare for those who desire spiritual food. Here we get new visions and possibilities in the kingdom of grace. Here we take on courage and strength as we behold soldiers battling in the great arena of life. Here we are silently rebuked as we view the self-sacrifice of those who counted not their lives dear unto themselves that they might win Christ and bless humanity. Yes, the reading after eminent saints will broaden, deepen and enrich any soul who will take time to do so.

The writer has known Sister McLeister, the compiler of this volume, for years, and we consider her well qualified for the great task of selecting matter for such a book. At her request we have undertaken its publication. It has been a means of spiritual profit, though a great task to condense and edit the copy so as to reduce it to its present size, and yet not do violence to the general thought contained in each sketch. While we have furnished some of the matter found herein, the selection of that of our sainted companion was wholly on the part of the author. However, we consider it a valuable asset to the book.

The exhorbitant high cost of printing and making of new cuts from old pictures renders it impossible to sell the book as cheaply as before the war. Nevertheless, we feel sure that those who purchase and read this volume will be well repaid for the investment. We bespeak for it a wide circulation, and for any good that is accomplished our God shall have all the glory.

E. E. SHELHAMER,

January, 1, 1920. Harrisburg, Pa.

PREFACE

CHRISTIAN biography is inspiring and stimulating. Wills are strengthened, sluggish emotions are aroused, fuel is added to devotion's flame, and the clay becomes more plastic in the Master Potter's hands.

To write brief sketches of pious women was the author's first design. This to her seemed an unassuming way of becoming a blessing to her sisters in the Lord who, having many cares and perplexities, hear much more frequently of holy men and their achievements than of pious, successful mothers and hand-maidens of the Lord. It was at the request of the publisher that the writing of sketches of holy men was also undertaken and included in the volume. The field is wide, and it is a task to bring the materials within the compass of one book without too greatly diminishing their interest and value.

The labor involved in gleaning from many sources has had its reward in enriching the author's mental and soul life. The heavenly Boaz bade the reapers let some handfuls fall purposely for her. Her part in the work of the pastorate, together with the duties of a wife and mother, have necessarily claimed first attention. But during ten happy years, gathering up fragments of time lest they be wasted, she has pursued her design, and now desires to share with others, in this concentrated form, some of the honey, wine and oil thus stored.

The sources from which we have obtained our information have been many and varied, ranging through biography, autobiography, memoirs, letters, diaries, encyclopedias, and re-

ligious papers and magazines. It would have added but little to the interest of most of our readers had each author and quotation been listed. Hence we merely indicate a verbatim transcript by quotation marks. We humbly acknowledge our indebtedness to these worthy scribes.

We owe a special debt of gratitude to Rev. E. E. Shelhamer who, as a father in the Gospel, so kindly encouraged us in this work and undertook the publishing of it. He has very helpfully criticised our manuscripts, and abridged them for publication, and in addition has contributed several original sketches. His many fruitful years of labor, as author and evangelist, his holy and unblameable life, his magnanimity of soul, and his God-given insight into human character, lend special weight and value to whatever passes through his hands. We realize that the value of the book has been very much increased by his practical co-operation.

Let us approach holy lives reverently and, drawing aside the curtain to study the secrets of their success and power, may the Holy Spirit breathe upon our hearts, and transform us more perfectly into the image of God's dear Son.

If these pages become blest to the awakening of sinners and the edifying of the body of Christ, may all the glory be ascribed to Him "who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people."

MRS. CLARA McLEISTER.

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THOMAS A' KEMPIS

THE *Imitation of Christ*, translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible, abounds in maxims of humility and resignation, and is such a book as any devout soul may read with profit, may study and re-read with greater profit, and may well make it a daily guide in holy living. It has been universally read, and has moved the hearts of men of all nations, conditions and creeds. "A book which can interest and awaken minds so varied and opposed, and which has been throughout the ages the consolation of men of the greatest genius, as well as of those of the smallest capacity, and the lowest ambition, must be a work of priceless value." Its usefulness, spirituality, and popularity with devout Christians is unabated, though almost five centuries have elapsed since a pious German monk composed its epigrammatic sentences in his humble cell. The ardent religious passion of the author permeates its simple and direct advices, and is contagious as the honest pilgrim on the way to heaven prayerfully peruses its pages. It was originally written in Latin.

Its authorship has been a matter of debate, but to Thomas Haemmerlein, a resident of the town of Kempen, on the Rhine, in Germany, is the honor most universally accorded. He is known as Thomas a' Kempis, indicating his birthplace. He was born in 1380 and died in 1471. His father was a poor man. The son was studious and pious. He became sub-prior and instructor in the monastery of Mount St. Agnes, in the

diocese of Utrecht, and there he remained until the close of his long and uneventful life. He gave himself to teaching, to copying manuscripts, reading and composition, and the quiet routine of monastic life. He excelled in real piety the great swarm of priests and monks who in those dark centuries were a plague to all Europe. We cannot agree with his extreme asceticism, considered meritorious by the Catholic church of which he was a member, but the simplicity of life and humble faith taught by the pure pages of his book commend themselves to the holy Christian as being Biblical, and sure way-marks of the highway of holiness.

We recommend the *Imitation of Christ*, by Kempis, to all our readers, and here transcribe briefly from its illuminated pages:

"He who knows himself well becomes vile in his own sight, and can take no delight in the praises of men."

"Learned men are apt to wish to make a display of their learning, and to be spoken of as talented."

"It is vanity to seek honors, and to strive for high positions."

"Strive therefore to withdraw your heart from the love of visible things, and to transfer your affections to things invisible; for if you follow your sensual inclinations, you will stain your conscience and lose the grace of God."

"It is vanity, therefore, to seek riches, and to trust in that which is perishable."

"The more humble a man is in himself, and the more submissive to God, the more prudent and peaceful will he always become."

"The Bible ought always to be read with the assistance of the same Spirit by whose agency it was written."

"If you wish to derive profit, read with lowliness, sim-

plicity and faith, and never covet a reputation for learning."

"Associate with the humble and simple-minded, with the devout and well-behaved; and talk on edifying matters."

"It is safer to listen, and take advice, than to give it to others."

"If you keep up the habit of retiring for prayer, you will find it sweet; but if it is irregularly done, a distaste for it will be the result."

"In silence and quiet the devout soul advances, and learns the hidden things of Scripture."

"Happy is the man who renounces everything which may bring a stain or burden upon his conscience."

"Do not busy yourself in others' concerns, nor entangle yourself in the affairs of the great."

"Let nothing be high, nothing great, nothing pleasing, nothing acceptable to you, except God Himself, or what is of God."

"A spiritually-minded man puts the care of his own soul before all other concerns. And he who diligently attends to himself is easily silent about others."

"God walks with the simple; He reveals Himself to the lowly; He gives understanding to little ones; He discloses His meaning to pure minds, and hides His grace from the curious and proud."

ST. AUGUSTINE

AURELIUS AUGUSTINE, better known as St. Augustine, was born of poor parents in the small town of Thagaste, Numidia, in the north of Africa, in the year 354. His father, a dissolute pagan, was converted to Christianity before his death. His mother, Monnica, is revered as one of the most holy and devoted women in the history of the Christian Church. Until her son's conversion, she never ceased to pray earnestly and labor faithfully for his salvation.

But the case looked hopeless. Christianity was in its infancy. Paganism reigned about them. He was sent to Carthage for a better education, but instead of applying himself closely to his studies, joined the fast set and led a dissolute life. For fourteen years he lived with a woman out of wedlock. He took up the study of philosophy, and joined the heretical sect known as the Manichæans. His university career was brilliant in spite of his dissipations, and at its close he became a teacher in his native town, also at Carthage and Rome. The preaching of Ambrose, and the reading of Paul's epistles, led him to Christ. He renounced Manichæism, and was baptized, when in his thirty-third year. He returned to Carthage, sold his estates, and gave almost all the proceeds to the poor. He then renounced his profession and became an ascetic, giving himself to the study and service of religion.

The Catholic church was in its infancy, and not yet so corrupted as later, when it became wealthy and powerful. The

people of Hippo desired him to assist their Bishop, which he did, and later became their Bishop. Entering upon this office in the year 395, he filled it most worthily for thirty-five years. He became one of the most distinguished ecclesiastical figures of his time, the care of his diocese and the writing of his books chiefly occupying his time. His two most important books are "The City of God" and "Confessions." The latter is largely auto-biographical, full of repentance for his past misdeeds, and inspiring adoration and service to his new Lord and Master.

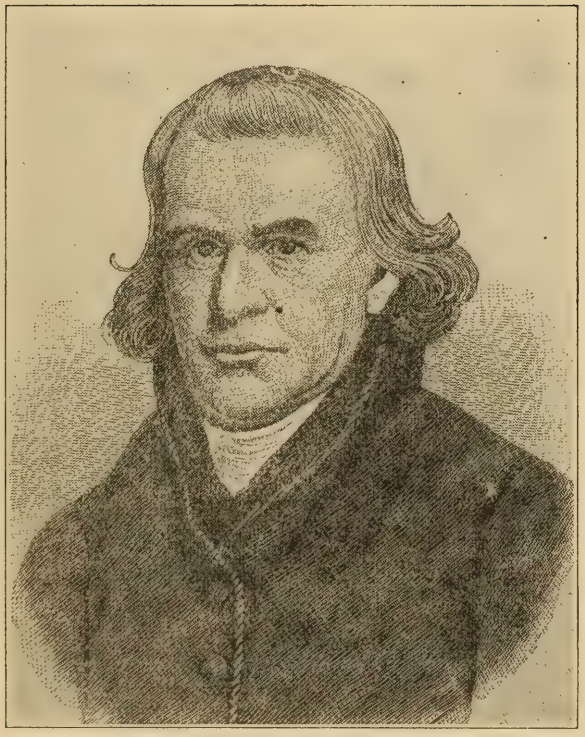
Though highly exalted by his prominent position in the eyes of men, yet he continued to lead a life of extreme simplicity and self-denial, ever a rebuke to luxury and glittering show. The charm and sweetness of his disposition, as well as his intellectual ascendancy, gave him a wide influence with young men, many of whom he gathered under his own roof and trained for the ministry. He is said to have had the keenest metaphysical mind of that age.

"He died August 28, 430. He was a man of great enthusiasm, self-devotion, zeal for truth, and powerful intellect, and though there have been fathers of the church more learned, none have wielded a more powerful influence." His immortal writings numbered ten hundred and thirty distinct productions.

FRANCIS ASBURY

COMING to this country when there were only a few scattered settlements along the Atlantic coast, piercing the tractless wilds, fording streams, often drenched with rain, scaling the mountains, braving dangers from wild beasts and skulking Indians, tormented by ticks and mosquitoes, having no earthly possessions but the well-worn clothes upon his back and a few books, etc., in his saddle-bags, sleeping under the canopy of Heaven with a stone or his saddle-bags for his pillow in the comfortless forest, or lodging five or six hours in the rude cabin of a hospitable pioneer, after having traveled all day and half of the night, preaching at every settlement or secluded home that came in the ever-widening path of his itineracy, the name of Francis Asbury became revered, and his ministry fruitful from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and from Canada to the Gulf.

In those early days, the Allegheny Mountains were the almost impassable western border, beyond which only the most daring settlers migrated. Across these snow-capped mountains, sometimes riding, sometimes leading his weary horse, Asbury traveled about sixty times. Even when he had to be lifted in and out of his saddle, his feet swollen with rheumatism from constant exposure, he continued traveling his rounds of the growing connection, an itineracy of 6,000 miles or more per year. His meals often consisted of game hunted in the woods and cooked over his camp-fire. Uncomplainingly he endured



FRANCIS ASBURY

hunger, thirst, untold hardships, the daily care of the churches, as well as the censures and criticisms of uncharitable brethren.

For fifty years he thus devoted his strength, time and talents with unparalleled zeal to spreading Scriptural Holiness over these lands.

More than any other man, he projected his personality, views and doctrine far into the future of American Methodism, of which he is rightly considered the father and founder.

He was born in Staffordshire, England, August 20, 1745. His parents were of the middle class, in comfortable circumstances, religious, amiable and industrious. Francis availed himself of the opportunity to obtain a fair education, enduring with much patience the cruelty of an unreasonable schoolmaster.

The distinguishing traits which appeared in his childhood forecast a life of usefulness and piety. He began reading the Bible in his seventh year, and gave time to prayer each morning and evening. The simplicity of his child-like faith was rewarded by the blessing of the Lord upon him. He seems never to have departed from that early devotion to the Lord. The vanity and frivolity of one family in which he stayed a while he considered detrimental to his spiritual advancement, and was glad when the time came to return to his father's house.

Hearing of the Methodists, a sect which was everywhere spoken against, he was pleasantly surprised when he attended one of their services, held in a private house. Here he found such primitive simplicity as delighted his devout soul. The atmosphere was heavenly, the extemporaneous preaching full of fire and unction of the Holy Ghost, the singing, without musical instrument, made melody to the Lord. Thenceforward they were his people, and he grew in grace as he took part in the

class-meetings and held prayer services in various homes. When persecution closed other doors, he held services in his father's house, at which times his fervent exhortations moved many hearts to repentance.

"After traveling circuits for about five years he attended the conference held at Bristol on the 7th of August, 1771. He was now in the twenty-sixth year of his age, and had been engaged in the work of the ministry for nine or ten years. He had acquired a standing in the conference which commended him to the confidence and esteem of all his brethren. He had for some time been strongly impressed with a desire to go as a missionary to America. The more he thought and prayed about it the more deep and powerful became the conviction. He was subjected to sore trials, and called upon to pass through a severer discipline of affliction than he had experienced before in his ministerial life. The Lord was evidently preparing him by this discipline for the great undertaking he had in mind. When, at this conference, Mr. Wesley called for volunteers for the work in America, among the first that responded was Francis Asbury."

Visiting the scenes of his previous labors, and taking an affectionate farewell of his aging parents, who never again saw their only son, he embarked for America, accompanied by Richard Wright.

After a voyage of eight weeks, during which many hardships and privations were endured, he landed at Philadelphia. During the previous five years the labors of Pilmoor, Boardman, Embury, Webb and Strawbridge had been very fruitful. With working forces now augmented, they thanked God, and took courage.

The early revivals under Whitefield, the Tennents, and others had waned, mostly because of the growing dissatisfac-

tion of the colonists with the arbitrary rule of England. Various denominations already had begun work in this land of promise. The first Methodist Society was organized in New York City in 1766, under the labors of Phillip Embury.

Asbury resolved to be an itinerant in every sense of the word. He objected to pastors settling in a town, preaching only two or three times a week, and making no attempt to carry the Gospel to unreached settlements. Always on the move, preaching two or three times a day, the early Methodist preachers were truly itinerants. Their salaries were usually about sixty-five dollars per year. Accordingly many of them did not marry, not being able to support a family. Later the salary was increased a little if the minister married.

Francis Asbury never married. This was not because he lacked in sympathy or kindliness of heart. As Jesus often found a warm welcome in the home of Martha and Mary from public life, so Asbury, after his long, exacting trips in all kinds of exposure, was refreshed by brief rests in the comfortable homes of some of his loyal eastern friends, who counted it a privilege to thus serve the Lord by ministering to one of His saints.

His life being threatened by some who considered him an enemy of the cause of independence, he spent several months in seclusion in the home of Judge White of Kent County, Delaware, during the Revolutionary War.

At first American Methodism was under the supervision of John Wesley, and was connected with English Methodism. He sent over missionaries, and appointed Asbury and Coke as traveling superintendents. Coke never confined his labors to this country, though he was very useful in shaping the early polity of the church. He finally returned to England, mar-

ried, and rather late in life started as a missionary to the East Indies. He died on the way, and was buried at sea.

There being no preachers episcopally ordained, the early Methodists went to Episcopalian services for the Lord's Supper. As the societies multiplied all over the colonies, the dissatisfaction with this arrangement spread, until there was serious possibility of a split in the denomination. Wesley had not yet formally separated from the Established Church, and desired that the same plan be continued in America. Not residing here, he was not able to sense so well the American spirit as did Asbury. The wisdom and grace of the latter was effectual in calming the troubled waters, until finally, after he had preached and labored in America fifteen years, he was ordained by Coke, under commission from Wesley, as Superintendent of the Methodist Church of America.

After the war the union with the English body was dissolved, the episcopal form of church government was adopted, and Methodism ordained its own ministers.

Asbury often labored under the extra burden of illness. His later years were full of physical suffering. Finally, he used a primitive buggy, called a wagon, where the roads were passable. His mountain trips were made on foot or horseback.

"During this year (1774) he suffered much from sickness, and for many days was closely confined; but notwithstanding his illness, he preached three hundred times, and rode two thousand miles on horseback." When visiting the warm sulphur springs in Virginia for his health, he occupied his time of recuperation in the following way: read one hundred pages a day, prayed in public five times a day, preached in the open air every other day, and lectured in prayer-meeting every other evening. How many ministers of the present day make as good use of their vacations?

"Frequently, when benighted in the wilderness, he slept on the ground, or on rocks, or on some boards in a deserted cabin with nothing to eat.

"The first day he rode upward of thirty miles without taking a morsel of food, but like his houseless and homeless Master, he murmured not.

"During the two weeks succeeding conference, Asbury traveled through Maryland and Pennsylvania, a distance of between two and three hundred miles, crossing the mountains on foot, and preaching seventeen times in the woods and cabins to the widely-scattered inhabitants.

"From Ellis's, Asbury started out on his tour, and crossed the mountains, directing his course toward Redstone. Passing Little Meadows, he took the Braddock Road, a rough and dangerous way. Finding no accommodations, and being much exhausted by the journey, he was attacked by a fever, and suffered much, but still rode on, preaching the next day."

"Bishop Asbury was one of those very few men whom nature forms in no ordinary mold. His mind was stamped with a certain greatness and originality which lifted him far above the merely learned man, and fitted him to be great without science, and venerable without titles. His knowledge of men was profound and penetrating; hence he looked into character as one looks into a clear stream in order to discover the bottom. He seemed conscious that God had designed him for a great work, and nothing was wanting on his part to fulfill the intention of Providence. Like a moral Cæsar, he thought nothing done while anything remained to do. He pursued the most difficult and laborious course as most men do their pleasures.

"His was the solemnity of an apostle; it was so interwoven with his conduct that he could not put off the gravity of the bishop either in the parlor or dining-room.

"He had stated hours of retirement and prayer, upon which he let neither business or company break in. Prayer was the seasoning of all his avocations. Divine wisdom seemed to direct all his undertakings. The plan by which he directed all his affairs was as regular as the movements of a time-piece.

"The secret of Asbury's success as a student consisted in his rigid adherence to a systematic method; and it is rarely, if ever, that anyone excels who does not adopt and adhere to a systematic course of study. Discipline is everything to body and mind, and the most insurmountable difficulties are overcome by patient endeavor. To labor and to wait may be a difficult task for the impulsive and ambitious to learn; but there is no royal road, no patent-righted, labor-saving way to profound attainment in any department of learning. His method, when not traveling, was to rise at four o'clock every morning, spend two hours in prayer and meditation, two hours in reading and study, and one in recreation and conversation. Ten hours out of sixteen were spent in reading the Hebrew Bible and other books, and writing. He retired to his room at eight o'clock when not a meeting or in council, and spent an hour in meditation and prayer before retiring to rest." Even when traveling he read from fifty to sixty pages a day, and studied the Scriptures in their original languages."

"His salary was only sixty-four dollars a year and his traveling expenses—about as much as one of the city preachers of the present day would get for delivering a lecture in an adjoining town. Often have the clothes of Asbury become threadbare and shabby. Besides, he had to look after the poor preachers and the missionaries he had sent out to the frontier settlements in the west. He often impoverished himself to relieve their wants. At one time we find him with only two dollars in the world, and his poor preachers ragged and

destitute. First his little purse was drained, and then followed his cloak, and watch and shirt.

"Asbury was subject at times to great seasons of dejection of mind, and his spirit would often sink within him. His seasons of gloom, especially after preaching, were sometimes terrific. Yet he enjoyed remarkable manifestations of Divine power in his ministry of the Word, and everywhere souls were saved and edified. It is a fact that many men, successful in the Lord's work, or other strenuous labors, have had to battle against melancholy. This is most likely due to the reaction of an overworked nervous system. Nature demands relaxation after an extraordinary expenditure of spiritual, mental and physical energy. And who has found any vocation which so drains the nervous energies as public speaking, especially when the heart is consumed with passion for the salvation of immortal souls."

At such times, the most religious thing to do is to rest, quietly as possible. The Lord will renew courage and physical strength as He did for Elijah.

The question of slavery caused violent agitation in the church as well as the nation. To guide the church ship aright on such stormy seas was not the least of Asbury's cares. At different times the church legislated against slavery, but it was a very complicated matter to handle, and gradually the reins were relaxed. It was the cause of the separation of the "Wesleyan Methodists" from the parent body.

He scattered Bibles, tracts and religious literature wherever he went. He established a fund for the relief of needy preachers and superannuates.

Those were days of mighty camp-meetings. People came for many miles, providing their own shelter and food. Out in the woods, lit up by numerous camp-fires, the fearless proclaim-

ing of all the counsel of God brought the result of as many as four hundred conversions at a single camp. It was a prolific means of spreading the truth and opening new churches.

"They did not, like many Methodists of the present day, take the cars in the morning, and, whirled along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, reach the encampment in time to hear the eleven o'clock sermon, take dinner at a boarding tent, and return in the evening, wondering that they had received no spiritual benefit. Had they done so, camp-meetings would not have been attended with the power that characterized them. But they closed up business at home, and made all their arrangements to spend a week at the feast of tabernacles, devoting themselves exclusively to the worship of God, and the result was invariably an increase in spirituality in the hearts of the members and the conversion of their children. The great wonder is not now that so few are converted at our modern camp-meetings, but that *any* are converted. This, however, must be attributed to the fact that there are some who act upon the primitive plan of going prepared, and determined to remain during the continuance of the meeting."

"Forty-five years of incessant toil in cities and villages, and in the log-cabins and wildernesses of the west and south, traveling the round of the continent with but few exceptions every year, subject to every kind of itinerant hardship and privation, bore heavily upon his physical condition, and we find him, as if impelled by a ruling passion strong as life, and undismayed by the approach of death, urging his weary way from appointment to appointment."

A companion usually accompanied him in his most difficult travels of his last years. Sometimes he had to be lifted to and from the saddle.

Taking farewell of his friends in Richmond, he started to

Baltimore, but his illness compelled him to halt at the home of an old friend, Mr. George Arnold, of Fredericksburg, in Virginia.

"When Sabbath came, he requested the family to be called together at the usual hour for religious services. His traveling companion read and expounded the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, during which time Asbury was calm and devotional. His end was near, and his faith doubtless enabled him to catch a glimpse of the holy city which John saw coming down out of Heaven. The sun of his life was declining, but there were no clouds in the evening heavens. All was calm and clear and bright.

Bond, perceiving that the venerable bishop was sinking in his chair, hastened to support him, and while he held up his reclining head the spirit of the patriarch passed away in peace to its God, and thus,

> 'Like some broad river widening toward the sea,
> Calmly and grandly life joined eternity.'"

His memory is embalmed in the history of Methodism, and his works do follow him.

MRS. CATHERINE BOOTH

CATHERINE MUMFORD was born at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, England, on January 17, 1829. Only one of her four brothers survived infancy, and was the sole companion of her childhood. Mrs. Mumford feared the contaminating influence of other children, and so was very strict in keeping her daughter with herself. Was she not wise? And did she not thereby protect her child from poisonous undoing of home training? Too often home is merely a shelter from bad weather, and a convenient boarding place to children, while they are permitted to receive training from most every source but the right one.

The example and teaching of such a mother produced gratifying results in the daughter. Catherine's earliest lessons were from the Bible, and before she was twelve years old she had read the sacred volume through *eight* times. Her familiarity with the Scriptures, and facility in using them, was one secret of her great power in the pulpit later.

Her father took an active part in the Temperance campaign. She became much interested, and entered with spirit into the arguments upon the subject. In the privacy of her own room she wrote manuscripts to various magazines, signing some *nom de plume*, lest they would be rejected if it were known that a child had written them.

"If I were asked for the main characteristics that have helped me through life, I should give a high place to the sense

MRS. CATHERINE BOOTH

William Booth

of responsibility which I have felt from my earliest days in regard to everybody who came in any way under my influence. The fact that I was not held responsible was no relief at all. 'Why trouble? It is not your affair!' friends constantly say to me even now. But how can I help troubling when I see people go wrong?"

"Her warm sympathy for man and beast was often in evidence. While running along the road with hoop and stick, she saw a drunkard being dragged to the lock-up by a constable. A jeering mob was hooting the culprit. His utter loneliness appealed powerfully to her. It seemed that he had not a friend in the world. Quick as lightning Catherine sprang to his side and marched down the street with him, determined that he should feel that there was at least one heart that sympathized with him, whether it might be for his fault or his misfortune that he was suffering. The knight-errant spirit which she manifested when as a mere child she threw down the gauntlet to the mocking crowd, and dared to take the part of the lonely, hustled criminal, was peculiarly typical of the woman who afterward stood by the side of her husband, helping him to face the scorn of his day and generation, until unitedly, with character vindicated and name blessed, they had climbed to a position of successful achievement unique in the history of the world."

For two years she was permitted to attend a boarding school. She delighted in acquiring knowledge, but was never so selfish in her ambitions as to tread unkindly upon the feelings of her classmates. She was always ready to assist the dull or slow. She was known as strictly truthful, not even indulging in exaggeration. Her health broke down, so that she was compelled to give up her much-loved school work. She lay for three years afflicted with spinal trouble. For seven

months at a time she had to lie on her face on a special couch made for her. But even then she invented a contrivance by which she could read her Bible and other good books. She would not permit her mind to be a mere seive. She trained her memory by writing what she had read after she had finished a chapter. "Being so much alone in my youth, and so thrown on my own thoughts, and on those expressed in books, has been very helpful to me. Had I been given to gossip, and had there been people for me to gossip with, I should certainly never have accomplished what I did."

In her early teens, a close intimacy with her cousin ripened into warm affection, and he desired her to be engaged to him. But while he was respectful in religion, yet she discerned that it was only on her account, and that his life was not governed by a fixed principle to please God. After a long struggle she wrote him plainly, breaking off all connection with him. For this she had much reason to be thankful in later years. "Look before you leap" is ever good advice in guarding the heart's affections. Do not suffer yourself to "fall in love." At least, choose well before-hand the place of falling, for in the choice of a life-companion one usually makes or unmakes his or her future happiness and usefulness. Oh, that young women would despise the hope of reforming a man after marriage! Let them scorn to love any unless he first love God with all his heart. Oh, that Christian young men, and especially those entering or planning to enter the ministry, were so fully consecrated that in this most important choice they were led of God! Not all saved young women are soul-winners; not all have awakened to life's greatest calling—co-working in reconciling a lost world to God. Much depends upon a minister's wife. She is to be an example to the flock in personal appearance, in home-keeping, in training the children, in sacrificing for Je-

sus' sake. Moreover, she should be one fitted by grace and gifts to minister in holy things, in the Sabbath-school, in prayer and class-meetings. She should be worthy of confidence, and able to help all classes. She should be pre-eminently a woman of prayer, whose highest ambition is to honor God, and help garner as many sheaves as possible before the great Harvest Home. Not all professedly good young women are thus qualified. Perhaps more would be if they coveted earnestly the best gifts.

When about fifteen years old, she longed for the definite witness that she was saved. Though she had always been devout and scrupulous, yet she felt the need of regeneration. For six weeks she wrestled with God, often late into the night. One morning as she awoke, taking her Bible and hymn-book from under her pillow, she read:

> "My God, I am Thine, what a comfort Divine,
> What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine."

These words came with new power to her soul. She now possessed what she had been seeking all these weeks—the assurance of salvation. Her whole soul was filled with light and joy. She ran to her mother's room and told her all about it. They rejoiced together.

She was timid and nervous at first in public meetings, but the wise leader would call upon her to pray and wait for her response. "You must break through your timidity; for otherwise you will be of no use to God," said the leader.

She began teaching a Bible Class, and in this service she grew in grace and ability. She practiced self-denial by doing without dinner, and butter for breakfast one day in the week.

At one of the regular services she heard young William Booth preach. He was a promising young Methodist preacher,

well saved, and aglow with holy zeal. Their acquaintance matured, and their hearts became one. Their engagement of three years was marked with devotion to the Lord and inciting each other to holier living. She wrote, "The more you lead me up to Christ in all things, the more highly shall I esteem you, and if it be possible to love you more than I now do, the more shall I love you. Be happy about me. God lives, and I feel safe in His hands. Let us try to live according to our professed belief, and be careful for nothing. Bless you!" Their heaven-approved union was consummated June 16, 1855. He was now in evangelistic work, and his labors widely known as very fruitful. In the space of four months, 1,739 persons had sought salvation at nine different places. She now traveled with him.

A neighboring pastor wrote a pamphlet against women preaching. Though Mrs. Booth did not then preach, she was convinced that God had reserved the privilege of calling a woman to preach if He saw best. She wrote a reply, which was widely circulated. We quote briefly from it:

"As to the obligation devolving upon woman to labor for her Master, I presume there will be no controversy. The particular sphere in which each individual shall do this must be dictated by the teachings of the Holy Spirit and the gifts with which God has endowed her. If she have the necessary gifts, and feels herself called by the Spirit to preach, there is not a single word in the whole book of God to restrain her, but many, very many, to encourage her. God says she *shall* do so, and Paul described the manner in which she shall do it, and Phoebe, Junia, and Philip's four daughters, and many other women, actually did preach and speak in the primitive churches. If this had not been the case there would have been less freedom under the new dispensation than under the old.

Mrs. Booth was the mother of four children, the oldest being four years and three months old, when she began preaching. She had for some time felt the call upon her, but she was timid; there was such deep-rooted prejudice against a woman praying or testifying in public, much less leading a public meeting or preaching, that she let time slip on without entering upon it. During an illness the Lord made His will clear, and she promised to delay no more. About three months later, after her husband had preached to more than a thousand hearers, as the testimonies proceeded the Spirit came upon her, and she felt impelled to speak. She held back a little, when she was reminded of her vow. The devil said, "You are not prepared. You will look like a fool, and have nothing to say." He made a mistake. He over-reached himself for once. "Ah," said she, "this is just the point. I have never yet been willing to be a fool for Christ. Now I will be one." She arose, and to the surprise of the congregation, and also of her husband, who had hitherto urged her in vain to speak in public, she stated her call, and confessed her slackness to obey. Many hearts were made tender, and a general interest awakened. Mr. Booth at once announced that she would speak again at the evening service. "The chapel presented a never-to-be-forgotten scene that evening. It was crowded to the doors, and the people sat upon the very window-sills. The audience was spellbound as they listened to her words.

Mr. Booth felt the masses of London strongly appeal to him, and in devoting himself to them the Salvation Army was born and cradled. The poor heard them gladly, and the work grew rapidly. The ministry of Mrs. Booth was well received by the better classes, and their contributions helped much in prosecuting the work among the poor. However, she made

no difference in her messages to please the rich. She faithfully denounced their sins, invited them to public confessions of need, and to seek the Savior. "I used to tremble sometimes as I listened," said her daughter, Emma. "Now they will be offended, and will never come again, I thought to myself. And sometimes I would venture to expostulate, as we went home together: 'I think, mamma, you were a little too heavy on them today.' 'Aye, you are like the rest of them,' she would say, 'pleading for the syrup without the sulphur. I guessed that you were feeling so.' But when the time for the next meeting arrived the same people would be there, and the crowd would be larger than ever, and the rows of carriages outside the hall more numerous, and she would pour out her heart upon them, and drag out the sins and selfish indulgences of society, with all their attendant miseries and penalties, as merciless as ever."

But she was loved by *all* classes, and as they visited her in her home all felt the tender warmth of her great sympathy. This passion of soul throbbed unceasingly within her, and kept her pouring out her heart's affection and her strength, when many a woman of her weak frame would be nursing herself as an invalid. She was scarcely ever free from pain, always had a weak spine, was often utterly exhausted after preaching, yet she bore nine children, did her own work and sewing until later years, was a very neat housekeeper, a faithful mother, maintained a large correspondence, received many visitors, ministered personally among the poor and others, in addition to preaching continuously when able.

All of her children were soundly converted and preached the gospel. She desired that they live only to honor God. Said she, "If you swerve from your integrity to God, I will pray you out of the world." To one of her sons she wrote:

"I hope the Lord will make you miserable everywhere, and at everything else, that you will be *compelled* to preach! Oh, my boy, the Lord wants you as such—just such—to go out amongst the people, seeking nothing but the things that are Christ's. You are free to do it; able by His grace; born to do it; with splendid opportunities. Will you not rise to your destiny? 'Have courage, be strong, and I (the I Am) will be with thee.' And if you do, can you fail? The Lord gird you with His strength, and make your brow brass, and your tongue as a flame of fire. *You must preach!*"

To one of her daughters she writes: "Oh, it seems to me if I were in your place I should not be able to contain myself for joy! I should indeed aspire to be the bride of the Lamb, and to follow Him in the conflict for the salvation of poor. lost, miserable man. I pray the Lord to show it to you, and so to enamour you of Himself that you may see and feel it to be your chief joy to win them for Him. I say I pray for this —yes, I *groan* for it, with groanings that cannot be uttered; and if ever you tell me it is so, I shall be overjoyed. The Lord grant it to you, my dear child."

To another son she writes: "I ask from you, as I asked from God, no other reward. If I know my own heart, I would rather that you should work for the salvation of souls, making bad hearts good, and miserable homes happy, and preparing joy and gladness for men at the Judgment Bar, if you only get bread and cheese all your life, than that you should fill any other capacity with $50,000 per year."

Mrs. Booth was very particular to dress her children plainly and neatly. She wrote to her mother: "Accept my warm thanks for the little frock you sent. There is only one difficulty—it is too smart. We must set an example in this direction. I feel no temptation now to decorate myself, but I

cannot say the same about the children; and yet, oh, I must be decided. Besides, I find it would be dangerous for their own sakes. The seed of vanity is too deeply sown in their young hearts for me to dare to cultivate it." A lady asked her how she managed to get her children converted so soon. She replied: "Oh, I have been beforehand with the devil." She wrote, "Parents who love God best will not allow their children to learn anything which could not be pressed into His service." She guarded against waste and luxury in her home, and kept the clothes well mended and darned as long as they could be worn.

It was some time following her marriage that she obtained the experience of holiness. Her chief failing had been irritability, and she longed for a constantly sweet disposition. She devoted all she could of two days to waiting before the Lord. The Word, "Now are ye clean through the word I have spoken unto you," was applied to her heart, and as her confidence waxed bold, she was enabled to reckon herself dead indeed to sin. "I did not feel much rapturous joy, but perfect peace—the sweet rest which Jesus promised to the heavy laden. I have understood the apostle's meaning when he said, 'We who believe do enter into rest.' Two or three very trying things occurred on Saturday, which at another time would have excited impatience, but I was kept by the power of God through faith unto full salvation."

From February, 1888, to October, 1890, Mrs. Booth suffered from cancer. Gradually every activity and recreation had to be dropped. When she could no longer use her right hand, she learned to write with her left, and on several occasions sent touching messages to the Army. "The waters are rising, but so am I. I am not going under, but over. Don't be concerned about your dying; only go on living well, and the

dying will be all right." "My dear Children and Friends: I have loved you much, and in God's strength have helped you a little. Now, at His call, I am going away from you. The war must go on. Self-denial will prove your love to Christ. All must do something. I send you my blessing. Fight on, and God will be with you. Victory comes at last. I will meet you in Heaven."

One of her last acts of love was to embroider a pair of slippers for her husband. This she contrived to do with her left hand. Their very fitting inscriptions were, "He will keep the feet of his saints," and "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

Speaking of Heaven, she said: "Oh, I feel like flying. I don't believe I shall be fastened up in a corner playing a harp. I shall let the folks do it who like, but I shall travel about if I can. I shall come and see you if I can, and whisper things to you—some things I have not been able to say." Tenderly stroking the General's gray head, bowed with sorrow at her side, she took his hand, weeping, and pressing it to her lips, said:

"And this I do find, we two are so joined,
I shall not be long in glory and leave you behind!
Not long, I am sure, not long!"

Several sacred songs were sung by the friends about her death-bed, and whenever the word "peace" occurred she raised her hand in token that such was her blessed experience.

"The glorious soul shone triumphantly through the surrounding darkness, and the glow of the eternal daybreak seemed already to have suffused the sufferer's face, and to have replaced the marks of pain with the stamp of unspeakable peace." The silver cord was loosed October 4, 1890.

The following was written by a convict, to whom Mrs. Booth had been a blessing:

"So thou hast passed away, thou noble soul!
Gone to thy place among the stars to shine;
E'en while on earth, above its dark control,
To beam for God—held by His hand was thine.
Thy spirit's radiance was a thing Divine,
Which dared to pierce where sunbeams might not dwell;
It threw a ray on darkest hearts—on mine—
Shone through all shades, and burst into my cell!
Such souls as thine are lighted lamps from God,
Sent to earth's gloom to gild it for awhile;
They, like morning, dawn life's shadowed road,
To wake a bird, and bid a flower smile!
And thus it is, on clouds of man's despair
Still falls the eye of God, and makes a rainbow there!"

The outburst of popular sympathy at Mrs. Booth's death proved the high esteem in which she was held, and that her labors were not in vain. Pulpit and press lauded her, and unprecedented crowds thronged the funeral ceremonies. Clapton Congress Hall, London, seating 5,000, was crowded. Her well-worn Bible, her Army flag, her bonnet, and her crested jacket lay upon her casket, surrounded with ferns and flowers. A body of cadets kept the perpetual stream of visitors moving on. 41,700 people passed through the hall viewing the form of the soul-winner. "Many touching scenes were enacted at the coffin side. Not a few were so overpowered with grief that it was with difficulty that they could be removed. Others, remembering the messages of former days, came to seek salvation. Ministers, lawyers, doctors, actors, postmen, police, railway officials, grooms, workingmen just come from their various trades, and women from every grade of life. Strong, intellectual men gazed on that scene with tear-filled eyes. Never before have I experiencd so melting and harrowing a time as, one after another, numbers of them passed along, their quivering lips and tearful eyes betraying the fact that they

recognized in the death of Mrs. Booth the loss of a personal friend."

From Clapton Hall, in East London, to the Olympia, in West London, the remains were removed a week later. Thirty thousand people gathered, and the gates shut out thousands more. The service was conducted by pamphlets distributed among the people, and by signals in large letters hoisted from the platform. Extracts from Mrs. Booth's writings formed part of the service. Deeply touching was the moment when the bereaved family rose on the large platform and sang the chorus which had often comforted the dying sufferer:

"We shall walk through the valley and the shadow of death,
We shall walk through the valley in peace!
For Jesus Himself will be our leader—
We shall walk through the valley in peace!"

The service was closed with an invitation to all who were willing to fully surrender to the Lord to arise. Many weeping hundreds responded. The funeral procession of relatives, and three thousand Army officers, was viewed by thousands swarming the avenues and every place of vantage along the four-mile route to the cemetery. Admissions to the cemetery were limited to ten thousand. Here an appropriate service from a large platform near the open tomb was conducted, some members of the family addressing the multitude, and using the opportunity to exhort them to yield their lives unreservedly to Him who had so signally blest the departed one.

This simple epitaph marks her grave, visited by thousands from many lands:

"CATHERINE BOOTH,
Mother of the Salvation Army.
More than conqueror through Him that loved us, and gave Himself for all the world, and for you.
Do you also follow Christ?"

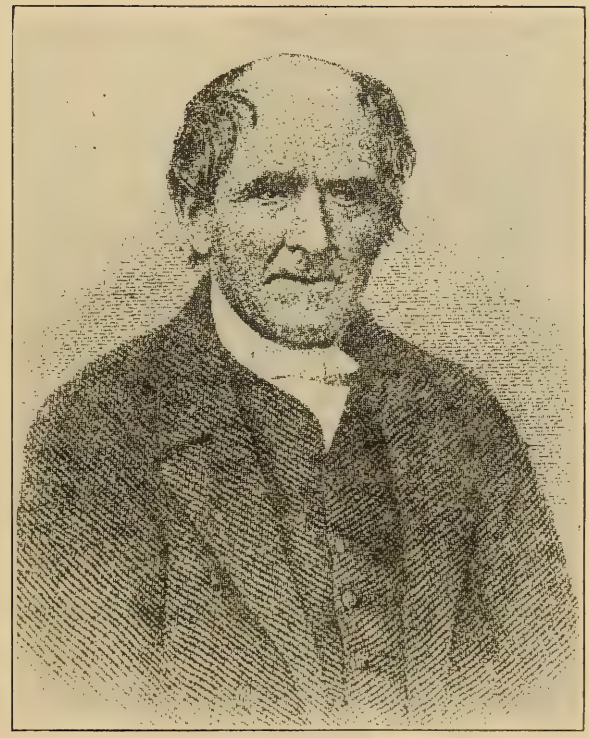
BILLY BRAY

BILLY BRAY was a drunken and lascivious miner near Truro, Cornwall, England. His Christian father had died, and Billy was reared by his grandfather. Said Billy: "The Lord was good to me when I was the servant of the devil, or I should have been down in hell now." He narrowly escaped death several times. Night after night his wife had to bring him home from the beer-shop, drunk.

He became awakened to his sinful state by reading Bunyan's "*Visions of Heaven and Hell.*" Fighting the temptations and discouragements of the devil, he found God as he went alone in his room to pray after his work one day. Pleading the promise that "They that ask shall receive, and they that seek shall find, and to them that knock the door shall be opened," his faith pierced through, and joy filled his soul. "The Lord made me so happy that I cannot express what I felt. I shouted for joy."

He often danced for joy on the street, in meeting, or any place. Said he: "The Lord has made me *glad*, and no one can make me *sad*. He makes me *shout*, and no one can make me *doubt*. He it is that makes me dance and leap, and there is no one that can keep down my feet. I sometimes feel so much of the power of God that I believe, if they were to cut off my feet, I should heave up the stumps."

"I can't help praising God," he once said. "As I go along the street, I lift up one foot and it seems to say, 'Glory.'



Billy Bray

I lift up the other, and it seems to say, 'Amen'; and so they keep on like that all the time I am walking." Even when his wife died he jumped around the room with joy, exclaiming, "Bless the Lord! My dear Joey is gone up with the bright ones! My dear Joey is gone up with the shining angels! Glory! Glory! Glory!"

"If they put me in a barrel I would shout 'glory' out through the bung-hole!" Some objected to his habit of praising the Lord so constantly, saying some folks might do it through force of habit. Billy replied that he didn't think the Lord was troubled much with that class of persons.

Hearing of the triumphant death of a dying woman, he exclaimed: "Glory! If a dying woman praised the Lord, I should think a *living man* might."

When digging his potato crop, Satan tempted him, saying his heavenly Father did not love him very much, or He would have given him better and more potatoes, to which Billy replied: "Why, I've got your written character home to my house; and I do say, sir, that you be a liar from the beginnin'. When I served you, I had only rags, and no taturs." Then he recounted the blessings of the Lord "until the devil went off as if he'd been shot."

Very early in his experience Billy felt it his duty and privilege to be sanctified wholly. He was in a meeting at Hicks Corners one Sabbath morning when a stranger led the class. The leader asked one person whether he could say he was sanctified wholly, and he could not. Said Billy to himself, "That is sanctification; I will have that blessing by the help of the Lord." He went on his knees at once, and cried to the Lord to sanctify him, spirit, soul, and body. The Lord said to him, "Thou art clean through the word I have spoken unto thee." Said Billy, "Lord, I believe it." When the

leader came to him, he said, "Four months ago I was a great sinner against God. Since that time I have been justified freely by His grace, and while I have been here this morning the Lord has sanctified me wholly."

Of moderation in drinking, he said: "Ye might as well hang an old woman's apron in the gap of a potato field to prevent the old sow with young pigs from going in, as expect a drunkard to be cured with moderation."

He used tobacco some time after he was saved, but the Lord said to him he should serve the Lord with *clean* lips. He delayed obeying, when one day a good woman said to him, "Do you not feel it wrong to smoke?" This deepened conviction, and he threw it away. "So the tobacco must go, love it as I may. Then and there I took the tobacco out of my pocket and threw it into the fire, and put the pipe under my foot, 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' And I have not smoked since. The day after I gave up smoking I had the toothache so bad I did not know what to do. I thought this was owing to giving up the pipe, but I said I would never smoke again if I lost every tooth in my head. Sometimes the thought of the pipe would come back to me very strong, but the Lord strengthened me against the habit, and, bless His name, I have not smoked since."

Billy frequently said that if God had intended men to use snuff the nose would have been turned upside down, and that if the Lord intended men to smoke He would have made a little chimney at the back of their heads. In his opinion, it would be a very poor architect who would plan to let all the smoke out at the front door.

Billy and a preacher were holding a meeting. Billy opened the meeting with prayer, and the preacher and others fervently responded to his prayer. Observing this, he began

to be more minute and specific in his petitions. "Oh, Lord, help the people to give up their idols." The preacher said, "Amen." "May thy people be saved from the love of the fashions." "Amen", again said the preacher. "Help thy people to give up their ribbons and feathers." "Amen." "And their cups and drinks." "Amen." "And their pipes and tobacco." This time there was no response from the preacher. Billy at once said, "Where's your 'Amen', Brother B——? Why don't you say 'Amen' to the pipes, as well as the cups? Ah, you won't say 'Amen' to the pipes." Then he proceeded with his prayer. The preacher afterwards remonstrated with Billy. But he justified himself by saying, "You were hearty and loud enough with your 'Amens' for others to give up their idols; but you are not willing to part with your own."

He built, or aided in building, more than one chapel, trusting the Lord to supply needs as they came. He often used up his entire month's wages. This was a trial to his good wife, but Billy said the Lord would as soon starve Michael the archangel as him. Once he brought home no pay, and his wife told him to go and borrow ten shillings. He did so, but on the way home he visited two families whom he considered more destitute than his own. He gave them each five shillings. So he again returned home with no money. "You are enough to try anyone," said his wife.

"The Lord won't stay in my debt very long," said Billy. Sure enough, in two or three days Mrs. —— came and gave his wife a sovereign. "There, I told you the Lord wasn't going to stay in my debt very long. There's the ten shillings and ten shillings interest."

Billy was a poor singer, yet he affirmed that the Lord *liked* to hear him sing. "Oh, yes, I can sing. My heavenly

Father likes to hear me sing, as well as those who can sing better. My Father likes to hear the *crow*, as well as the *nightingale*."

Of worldly dress and extravagance, he said: "I would rather *walk* to *Heaven* than *ride* to *hell* in a fine carriage. If the members of the churches would *mortify* the flesh more, and not *gratify* it, they would be much happier than they are."

He would say to women concerning the use of artificial flowers: "I wouldn't mind your having a wagon-load of them on your heads, if that would do you any good; but you know it wouldn't, and all persons know that *flowers only grow in soft places*."

When asked how the world was getting on now, he said: "I don't know, for I haven't been there for twelve years."

When the doctor told him that he was dying, he exclaimed: "Glory! Glory be to God! I shall soon be in Heaven. When I get up there, shall I give them your compliments, doctor, and tell them you will be coming, too?"

Some little time before dying, he said: "What? Me fear death? Me lost? Why, my Savior *conquered* death. If I was to go down to hell I would shout, 'Glory! glory! glory to my blessed Jesus', until I made the bottomless pit ring again, and the miserable old Satan would say, 'Billy, Billy, this is no place for thee; get thee back.' Then up to Heaven I should go, shouting, 'Glory! Glory! Glory! Praise the Lord!' "

He lived 1794-1868. Verily the Lord has use for all kinds of instruments.

WILLIAM BRAMWELL

THIS holy and eminently useful man was born at Elswick, Lancashire, England, February, 1759. Few people are so utterly abandoned to God and His holy service as was he. Few ministers are such a flame of fire in the pulpit. Few intercessors are so constantly found wrestling alone with God, day and night, with tears. But few class-leaders and religious workers are so faithful to souls, with tact and grace, exhorting, reproving and instructing. Consequently few see the mighty results and fruitfulness of their labors that attended this tireless, gifted, and humble workman of God.

Revivals, deep, mighty, widespread and abiding, attended his labors wherever he went, but not without the laying of a solid Scriptural foundation. He believed that "the fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Hence he gave himself unreservedly to this holy exercise. Even if up in services until midnight, he would not lie abed in the morning, but four o'clock usually found him in the secret place. He never was later than five arising, winter or summer. He considered it one of the conditions of his accepting work under the early Methodist rules, and would not be untrue to his trust.

"I have been acquainted with many pious and holy persons, but one like Mr. Bramwell, for faith and prayer, I never beheld. While he continued with us the work went on pro-

gressively, and there was such an alteration throughout the circuit as was never before witnessed.

"He did not use any extraordinary public efforts, but prayed much in private, sometimes whole nights, and exhorted everyone in society to adopt the same practice."

Sometimes he and Anne Cutler, famous in early Methodism, would be lodging at the same house. If so, there would be no sleep for the occupants after four or five o'clock, for their earnest vocal devotions aroused the slumberers in more senses than one, and a revival was apt to be on hand most any hour.

By his parents William Bramwell, the tenth of eleven children, was instructed in piety, honest living, and industrious habits. He had a fine, mellow voice, and became a beautiful singer. In his youth he was apprenticed to a currier several miles from home. His employer valued him as a strictly honest young man, but thought him mad on religion. Therefore he forbade him the use of any candles in the evening, that he might hinder him from studying the Bible. Nothing daunted, he stretched himself upon the floor before the hearth after the family retired, and by the flickering light of the burning embers read the sacred pages.

Though he had always been a dutiful son, yet unbearable conviction weighed upon his mind, and he took the earliest opportunity of begging his Father's forgiveness. He adopted several modes of afflicting himself in the hope of obtaining salvation. To remind himself of his sins, he cut the flesh off the ends of some of his fingers, and would not allow them to heal. About midnight, after his master's family were asleep, he stole downstairs and, sprinkling coarse sand upon a corner of the kitchen floor, he knelt to pray, with bare knees, interceding for forgiveness. When others took a holiday, he

usually used it in confessing his sins. Sometimes in this disconsolate state of mind he would walk at night the ten miles to his home, then return, letting none of his folks know that he was near. But he was always prompt and ready for work. His constitution began to give way, and physicians were puzzled to diagnose his case. But the heavenly physician came to his rescue, and while Bramwell partook of the Lord's Supper he obtained a clear sense of pardon. All his bodily ailments left him, and he was a happy man.

An intimate friend desired him to go to hear the Methodists, but so had the prejudice of his parents and others infected him that he refused. But later, being called a Methodist devil in derision by a wicked old lady, he concluded they must be good people, or the devil would not hate them so. Consequently, when his friend again desired him to go to meeting with him, he went and, like Ruth, he declared that thereafter they should be his people. "Oh, this is the kind of preaching which I have long wanted to hear. These are the people with whom I am resolved to live and die!"

He became a class-leader and exhorter. Then he was licensed to preach, which he did throughout the neighborhood, in the face of violent and dangerous opposition. His agony in prayer was great, wrestling a large portion of the night with God. Sweat frequently poured down his face, and in exquisite anguish of soul he often exclaimed to an intimate friend, "Robert! Robert! What shall I do?" Once he spent thirty-six hours in unbroken waiting before God in a lonely sand-hole.

Anne Cutler, who became known as "Praying Nanny," was one of the earliest fruits of his labors. She was a mother in Israel to hundreds.

Of his definite experience in entire sanctification, he said: "I was for some time deeply convinced of my need of purity, and sought it carefully, with tears and entreaties and sacrifice, thinking nothing too much to give up, nothing too much to suffer, if I might attain this pearl of great price. Yet I found it not, nor knew the reason why, till the Lord showed me I had erred in the way of seeking it. I did not seek it *by faith alone*, but, as it were, by the *works of the law*. Being now convinced of my error, I sought the blessing by faith only. Still it tarried a little, but I waited for it in the way of faith. When in the house of a friend, I was sitting with my mind engaged in various meditations concerning my affairs and future prospects, my heart now and then lifted up to God—heaven came down to earth. It came to my soul. The Lord, for whom I had waited, came suddenly to the temple of my heart, and I had an immediate evidence that this was the blessing I had for some time been seeking. My soul was then all wonder, love and praise. It is now about twenty-six years ago. I have walked in this liberty ever since. Glory be to God! I have been kept by His power. By faith I stand.

"In this, as in all other instances, I have proved the devil a liar. He suggested to me, a few minutes after I received the blessing, that I should not hold it long—it was too great to be retained—and that I had better not profess it.

"I walked fifteen miles that night to a place where I had an appointment to preach, and at every step I trod the temptation was repeated: 'Do not profess sanctification, for thou wilt lose it.' But in preaching that night the temptation was removed, and my soul was again filled with glory and with God. I then declared to the people what God had done for my soul; and I have done so on every proper occasion since that time, believing it to be a duty. For God does not impart blessings

to His children to be concealed in their own bosoms, but to be made known to all who fear Him and desire the enjoyment of the same privileges. Thus we glorify God."

Many desirous of a clean heart came for many miles to attend his meetings, and went away filled with the Spirit. He finally gave up his business life entirely, and entered the itinerant ministry. He married a holy woman, whom he saw about once every six weeks, his traveling and preaching keeping him away so constantly. He was a very affectionate husband and father. Early ministers and their wives were indeed living sacrifices, keeping God first.

His letters to his wife are models of affection and helpfulness. "May we ever live as near to Christ as it is possible for the spirit in the body! Nothing shall in this world, for one moment, make us rest short of the mind of Jesus. I am enabled, through grace, to love all more and more, and to love God in all. Oh, keep this recollection of soul; let nothing bustle the spirit; let nothing make you care; be always at His feet, waiting and longing to be with Him. The Lord bless you and the children."

"It has been much on my mind that you may live as Ann Cutler and I as John Fletcher. Let us follow them, and begin immediately. I believe I have a call for us both."

Some advices he gave to three inquirers concerning private prayer are in point: 1. When we find distraction in private prayer, we are often called upon to fight and wrestle, in order to obtain a mind stayed upon God. And sometimes when it is suggested that we should do something else—read, etc.—we ought resolutely to persevere in the path of duty; and when we conquer through Christ, those seasons are often the most profitable. 2. Should we, however, still feel dissipated, we might then rise, walk up and down in the room, and sing, or

read some portion of the Word of God, and then kneel down and pray again. Or if the body be weak, we may occasionally pray standing, or even sitting. 3. Burning love, a warm, glowing feeling in the heart, is no necessary consequence of full salvation. It may exist with or without it. It is seldom given for more than a day or two, and then often previous to some peculiar trial, or some extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit."

His approval of women preaching is stated in his correspondence with Miss Mary Bosanquet, who many years later married Mr. John Fletcher, and in his letters to Miss Barret, whose labors as an evangelist were blest to the awakening and salvation of many. When he learned that the latter was contemplating marriage, he wrote warning her against it, as it would so curtail her usefulness.

Moreover, on the general subject of the marriage of Christians, he did not cease to warn the young people of his congregations against *unequal* yoking with unbelievers. If any went past his warnings, and married unsaved persons, their names were stricken from the church roll. They had violated a plain command of Scripture and broken their vows to the church.

That remarkable gift, the discernment of spirits was undoubtedly given to him by the Lord, though he made no boast or profession of it. On one occasion, a strange man seemed to be taken very ill in a service. The kind Christians took him home and cared for him, and proceeded among the people to take up a collection for him, as he seemed destitute. However, Mr. Bramwell arrived in town, and being interested, he was taken to the home where the stranger was awaiting the collection. Mr. Bramwell groaned in his spirit, and after some time said: "Tell me, is there not a bastard child concerned in

this?" Face to face with the man of God, the stranger acknowledged his guilt, and said he had run away to escape payment which the law demanded for an illegitimate child. He was given only time enough to leave the town, without receiving a penny of the good people's money.

To a woman attending a sick man whom he visited, he said: "All is not right here. I am clear there is something amiss in this place. This man is not your husband. You were never married to him, but for several years you have been living together in sin and wickedness!" They both wept, and entreated the Lord to have mercy upon them.

On another occasion he said to a church-member who was greatly respected, "Woman, you are a hypocrite, and if you do not repent you will die and go to hell." The reproof awakened her to her real danger. She truly repented, and got right with God, and said she was grateful for Mr. Bramwell's reproof.

The following were his rules for class-leaders:

1. That every class-leader meet his own class except in case of urgent necessity.

2. That he be *punctual* to the time of his meeting.

3. To sing not more than two verses at the beginning.

4. To be brief in prayer, and particularly to confine his petitions for those present.

5. That several persons be asked to pray at the conclusion.

6. That the meeting conclude in an hour.

7. That the absentees be noted down, and visited by the leader in the course of the week.

8. That the leader be zealous in speaking to persons who come under the Word.

9. That every leader labor to enjoy the blessing of entire sanctification as a good qualification for his office.

He was a most generous man, giving for the relief of the poor and the cause of the Lord most freely, using means he had acquired before entering the Lord's work.

He was always humble, and warned his flock again and again against taking to themselves the glory due only to the name of Jesus. When he saw any danger on that line, he did not fail to lift his voice in admonition. The constant language of his heart was, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, be the glory."

He studiously observed Mr. Wesley's admirable rules for preachers. He was never unemployed; never unprofitably employed. He visited from ten to twenty families a day, praying in every home.

The most important of those rules we subjoin, seeing those worthies, who followed them, carried with them so much unction, life, and power in the Holy Ghost:

"Be diligent. Never be unemployed. Never be triflingly employed. Never while away time, nor spend more time at any place than is strictly necessary.

"Be serious. Let your motto be 'Holiness unto the Lord.' Avoid all lightness, jesting and foolish talking.

"Believe evil of no one unless fully proved. Take heed how you credit it. Put the best construction you can on everything. You know the judge is always supposed to be on the prisoner's side.

"Speak evil of no one; else *your* word especially will eat as doth a canker. Keep your thoughts within your own breast till you come to the person concerned.

"Tell everyone what you think wrong in him, lovingly and plainly, and as soon as may be, else it will fester in your own

heart. Make all haste to cast the fire out of your bosom.

"Do not affect the gentleman. A preacher of the gospel is the servant of all.

"Be ashamed of nothing but sin—no, not of cleaning your own shoes.

"Be punctual. Do everything exactly at the time. And do not *mend* our rules, but *keep* them, and that for conscience sake.

"You have nothing to do but to save souls. Therefore spend and be spent in this work.

"Act in all things not according to your own will, but as a son in the gospel, and in union with your brethren. As such, it is your part to employ your time as our rules direct; partly in visiting from house to house, partly in reading, meditation and prayer.

"It is not your business to preach so many times, and to take care merely of this or that society, but to save as many souls as you can; to bring as many sinners as you possibly can to repentance, and with all your power to build them up in that holiness, without which they cannot see the Lord.

"Early rising was a point on which Mr. Wesley insisted. He required it of everyone who became a helper."

Whoever observes these rules cannot but be a pious and useful workman, one that needeth not to be ashamed when he gives his account to God.

Mr. Bramwell's correspondence was as spiritual and heavenly as his conversation, as will be seen from these excerpts:

"Can you plead more with God? Can you love God more? Can you have greater union with Him? You may have all these with great increase. I want you to continue a burning, as well as a shining light. I do not see but you may be as useful as Nanny Cutler if you give all to God."

"I never found greater power in preaching, and I see blessed effects under almost every sermon. *I never lived in so near a union with God as at the present.* I do seek to be ready every moment. To retain a constant sense of the presence of God is our glory in this world. It is to live in Him, and always to feel it. I am lost in wonder, love and praise! Oh, may we drink still deeper into these wells of salvation! You know how—prayer, constant, private prayer. I have been lately roused from my bed in the night to pour out my soul to God. I feel I never pray too much. It is my life; it is my all in Him."

He died suddenly of apoplexy in his sixtieth year. He had left the conference at Leeds, and lodged at Mr. Sigston's until two-thirty A. M. He ate breakfast, prayed with the servant girl, and left the house. A few minutes later the night patrolman found him dying in the lane. Thus suddenly was he transported from scenes of conflict to triumphant entry into the rewards of the blessed, August 13, 1818.

DAVID BRAINERD.

THE westward trail of the American Indian is dyed with blood, shed by the white man, as might made right, and the weaker, more barbarous nation gave way for the expansion of civilization. To this day his naturally sullen, vicious and warlike nature cherishes unmitigated revenge against the white race.

The injustices of the early white settlers in appropriating the lands of the Indians without due compensation, the unequal trading of trinkets for the Indian's valuable furs, fish and venison, the introduction of liquor which indeed became fire-water to the Indian, received their recompense in the wild war-cries of the Indians rushing from the concealment of the forest to barbarously massacre the early settlers.

Early missionary efforts were very much hindered by the ill-will of the red man, who regarded with suspicion every friendly approach of the whites, fearing a subtile trick was being played to trap him into slavery or rob him of his few crude belongings. He supposed all white folks were Christians, and decided that such religion was little or no improvement upon the pow-wowing of the medicine men, his wild hooting war-dances and carousals, and his faith in the future happy hunting ground, unmolested by the pale-faces.

To these ignorant, barbarous redskins, living in little clans the most simple and care-free life of the woods, ventured a

frail, slender youth of twenty-five years, unarmed except by the Gospel and the meek, compassionate Spirit of his Lord.

A serious-minded young man he was, who, because of his statement that one of his professors had no grace, was expelled from Yale College.

Converted when a child, sober, industrious, fearing most to displease his Savior, never entering very heartily into the frolics of his school-mates lest he suffer spiritual loss, cultivating a most unusual intimacy of communion with God, he was accepted by the American agents of the Scotch Missionary Society as a most suitable person to carry the Gospel to the Indian tribes.

This pious youth was David Brainerd. His ancestors were of the good old hardy Puritan stock, and his disposition partook of the same serious, honest devotion to truth. His parents died when he was quite young.

Though for many years he had been sincere and prayerful, yet he did not feel satisfied with his Christian experience, and was much tossed with doubt and fear and self-condemnation. But he records in his diary the glorious assurance granted to him after agonies of prayer: "Having been thus endeavoring to pray, then as I was walking in a dark, thick grove, *unspeakable glory* seemed to open to the view and apprehension of my soul. It was a new inward apprehension or view that I had of God, such as I never had before, nor anything which had the least resemblance of it. I stood still, wondered and admired! I knew that I never had seen anything comparable to it for excellency and beauty; it was widely different from all the conceptions that I ever had of God or things Divine. My soul rejoiced with joy unspeakable to see such a God, such a glorious, Divine Being, and I was inwardly pleased and satisfied that He should be *God*

over all forever and ever. My soul was so captivated and delighted with the excellency, loveliness, greatness, and other perfections of God that I was even swallowed up of Him. I scarce reflected that there was such a creature as myself."

Later he notes: "I think my soul was never drawn out so in intercession for others as it has been this night. Had a most fervent wrestle with the Lord tonight for my enemies, and I hardly ever so longed to live to God and to be altogether devoted to Him; I wanted to wear out my life in His service for His glory."

After being chosen as missionary to the Indians, he reduced his belongings to the barest necessities of clothing, and bade farewell to his friends, and on horseback turned his face to the pathless wilderness.

Never robust in body, he burned his life out rapidly in the labors he performed and rigors he endured, traveling many thousands of miles on foot and horseback, up rocky steeps, through wooded forests and tangled swamps, untrod but by the skulking, fleet-footed Indian and wild beasts of the forest.

His first journey, with the exposure to cold and rain, exhausted his frail body. Oppressive melancholy seized his spirit. He seemed banished from God and civilized man. But the Indians received him kindly, and he was comforted, although their wild orgies distressed him much.

He returned to Newark, N. J., long enough to be ordained, and was well approved by the Presbytery. An illness delayed him awhile, but fellowship with Christian friends encouraged him, and when able he again bravely took up his labors in the wilderness.

"He so completely severed himself from the outside world that its concerns interested him no more. One thought, one aim, one desire, burning as a sacred passion, strove in his

soul. One night he spent in such an agony of soul as can scarcely be described. When he rose from his knees, he could scarcely stand for very exhaustion, the perspiration stood on his forehead; he had cried to God until voice utterly failed, and nature, exhausted, seemed to be giving way. Then came to him such a sense of confidence in God, and entire surrender to His will, as he never forgot to his dying day. He speaks of it as a season altogether inexpressible. 'All things here below vanished, and there appeared to be nothing of any considerable importance to me but holiness of heart and life and the conversion of the heathen to God. All my cares, fears, and desires which might be said to be of a worldly nature, disappeared, and were in my esteem of little more importance than a puff of wind. I exceedingly longed that God would get to Himself a name among the heathen, and I appealed to him with the greatest freedom, that He knew I preferred Him above my chief joy. I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could but gain souls to Christ. I continued in this frame all the evening and all the night. When I was asleep I dreamed of these things, and when I waked, the first thing I thought of was this great work of pleading for God against Satan.' "

"I will not let Thee go, Thou Help in time of need!
Heap ill on ill,
I trust Thee still.
Even when it seems that Thou would'st stay indeed!
Do as Thou wilt with me,
I yet will cling to Thee.
Hide Thou Thy face, yet, Help in time of need,
I will not let Thee go!"

For nearly three years he labored unceasingly, his frail body suffering keenly from cold, exposure, insufficient nourishment, and lack of all the comforts of life. During this time he saw very little to encourage him. The Indians were brought

up in idleness, and did not wish to learn how to improve their condition. He had to preach for a long time through a heathen interpreter. The difficulties of acquiring the language can be judged of by the fact that their word for "question" contained thirty-five letters.

Finally the light began to break and encourage the heart of him whose frequent night vigils, and strong crying, and tears in wrestling prayer for many months had been witnessed by the dense trees, the moaning winds and watchful stars. His interpreter was blessedly saved, and re-preached Brainerd's thoughts with the same yearning pathos, tender unction and clear argument that moved the missionary's heart.

"The very windows of Heaven opened to shower down the blessings of Divine grace. The servant had long to wait, and sometimes in the cloudy prospect of continued disappointment Brainerd had felt need enough to pray for himself that his faith fail not.

"The revival in Susquehanna will stand on record as one of the most remarkable events in the history of Christian enterprise. Suddenly upon the whole Indian population fell what Brainerd calls 'a most surprising concern.' From all parts the people came crowding in, holding his bridle, and crowding round his horse to catch a few words of instruction, standing in speechless interest to hear his preaching, and falling down in frantic distress of soul.

"There was much visible concern among them while I was discoursing publicly, but afterwards, when I spoke to one and another more particularly, whom I perceived to be under much concern, the power of God seemed to descend upon the assembly like a rushing mighty wind, and with an astonishing energy bore down all before it.

"I stood amazed at the influence which seized the audience almost universally, and could compare it to nothing more aptly than the irresistible force of a mighty torrent or swelling deluge, that with its insupportable weight and pressure bears down and sweeps before it whatever is in its way.

"Almost all persons of all ages were bowed down with concern together, and scarce one was able to withstand the shock of this surprising operation. Old men and women, who had been drunken wretches for many years, and some little children, not more than six or seven years of age, appeared in distress for their souls, as well as persons of middle age.

"The most stubborn hearts were now obliged to bow. They were almost universally praying and crying for mercy, in every part of the house, and many out of doors, and numbers could neither go or stand. Their concern was so great, each one for himself, that none seemed to take any notice of those about them, but each praying freely for himself. They were to their own apprehension as much retired as if they had been individually by themselves in the thickest desert. It was a day wherein I am persuaded the Lord did much to destroy the kingdom of darkness among this people.

"It was very affecting to see the poor Indians, who the other day were hallooing and yelling in their idolatrous feasts and drunken frolics, now crying to God with such importunity for an interest in His dear Son."

"The sight of whole tribes of Indians hungering and thirsting after the righteousness which is in Christ Jesus gave him comfort and joy beyond all expression, and compensated him for the weary waiting, the exposure and lonely distress he had endured, for at last he saw the work of the Lord prospering in his hands."

The sands of life were rapidly running out, and instead of slacking his diligence, Brainerd urged himself on to greater efforts. The light spread to other tribes.

"Alas! my days pass away as chaff! It is but little I do or can do that turns to any account. Oh, that I were a *spirit*, that I might be active for God! This, more than anything else, makes me long that this corruptible might put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality. God deliver me from clogs, fetters, and a body of death that impede my service for Him."

Sometimes his weary frame would have appreciated the comforts of home friends, but in the unwavering consecration of his loyal soul he cries, "Farewell! Farewell, friends and earthly comforts, the dearest of them all, the very dearest, if the Lord calls for it. Adieu, Adieu! I will spend my life to my latest moments in 'caves and dens of the earth' if the kingdom of Christ may be thereby advanced."

Among the last labors of Brainerd was the establishing of a good school for the instruction of young people in the daytime, and an evening session for the older Indians desiring a little free education. In every way possible he instructed them how to settle down, acquire well-tilled and productive farms, and improve their condition of soul and body.

In May, 1747, he visited Northampton. Some graver symptoms of his disease developing, he went to the home of his friend, Jonathan Edwards. The physician told him he was rapidly nearing a consumptive's grave. This rather cheered him, for he longed to be with Christ. He only cared to live for the betterment of the poor Indians.

His loved brother, John, about this time finished his education, and with the same humble consecration, took up the

work among the redmen. This was a great comfort to the faithful apostle, now lying prostrate with weakness.

He regained strength enough to visit a little among his friends, but never again saw his dear Indians.

To waiting friends he said: "My Heaven is to please God, and glorify Him, and to be devoted to His will. That is my religion, and that is my happiness. It is no matter where I shall be stationed in Heaven, whether I have a high or a low seat there, but to love, and to please and glorify God, is all. Had I a thousand souls, I would give them all to God. It is impossible for any rational creature to be happy without acting *all for God*. God Himself could not make him happy any other way. I long to be in Heaven, praising and glorifying God, with the holy angels. All my desire is to glorify God. Oh, the glorious time is coming! I have longed to serve God perfectly, now God will gratify these desires!"

His loved Jerusha was his constant and untiring nurse during the nineteen weeks of his illness. They talked much of the things of God, and confidently expected to renew their union in Heaven. She was a Christian of more than ordinary saintliness. To her he turned in his last moments and tenderly said: "Dear Jerusha, are you willing to part with me? I am quite willing to part with you; I am willing to part with all my friends; I have committed all my friends to God, and can leave them all with God. Though if I thought I should not see you, and be happy with you in another world, I could not bear to part with you. But we shall spend a happy eternity together!"

Murmuring, "He will come; He will not tarry; I shall soon be in glory; I shall soon glorify God with the angels," he fell asleep in Jesus, October 9, 1747, in his thirtieth year.

JOHN BUNYAN

JOHN BUNYAN

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS is probably the most extensively read book in the English language, except the Bible. Its author is a truly great writer, "who combines the power of expressing thoughts of universal acceptability in a style of the most perfect clearness, with a high degree of imaginative genius and a vivid descriptive faculty; whose works are equally attractive to readers of all ages and every variety of mental culture; which are among the first to be taken up in the nursery and among the last to be laid down when life is closing in on us, which have filled the memory with pictures, and peopled it with characters of the most unforgetable reality; which have been probably translated into more languages, and attained popularity in more lands, than any books ever written." *Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Holy War*, and *Grace Abounding* have made the name of John Bunyan immortal, and it is with reverent interest that we inquire into the facts of his life and the secrets of his wisdom and instruction in the things of God.

He was born of poor but worthy parents in the year 1628, at Elstow, Bedfordshire, England. His father, Thomas Bunyan, was a tinker, a mender of pots and kettles, which trade his worthy son also plied. John was a ring-leader of the youth in the little country village, dancing on the greensward, where the young people gathered nightly, playing tip-cat, or engaging in bell-ringing in nearby churches. He was married be-

fore he was twenty. Soon after the death of his first spouse he married his noble-minded second wife. She was a devout woman, and under her loving influence Bunyan began to reform his life. At her urgent request he read some good books, which were instrumental in his religious awakening. He became a regular attendant at church, gave up his Sunday sports, and gave attention to generally reforming his life. All this was not without a desperate struggle. During the week he was busy plying his tinker's trade, and the Sabbath had been for him the one day of recreation, when all the neighborhood gathered on the village green for jovial games and recreation. One Sunday the vicar preached a sermon on the sin of Sabbath breaking, and Bunyan went home "with a great burden on his spirit," "sermon-stricken" and "sermon-sick." But his Sunday dinner helped him to dispel his troublous convictions, and recklessly he went out to have a hilarious time. In the midst of his game of tip-cat or sly, just as he had struck the "cat" from his hole, and was going to give it a second blow, he seemed to hear a voice from Heaven asking him "whether he would leave his sins, and go to Heaven, or keep his sins, and go to hell." He thought he saw the Lord looking down upon him with threatening countenance. But he "shut his eyes against the light" and silenced the condemning voice. For about a month he became more reckless, until "one day, as he was standing at a neighbor's shop-window, cursing and swearing, the woman of the house, though a very loose and ungodly wretch, rebuked him so severely as the ungodliest fellow for swearing that ever she heard, able to spoil all the youth in a whole town. Self-convicted, he hung down his head in silent shame, wishing himself a little child again, that he might unlearn the wicked habit of which he thought it impossible to break himself. Hopeless as the effort seemed to him, it proved

effectual. He did quit swearing, and found to his own surprise that he "could speak better, and with more pleasantness," than when he "put an oath before and another behind to give his words authority."

Through the advice of a poor, godly neighbor, he began to study the Bible. He set the Ten Commandments before him as the way to Heaven, and felt comforted when he succeeded pretty well in keeping them, but afflicted in conscience when now and then he broke one. With a desperate struggle he gave up his favorite amusements, dancing being the most difficult to relinquish, as he had engaged in it on the village green from boyhood. His friends marveled at his reformation, and this flattered his vanity. He now considered himself an heir of Heaven. This state of self-satisfaction, this deceitful calm, lasted about a year. "All this while," he writes, "poor wretch as I was, I was ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness, and had perished therein had not God in mercy showed me more of my state by nature."

While pursuing his calling of tinker in Bedford, one day he came upon three or four godly old women, "Sitting at a door in the sun, and talking of the things of God." They were members of the congregation of Mr. John Gifford, saved from a notoriously loose and debauched life, but now a saintly and exemplary man of God. The conversation of these poor women was entirely beyond Bunyan, and opened to his soul's vision a new and blessed land to which he was a complete stranger. "They spoke of their own wretchedness of heart, of their unbelief, of their miserable state by nature, of the new birth, and the work of God in their souls, and how the Lord refreshed them, and supported them against the temptations of the devil by His words and promises." The unspeakable joy

shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost most forcibly impressed his mind. Their words went with him, and lingered in his thoughts as he went about his duties. So he made it his business to go again and again to listen to their edifying conversation. The salvation of his soul became the all-absorbing subject to him. His mind "lay fixed on eternity like a horse-leech at the vein." The Bible became precious. He read it with new eyes.

But sad questionings filled his soul with darkness. He doubted if he were among the elect, or that God would deign to call him to be His child. He wondered if he had sufficient faith. Finally he sought the counsel of others, and began to attend the services conducted by the godly Gifford. For a time his convictions deepened, and he became more morbid. Much that he pens of the experience of Pilgrim seeking the way to the celestial city is but the realistic setting forth of what went on in his own soul as for several months he sought for conscious salvation. Despair seized hold of his mind. It seemed there was no hope for him. All the sins of all his life were an intolerable burden. He seemed forsaken of God. He felt driven to commit the unpardonable sin, and blaspheme the Holy Ghost. It seemed almost necessary to clap his hand under his chin, lest he should say the fatal words. Callousness settled down upon his spirit, and it seemed that "if he could have given a thousand pounds for a tear he could not shed one." When on his knees in prayer, he fancied he felt the foul fiend, Satan, pull his clothes from behind, bidding him break off—make haste, he had prayed enough. Little intervals of sunshine-weather broke in upon him, and his gloom would be briefly dispelled. At times his heart was filled with comfort and hope, faith would prevail, and he was almost beside himself with joy over sins forgiven. Then shadows would

gather again. But finally, after about two years of constant and whole-hearted seeking after God, the full light of day broke in upon his enraptured soul.

"One day as I was musing on the wickedness and blasphemy of my heart, that Scripture came into my mind, 'He hath made peace by the blood of his cross.' I was made to see again and again and again that day that God and my soul were friends by His blood. Yea, I saw the justice of God and my sinful soul could kiss and embrace each other. At another time the glory and joy of a passage in Hebrews (2: 14-15) were so weighty that I was once or twice ready to swoon as I sat, not with grief or trouble, but with solid joy and peace. Now, had I evidence of my salvation from Heaven, with many golden seals thereon, all hanging in my sight, and I would long that the last day were come, or that I were fourscore years old, that I might die quickly, that my soul might be at rest. My soul cleaved to Him. I felt love to Him as hot as fire."

A very ususual temptation soon beset his soul. He was tempted to give up Christ, to exchange Him for the things of this life, for anything. Nor was this a mere passing intermittent delusion. "It lay upon me for the space of a year, and did follow me so continually that I was not rid of it one day in the month—no, not sometimes one hour in many months together, except when I was asleep." "Wherever he was, whatever he was doing, day and night, in bed, at table, at work, a voice kept sounding in his ears, bidding him sell Christ for this or that. He could neither eat his food, stoop for a pin, chop a stick, or cast his eyes on anything but the hateful words were heard, not once only, but a hundred times over, as fast as a man could speak, 'Sell Him, sell Him, sell Him.' The agony was so intense while, for hours together, he strug-

gled with the temptation, that his whole body was convulsed by it. He pushed and thrust with his hands and elbows, and kept still answering: 'No, I will not! I will not! Not for thousands, thousands, thousands of worlds!' But the fatal moment at last came, and the weakened will yielded against itself. One morning as he lay in his bed the voice came again with redoubled force, and would not be silenced. He fought against it as long as he could, even until almost out of breath, when, without any conscious act of the will, the suicidal words shaped themselves in his heart, 'Let Him go if He will.' "

Like a wounded bird, he fell into fearful despair. He seemed to himself to be a Judas. "I was ashamed that I should be like such an ugly man as Judas." There seemed to be no place of repentance. Like Esau, he had sold his birthright. He dared hardly pray. His naturally sturdy frame began to give way under the terrible strain. His digestion became disordered, a pain seized him in his breast, his limbs trembled, and he seemed to himself to be like Cain, bearing the marks of God's displeasure. For about two years his poor soul was fiercely tossed in the tempest, and almost went to pieces on the rocks of despair. One day he heard a voice speaking to his consciousness, "Did'st ever refuse to be justified by the blood of Christ?" Calmness came, but soon vanished. At a later time the voice whispered, "This sin is not unto death." Later, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Again, "He is able." At another time, "My grace is sufficient." One day when walking in the fields this sentence fell upon his soul: "Thy righteousness is in heaven." He looked up, faith pierced the clouds of doubt and despair, his temptations fled away. "Now did the chains fall off from my legs. I was loosed from my afflictions and irons. There was nothing but Christ before my eyes. I could reckon that

all those graces of God that now were green upon me were yet but like those crack-groats, and four-pence half-pennies that rich men carry in theis purses, while their gold is in their trunks at home. Oh, I saw my gold was in Christ, my Lord and Savior. The Lord did lead me into the mystery of union with the Son of God. Christ was my all—all my wisdom, all my righteousness, all my sanctification, and all my redemption."

He was baptized and admitted to communion. Later the tempter again beset him, at the Lord's table, to utter blasphemies against the ordinance, and curse his fellow-communicants. The strain of beating off this shocking temptation for three-quarters of a year seriously affected his health again, and almost threw him into consumption, but he came through triumphantly this time.

His health improved, the tempter gave up the struggle, and Bunyan became established in victorious Christian living. He left the village of Elstow, resided in Bedford, and became a deacon in Mr. Gifford's little congregation. About the same time he must have lost his first wife, to whom he owed so much. He was now in his twenty-seventh year, with an experimental knowledge of salvation and the wiles of the devil, a vivid imagination, a minute knowledge of the Bible, and a ready gift of utterance. Mr. Gifford and His successor having both died, Bunyan was asked to speak to the edification of the little flock. The request scared him; nevertheless his efforts were not in vain, and the brethren recognized his gifts. His words went home. They burned into the conscience; they comforted and edified the saints, and awakened the ungodly. He began to accompany others in itinerating in neighboring villages, and soon established a reputation as a faithful evangelist. With solemn prayer and fasting, he was appointed to

the work of the ministry. He continued to make his living by his trade as tinker, but was marvelously active in holding evening meetings and calling the ungodly to repentance. His notoriety spread, and many flocked to hear him, some to marvel, and some to mock. He preached wherever there was opportunity, in woods, in barns, on village greens, and even in churches, when permitted. But he kept very humble, and still considered himself an unworthy wretch. He preached not what he had read in books, but what he had experienced, and "labored so to speak the word as that the sin and person guilty might be particularized by it."

One of his hearers remarked to him after a service: "That was a sweet sermon." He replied: "No need to tell me that. The devil whispered it to me before I was out of the pulpit."

Generally the parochial clergy were his bitterest enemies, and created sentiment against him. Many of them were envious of his success. As Bud Robinson says, "They could not tree a possum, so stoned the dog that could." So bitter was the opposition, that even before the restoration of the Church and Crown, they tried to bring the law against him. During the time of the Commonwealth, Quakers, and even Episcopalians and Catholics, were persecuted. After the restoration of the Crown, vengeance was sought, and the persecution waxed bitter against Puritans, or any body of worshipers, conducting any other services except the prescribed and formal services of the Established Church of England.

When restored to the throne, Charles gave assurance that no one should suffer for his religious faith, and fears of continued persecution were dispelled. But political tactics were more important to him than keeping his word. The upheaval just passed in the affairs of government made officials and people very suspicious of any irregular gatherings, lest sedition be

stirred up and the country again thrown into the throes of revolution. Accordingly, the ban became more stringent against any irregular assembly. Enemies were not lacking to hound Bunyan's tracks. The country magistrates meeting in Bedford issued an order for the public reading of the Liturgy of the Church of England. Such an order Bunyan had no thought of obeying. To go to church and pray "after the form of men's inventions" was to him a relic of popery, and he exhorted his flock against it. He believed in rendering obedience to no secular authority in matters of conscience.

"November 12, 1660, Bunyan had engaged to go to the little hamlet of Lower Samsell, near Harlington, to hold a religious service. His purpose becoming known, a neighboring magistrate was instructed to issue a warrant for his apprehension under the Act of Elizabeth. The meeting being represented to him as one of seditious persons bringing arms, with a view to the disturbance of the public peace, he ordered that a strong watch should be kept about the house, as if, says Bunyan, 'we did intend to do some fearful business to the destruction of the country.' The intention to arrest him oozed out, and on Bunyan's arrival the whisperings of his friends warned him of his danger. He might have easily escaped if he had been minded to play the coward. Some advised it, especially the one at whose house the meeting was to take place. The man himself, as a 'harbinger of a conventicle,' would also run no small danger of arrest. The matter was clear enough to Bunyan. At the same time it was not to be decided in a hurry. The time fixed for the service not being yet come, Bunyan went into the meadow beside the house and, pacing up and down, thought the matter well out. If he who had up to this time showed himself hearty and courageous in his preaching, and had made it his business to encourage others, were now to

run and make an escape, it would be of an ill savour in the country. If he were now to flee because there was a warrant out for him, would not the weak and newly-converted brethren be afraid to stand when great words only were spoken to them. God had chosen him to be the first to be opposed for the Gospel. What a discouragement it must be to the whole body if he were to fly. No, he would never by any cowardliness of his give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme the Gospel. So back to the house he went with his mind made up. He had come to hold the meeting, and hold the meeting he would. He was not conscious of saying or doing any evil. If he had to suffer it was the Lord's will, and he was prepared for it. He had a full hour before him to escape, if he had been so minded, but he was resolved not to go away. He calmly waited for the time fixed for the brethren to assemble, and then, without hurry or any show of alarm, he opened the meeting in the usual manner, with prayer for God's blessing. He had given out his text, the brethren had just opened their Bibles, and Bunyan was beginning to preach, when the arrival of the constable with the warrant put an end to the exercises. Bunyan requested to be allowed to say a few parting words of encouragement to the terrified flock. This was granted, and he comforted the little company with the reflection that it was a mercy to suffer in so good a cause; that it was better to be the persecuted than the persecutors; better to suffer as Christians than as thieves or murderers. The constable and the justice's servant, soon growing weary of listening to Bunyan's exhortations, interrupted him, and would not be quiet until they had him away from the house."

A few inquiries showed the magistrate whither Bunyan was taken that he had entirely mistaken the character of the meeting and its object. Instead of gathering turbulent fanatics

for the disturbance of the public peace, they were only a few pious, harmless people, met together to preach and hear the Gospel. But the magistrate was too proud and stiff to acknowledge his mistake. So he asked a few questions, then flew into a rage, and declared angrily that he would "break the neck of these unlawful meetings," and that Bunyan must furnish bail or go to jail. Bail was at once forthcoming, but Bunyan would not promise that if given his liberty he would not repeat the offense. He intended to continue preaching the Word of God. This being so, he was sent to jail, and his trial left for the next Quarter Sessions. These proceedings extended on into the night, and in the morning he was conducted to Bedford jail, thirteen miles distant, where he remained twelve long years, carrying, as he says, "the peace of God along with me, and His comfort in my poor soul."

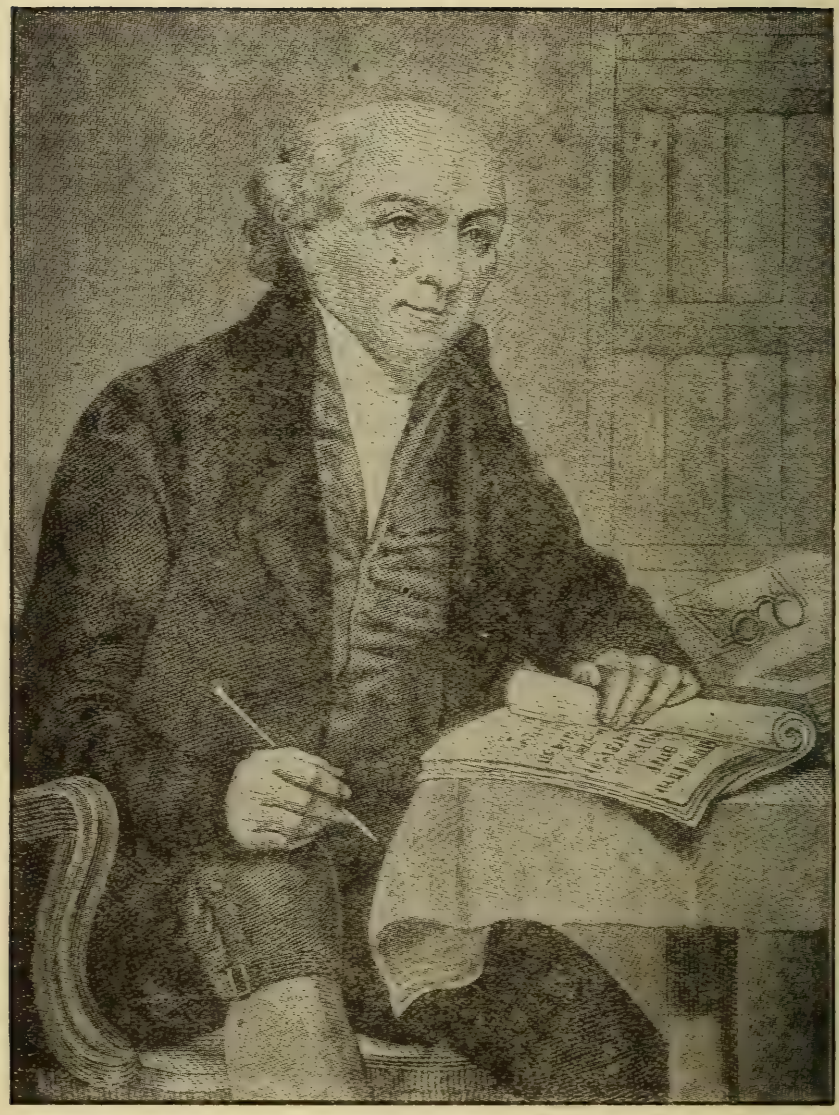
Many others were imprisoned as the persecution waxed hotter, and not a few succumbed to disease from their filthy confinement, and died in the prisons. Bunyan's rugged constitution withstood the taxing ordeal. Some of his jailors during the period were harsh and brutish; others were kind and gentlemanly, allowing him every possible privilege. His wife made every possible effort and plea for his release, but to no avail.

Like Paul, he ministered to the souls of his companions in jail, or any chance visitors. He was not sad and disconsolate, and could have borne his confinement without regret had it not been for his tender fatherly solicitude for his wife and children, especially his dear blind Mary. Even in his bonds, he contrived a way to aid in their support by making shoestrings.

"All things work together for good to them that love God." This binding of the man of God did not bind the Word of

God. He had used his versatile pen before in writing some controversial and other treatises, but to the period of his imprisonment may be attributed most of his immortal productions. His library had always been limited to a very few deeply spiritual books. He made no pretensions to literary rank. In so serious a business as speaking to men of things which fix eternal destiny, he scorned the vanity of brilliant ornament. "He spake with authority and not as the scribes." Yet that very simplicity constitutes one of the chief charms of all his writings. Every home should contain a well-used volume of *Pilgrim's Progress*, and every pilgrim to the celectial city should avail himself of the inspiration and instruction of its realistic portrayal of the vicissitudes of the journey thither. His prolific pen produced much that is still worthy of close perusal, but *Pilgrim's Progress* is undoubtedly the best, and ranks its author unquestionably with truly great writers.

Under the Great Seal, Bunyan was pardoned September 13, 1672. Comparatively little is known of the remaining years of his life. His celebrity as a preacher continued, and his usefulness was unabated. He refused a call to move to London, choosing rather to remain among those friends who had been his companions in tribulation, and an aid to his family when he could not fully provide for them, owing to his imprisonment. He was again imprisoned for a brief period in 1675. At the end of six months he was again released. But he was never entirely free from the possibility of re-imprisonment. However, like Paul, "none of these things moved" him, and he kept his vow that he would stay in jail until the moss grew upon his eyelids rather than quit preaching the Gospel. He died August 31, 1688, in his sixtieth year. His wife soon followed her faithful pilgrim across the river. Five children survived him.



Wm. Carey

WILLIAM CAREY

WILLIAM CAREY, the father and founder of modern missions, was born at Paulersbury, Northamptonshire, England, August 17, 1761. His father was a journeyman weaver with a moderate income; later he became schoolmaster and parish clerk. Early William began an eager pursuit of knowledge, books of science, history, and travel being of special interest to him. Many were the botanical specimens brought home by him from the forest. At the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, his frail health unfitting him for hard outdoor labor.

In his eighteenth year he was soundly converted. His father was a strict churchman, and did not fail to instruct his son in the letter of the law. When his son became a dissenting preacher, the father did not openly express his approval because of the reproach upon worshiping God "after the manner called heresy," but deep in his heart he was much gratified, while the mother went openly to hear her son, and declared he would become a great preacher.

His salary was only ten pounds (less than fifty dollars) per year. He pieced out his meager living by teaching and shoemaking, in addition to his pastoral work. He brooded continually over the lost condition of the world, and became convinced that it was the positive duty of Christians to spread the Gospel to all lands. It seems there was some united effort to spread the Gospel in the home land, but as yet no associa-

tion to send out workers among the heathen. At the annual meeting, 1789, Carey preached a great discourse from Isaiah 54: 2, 3, the gist of it being: "Expect great things from God. Attempt great things for God." The impression made was so deep that resolutions were passed for the organization of a society for the propagation of the Gospel among the heathen. Thus Carey became the father of modern foreign missions. The first collection for the enterprise amounted to thirteen pounds. Many difficulties had to be overcome, but finally, in June, 1793, Mr. Carey and his wife and three children, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and their child set sail for India, landing in Calcutta five months later. The first year was one of battling with hindrances. Living expenses were so high in Calcutta that they removed to Bandel, but no facilities for opening missionary work being found there, they returned to Calcutta. In June, 1794, Mr. George Udny offered the management of two indigo factories to Carey and Thomas. This afforded them a salary, and Carey immediately informed the Missionary Society that he would need their support no longer, but that he hoped that other workers would be sent into foreign mission work.

Carey made rapid progress in acquiring the Bengalee language, and began preaching to the natives. He also started a school, and worked vigorously at translating the Scriptures. In the midst of his great work his little son Peter died, and Carey himself was prostrated with fever several months. In 1800 he removed from Mudnabatty to Serampore, joining other missionaries who had come thither through his influence. There Henry Martyn greeted him in the Lord, and looked up to him as a father in the Gospel.

The name of the first native convert was Krishnu Pal, and his baptism was a memorable scene. Carey first baptized his

own son Felix, using English words. Then he baptized Krishnu, using the Bengalee language. Even the governor could not restrain his tears, so sacred and so solemn was the occasion.

For seven years Carey had daily preached Christ in Bangalee. He had reduced the Bengalee language to writing, and produced his first edition of the New Testament. The songs of rejoicing mingled with the ravings of Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Carey in the mission houses near by. Thomas was so overjoyed at this first Gospel victory that his mind was unseated for a brief time. Krishnu Pal himself built a native house of worship, and notwithstanding their loss of caste, and suffering of much persecution for Jesus' sake, a native band of converts gathered about the faithful missionaries.

In 1800 Carey's translation of the New Testament in Bengalee was published. A public service of thanksgiving to God was held on the occasion. It was a great labor of love and triumph of patient scholarship. The finished ability disclosed by the translation drew attention of the learned to Carey, and he was invited to be teacher of Bengalee in the government school. The position was accepted as teacher of Bengalee, and afterwards of Sanscrit and Mahratta, at a salary of six hundred pounds (about eighteen hundred dollars) per year. His salary as professor increased to fifteen thousand pounds (about seventy-five thousand dollars) per year. *But the whole of this income*, except about forty pounds needed for the support of his family, *was devoted to the interests of the mission.* Truly, he buried every personal interest in his whole-souled effort to spread Gospel truth to famishing heathendom. He held his position of professor until 1830, four years before his death. He won the highest esteem and affection of his students and colleagues.

A new chapel was opened in Calcutta in 1809, and Carey conducted the week-day services there.

"While his professional engagements and his literary pursuits detained him often in Serampore and Calcutta, yet he eagerly seized any opportunity that arose for itinerating, with a view to extending Christianity.

"In 1807 Mrs. Carey died, having long suffered from insanity. She had no sympathy with her great husband in his unselfish devotion to the salvation of souls, but he always treated her with most noble tenderness. Later he married Miss Charlotte Rumohr, who entered heartily into all the concerns of the mission, and was a great help to her husband until her death in 1820.

"Besides translating the Bible into seven different languages, Mr. Carey wrote grammars and elementary books of all the languages he had acquired. The improvement upon native paper for press purposes, by manufacturing it so as to be proof against destruction by insects, was an immense advantage gained by the ingenuity of the missionaries, and the importation of a steam engine of twelve horse-power for working their paper mill was a striking evidence of the enterprise of these men.

"The first reform Carey helped to effect was the prohibition of the sacrifice of children at the great annual festival at Gunga Sangor. Another reform to which Carey gave his determined attention was the abolition of the burning of widows on the pile of their dead husbands.

"The benevolent institutions for instructing the children of indigent parents originated in the philanthropic sympathies of Carey; and in the year 1817 no less than forty-five schools had been established. A leper hospital was founded, and a vernacular newspaper published.

"His practical knowledge of botany and agriculture resulted in very material benefit to India, and lays that country under a debt of obligation which can never be discharged. In 1817 was begun the missionary training institute, which afterwards grew to a college. For forty-one years William Carey was spared to labor for the good of India. He outlived nearly all who were associated with him in his prolonged residence, unbroken by any return to England. He died June 9, 1834."

Brown University, in the United States, conferred upon him the degree of D.D. The Linnæan, Horticultural and Geological Societies admitted him to their memberships, and men of high position and learning extolled his worth. But he cared nothing for the honor that cometh from man, and sought that only which cometh from God. As David Livingstone lost himself in the cause of the redemption of dark Africa, so did William Carey let his life burn out for India's enlightenment and uplift through the blessed Gospel of the Son of God.

His idea concerning foreign missions was, that as soon as possible, they should become self-supporting, thus releasing missionary money for the spread of the Gospel in other needy places. This plan he followed, having received only about six hundred pounds from the missionary society at home. And while he was for long years the able professor of oriental languages in a government school, devoting thereto four days per week, yet he never suffered his professional work to overshadow his high calling. Everywhere and always he was the ambassador of Jesus Christ, using every means he could to bring souls into the light of Divine favor.

Some of the brethren in the homeland became fearful that the love of money and earthly possessions was supplanting the love of God in the hearts and lives of the India missionaries, and by their propaganda they did much harm to the work by

dampening the faith and confidence of the home constituency. But Carey, Marshman, Ward and Thomas continued stedfastly in the work of the Lord, putting all except what was actually necessary for food and clothes into the work of establishing twenty-six mission schools and stations, publishing Bibles and tracts, and itinerating among the natives. Also, there were some very notable conversions among learned English residents.

In Carey's last will and testament he says: "I utterly disclaim all or any right or title to the premises at Serampore, called the mission premises, and every part and parcel thereof; and do hereby declare that I never had, or supposed myself to have, any such right or title. I give and bequeath to the College of Serampore the whole of my museum, consisting of shells, corals, insects, and other natural curiosities, and a Hortus Siccus; also the folio edition of Hortus Woburnensis, which was presented to me by Lord Hastings; Taylor's *Hebrew Concordance*, my collection of Bibles in foreign languages, and all my books in the Italian and German languages." In order to leave a little sum to one of his sons in limited circumstances, he ordered that the remainder of his books (after certain provisions) should be sold. Thus we see that all his earthly possessions consisted of his excellent library, his collection of natural curiosities, and a magnificent garden, in which he grew over two thousand various plants, every kind that could be made to grow in India. We discover also his bent for natural science, breadth of mind and capacity for hard work.

His faith, that could not be denied, for the salvation of his four sons, is beautiful and inspiring. He took great care in their training and education, and was gratified by three of them becoming devoted, self-sacrificing missionaries in the Orient. The youngest was employed by the government, and was successful, well-honored, and an exemplary Christian.

One fact which deeply impresses one in studying the life of this truly great man is his ability to work hard. Said he: "I can *plod*. I can *persevere* in any definite pursuit. To this I owe everything." Circumstances in his youth did not favor the acquiring a finished education. His father was a journeyman weaver, later a school-master and parish clerk. There was always plenty of hard work, but by studying constantly, at work and after work, his achievements were marvelous. Plodding and system were the secrets of his intellectual attainments, as well as his success as a missionary, under God.

"For the Christianization and civilization of India, he gave 1,625 pounds received as a manufacturer of indigo, and 45,000 pounds as professor of Sanskrit, Bengali and Marathi, and Bengali translator to government—a total of 46,625 pounds, or about $230,000. Truly he was a faithful steward."

Alexander Duff's accounts of visits to the aged missionary are full of interest. "Landing at the college ghaut one sweltering July day, the still ruddy highlander strode up to the flight of steps that leads to the finest modern building in Asia. Turning to the left, he sought the study of Carey in the house where the greatest of missionary scholars was still working for India. There he beheld what seemed to be a little, yellow, old man in a white jacket, who tottered up to the visitor, of whom he had often heard, and with outstretched hands, solemnly blessed him. The result of the conference was a double blessing."

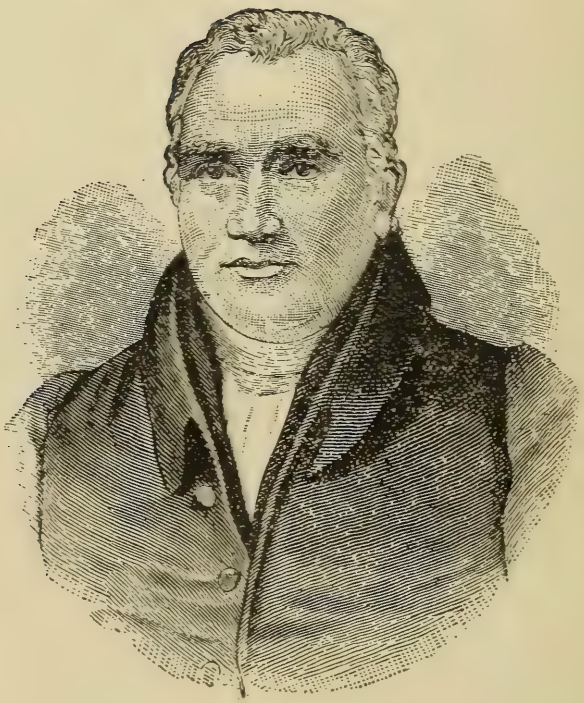
Duff's last visit is thus described: "On one of the last occasions he saw him, he spent some time talking chiefly about Carey's missionary life, till at length the dying man whispered, '*Pray!*' Duff knelt down and prayed, and then said 'Goodbye.' As he passed from the room, he thought he heard a

feeble voice pronouncing his name, and turning, he found that he was recalled. He stepped back accordingly, and this is what he heard, spoken with a gracious solemnity: 'Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey. When I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey. Speak about Dr. Carey's Savior.' Duff went away rebuked and awed, and with a lesson in his heart that he never forgot."

Another, visiting him in his last days, found him neatly attired, sitting at his desk, his eyes closed. On the desk lay the proof-sheet of the last chapter of the New Testament, which he had revised a few days before. White locks adorned his venerable brow. His face was colorless. He seemed as one waiting for his Master's summons. Fearing to break the solemn silence, the visitor said nothing for half an hour, then ventured: "My dear friend, you evidently are standing on the borders of the eternal world; do not think it wrong, then, if I ask, 'What are your feelings in the immediate prospect of death?' " Opening his languid eyes, he earnestly replied: "As far as my personal salvation is concerned, I have not the shadow of a doubt. I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. But when I think that I am about to appear in the presence of a holy God, and remember all my sins and manifold imperfections, I tremble." He could say no more. The tears trickled down his cheeks, and soon he relapsed into silence.

The simple inscription on his tombstone was according to his request:

"*WILLIAM CAREY*, born August 17, 1761;
died June 9, 1834.
"A wretched, poor and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall."



ADAM CLARKE

ADAM CLARKE

ADAM CLARKE is known mostly by his great set of *Commentaries on the Bible*, the writing of which occupied twenty-seven years of close, hard work. But few know the fact that he was one of the early flaming Methodist preachers of Wesley's day, and had a prominent part in that great revival.

He was not a precocious child. At school he was very dull, and proverbially at the foot of his class, until past eight years of age. Some scornful expression about his dumbness stung his pride into effort, his mind awakened, he applied himself to study, and the result was amazing. He mastered twenty languages, and made research in almost every branch of learning. He became proficient in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee and Syriac versions of the Scripture, and learned in all the oriental languages and most of the languages of Europe.

His curiosity led him to attend Methodist meetings and, like many others, he remained to pray. Agony of conviction was followed by sky-blue conversion. Soon he was exhorting others, and seeing them become lowly Christians. One day Wesley said to him, "Do you wish to devote yourself entirely to the work of God?" "Sir, I wish to be and to do whatever God pleases." "I think you had better go out into the work at large," said Wesley. Then laying his fatherly hands upon the young man, he prayed a benediction upon him, and sent

him to Bradford circuit. He had twenty-three appointments, and did most of his traveling on foot, carrying most of his belongings on his back. In eleven months he preached 450 times.

Like Abraham of old, he heard the voice of God bidding him to get out from his native land, Ireland, and follow whither the Lord should lead him. This he did, though stoutly opposed by his Presbyterian mother and Episcopalian father. He resolved, "I am determined by the grace of God to conquer or die!" Over his mantel he placed the motto: "Stand thou as the beaten anvil to the stroke." Indomitable energy carried his decisions through. He carefully husbanded his time. While others slept or trifled, he studied, prayed and worked. This was the great secret of his herculean accomplishments. To a youth he wrote, "The grand secret is to save time. Spend none needlessly. Keep from all unnecessary company. Never be without a praying heart, and have as often as possible a book in your hand."

The great, the wise, the good, sought his company. But he loved the society of humble people, and sought not the praise of men. Said he, "Learning I love; learned men I prize; with the company of the great and good I am delighted. But infinitely above all these, and all other enjoyments, I glory in Christ in me, living and reigning and fitting me for His heaven."

He was always a clear teacher of holiness. As to his own experience of entire sanctification, he said: "I regarded nothing, not even life itself, in comparison with having *my heart cleansed from all sin;* and began to seek it with full purpose of heart. Soon after this, while earnestly wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and endeavoring self-desperately to believe, *I found a change wrought in my soul*, which I have en-

deavored through grace to maintain amid the grievous temptations and accusations of the subtle foe."

His powerful treatise of *Purity of Heart* shows Christians their call and privilege of being filled with the Spirit. "It would be indeed dishonorable to that grace, and the infinite merit of Him who procured it, to suppose, much less to assert, that sin had made wounds which grace would not heal. Of such a triumph Satan shall ever be deprived."

"As there is no end to the merits of Christ incarnate and crucified; no bounds to the mercy and love of God; no let or hindrance to the almighty energy and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit; no limits to the improvability of the human soul, so there can be no bounds to the saving influence which God will dispense to the heart of every true believer. We may ask and receive, and our joy shall be full! Well may we bless and praise God, who has called us into such a state of salvation."

He was so youthful when he went to preach his first sermon that a man, eyeing him from head to foot, asked, "Are you the preacher?" "Yes, I am sent by Mr. Bredin." "You are a young one to unravel the Word." But to their astonishment the young one did unravel the Word with blessed success. Ere long crowds gathered to see him, and many inquired what they must do to be saved.

He and another went as missionaries for a period to the Norman Isles, where they suffered some sharp persecution at first, but later saw good success.

He married Miss Cook, well qualified to be the wife of such a man. Few marriages are so felicitous.

His godly father, before he died, wrote on a sheet of paper his last benediction: "May the blessing of God, and a dying father's blessing, ever be upon all my children. I die

full of hope, and happy. John Clarke." Whenever Adam Clarke passed the cemetery where his father lay buried, he uncovered his head, as a mark of respect to his worthy father's memory, while he rode or walked by.

His pen was always busy, and his writings scholarly, spiritual, and always useful. He began his greatest work, the *Commentaries*, May 1, 1798, and finished it March 28, 1825, *on his knees*. It was a moment of great joy to him, and he fittingly returned thanks to his Heavenly Father for enabling him to finish the task.

He was a truly good man. In private life he was a devoted husband and an affectionate father. He had twelve children. He was greatly beloved by his brethren in the ministry, and after Mr. Wesley's death they elected him president three times. So reluctant was he to accept the responsibility that the first time his brethren had to carry him bodily and place him in the chair, but once there, he performed his duties with grace and success.

Seven weeks before his death he closed a short journal of his last visit to Ireland thus:

"I feel a simple heart; the prayers of my childhood are yet precious to me, and the simple hymns I sang when a child, I sing now with unction and delight. Phil. 1:21. May I live to Thee, die in Thee, and be with Thee to all eternity. Amen.—Adam Clarke."

In the year 1832 the cholera was prevalent in England, and carried off many by sudden death. The disease attacked Mr. Clarke while away from home. His wife and friends reached him in time to see the end of the good man's useful career. The great scholar, the eloquent preacher, and the learned commentator went to his reward at about the age of seventy years.

CHRYSOSTOM, THE GOLDEN-MOUTHED

JOHN CHRYSOSTOM, like many great men, had a great mother. Her name was Anthusa. Her husband, who was in command of the imperial troops in Syria, died soon after the birth of their son, and his training and education devolved solely upon her. She lived exclusively for him.

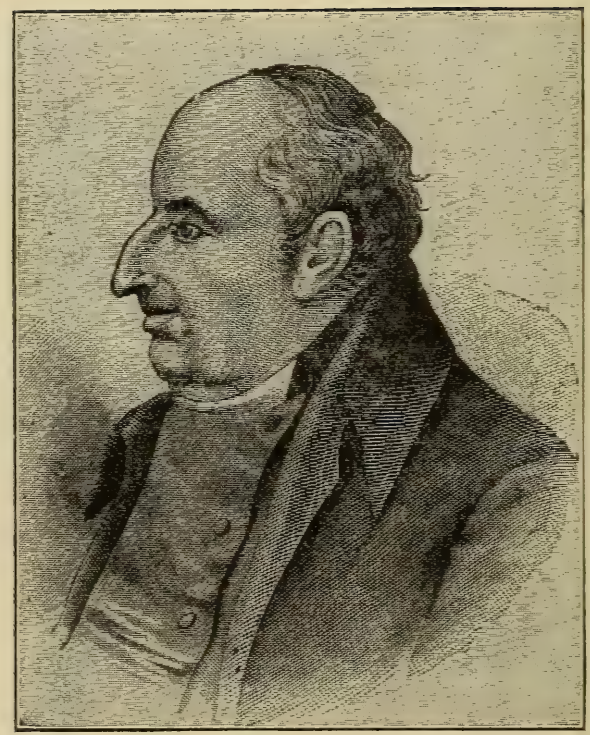
He studied eloquence under Libanius, the most famous orator of his time. Soon the pupil excelled his instructor! After studying philosophy, he devoted himself to the study of the Scriptures, and determined to quit all worldly pursuits and dedicate himself to the Lord. He spent several years in solitary confinement in the deserts of Syria, contemplating the things of God and, like Moses in the desert, being taught of the Lord. Returning to Antioch, he became a priest. He became so celebrated for his deep piety and silver-toned eloquence that the Emperor Arcadius secured his appointment as Archbishop of Constantinople.

But if the Emperor had thought that the Golden-mouthed Chrysostom would prostitute his gifts and high and holy calling to palliate and excuse the profligacy of the royal family, he was rudely awakened, for the man of God cried aloud, and spared not. The immorality of the Empress Eudoxia received due denunciation from his pulpit, along with his exposing of heresy and paganism. This aroused the hatred of the Empress and her powerful friends. Accordingly a sentence of banishment was passed against the prophet of God who had dared,

in such times of gross sin and darkness, to lift up his voice, to cry aloud and spare not. Chrysostom was retiring. His many friends were sad. A popular revolt was brewing, so great influence had he acquired. The night following, an earthquake added its terrorizing persuasion, and the Empress hastily invited the holy man to return. This he did, much to the joy of many.

But the peace was only a very brief one. The consecration of a statute was attended by many heathen orgies, and again the golden-mouthed denounced the wild revelries inaugurated by the Empress on that occasion. Like Herodias, the Empress Eudoxia determined upon revenge. Chrysostom was condemned and banished to Armenia. There he continued to exert so much influence for good that another sentence was passed ordering him to the most distant shore of the Black Sea. The old venerable man was compelled to make the long journey on foot. His cruel persecutors showed no pity, though his strength failed rapidly. He died at Comana, in Pontus, in the year 407, far from friends and kinsfolk, but heaven is as near in one clime as another. No doubt his light afflictions for Jesus' sake are lost in the celestial glory of his heavenly home.

Thus lived and died the greatest pulpit orator of Christian antiquity. He magnified his holy office, and at a time when Bishops and Archbishops were chosen and elevated to luxurious palaces and unprecedented power in spiritual and temporal affairs, not because of their superior piety, but their marked business ability; he considered the preaching of the great truths of the Bible his grandest and highest calling. Notwithstanding his multiplied duties at the capital, he preached with great earnestness and fervor twice a week to listening multitudes who stood and listened unwearied to his matchless and fearless declarations of Divine truth.



WILLIAM CARVOSSO

WILLIAM CARVOSSO

IT is with pleasure we write briefly of the great usefulness of a humble layman, not having many gifts naturally, but so fully consecrating himself and his all to his Savior and the salvation of souls that his life is as a great, spreading tree, planted by the river of waters and bringing forth its fruit in its season.

William Carvosso was born in 1750, near Mousehole, Cornwall, England. Ten years of his life were spent on the farm with his mother, the father being at sea. The next eleven years were spent on a neighboring farm. His sister was saved, and on a Sabbath morning in 1771 he found she had come a distance of twelve miles to pray with the family. Her exhortations awakened in him a sense of his need. He went to hear the Methodists, and became overwhelmed with a load of conviction. The pains of hell got hold of him, and he was in anguish of soul several days. In answer to the powerful suggestions and distracting temptations of the devil, he cried: "I am determined, whether I am saved or lost, that while I have breath I will never cease crying for mercy." The very moment he formed this resolution Christ appeared within, God pardoned all his sins, and set him at liberty.

The enemy suggested that he better not mention it to anyone, and to this he readily agreed. It might have proven disastrous, for a light under a bushel is sure to go out. A sure way to lose any work of grace or blessing from the hand of the

Lord is to refuse to tell about it. But on the third day he was drawn into conversation, and told what he experienced. The delusion vanished, and thereafter he was quite ready and apt in declaring what the Lord had done for his soul.

"But I was soon taught that I had only *enlisted* as a soldier to fight for King Jesus, and that I had not only to contend with Satan and the world from without, but with inward enemies also, which now began to make no small stir. Having never conversed with anyone who enjoyed heart purity, nor read any of Mr. Wesley's works, I was at a loss, both with respect to the nature and the way to obtain the blessing of full salvation. From my first setting out in the way to Heaven, I determined to be a Bible Christian; and though I had not much time for reading many books, yet I bless God I had His own Word, the Bible, and could look into it. This gave me a very clear map of the way to Heaven, and told me that "without holiness no man should see the Lord."

If more would implicitly follow their Bible's plain teaching, and stop their ears to the doctors and teachers who would tamper with their faith, no doubt God would lead them also out into the fulness of the blessing.

Said he: "My inward nature appeared so black and sinful that I felt it impossible to rest in that state." Oh, for more Holy Ghost conviction of the depravity of inward sin!

After many hard struggles with unbelief, and agonizing for eight days, the great deliverance came. "I began to exercise faith by believing, 'I shall have the blessing *now*.' Just at that moment a heavenly influence filled the room. Refining fire went through my heart, scattered its life through every part, and sanctified the whole. I then received the witness that the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all sin. I was emptied of self and sin, and filled with God. I felt I was

nothing, and Christ was all in all. Oh, what boundless, boundless happiness there is in Christ, and all for such a poor sinner as I am! This happy change took place in my soul March 13, 1772."

He joined the Wesleyan church, and three years later was made class-leader. He entered upon his work with fear and trembling. Constant in visiting, and never suffering himself to drop into mere sociabilities, to the neglect of spiritual interests; with God-given insight conducting the old-fashioned close class-meetings, and keeping a careful oversight of God's children; truly he was a father in Israel, one who naturally cared for their state. His memoirs are a record of the saving of one soul after another as he made a brief call in a home, or tarried over night, or lodged at a public inn, or paid his fee at the toll-gate. His words were loaded words, penetrating the heart, melting its stoniness, and making God very real and present. Our space will permit us to cite only two or three instances:

"Returning one night from the quarterly-meeting love-feast, in company with a pious friend, he told me he had the unspeakable happiness the night before to witness the conversion of his young daughter. I informed him I had two children who were getting up to mature years, but I was grieved to say I had not yet seen any marks of a work of God upon their hearts. His reply I shall never forget: 'Brother, has not God promised to pour His Spirit upon thy seed, and His blessing upon thy offspring?' The words went through me in an unaccountable manner. They seemed to take hold of my heart. I felt as if I had not done my duty, and resolved to make a new effort in prayer. I had always prayed for my children, but now I grasped the promise with the hand of faith, and *retired daily at special seasons to put the Lord to His Word.*

I said nothing of what I felt or did to anyone but the searcher of hearts, with whom I wrestled in an agony of prayer.

"About a fortnight after I had been thus engaged with God, being at work in the field, I received a message from my wife informing me that I was wanted within. When I entered the house my wife told me, 'Grace is above stairs, apparently distressed for something; but nothing can be got from her, but that she must see father.' Judge of my feelings when I found my daughter a weeping penitent at the feet of Jesus. She exclaimed, 'Oh, father, I am afraid I shall go to hell!' She said she had felt the load of sin about a fortnight, and that now she longed to find Christ. She soon found rest in the atoning blood.

"My eldest son had hitherto been utterly careless about the things of God, and associated with youths of a similar disposition of mind; but now he became the subject of a manifest change; he cast off his old companions, and one Sabbath afternoon, just before I was going to meet my class, he came to me with a sorrowful mind, and expressed his desire to go with me to the class-meeting. He did go, and that day cast in his lot with the people of God; and, blessed be God, they both continue to this day."

The society grew until they had two classes, and outgrew their building, and had to build a new chapel.

"I now began to feel a particular concern for the salvation of my younger son. I laid hold by faith on the same promise which I had before urged, when pleading for my other children, and went to the same place to call upon my God in his behalf. One day when I was wrestling with God in mighty prayer for him, these words were applied with power to my mind: 'There shall not an hoof be left behind.' I could pray no more; my prayer was lost in praises, in shouts of joy and

glory. His life was quite moral, and I could not reprove him for any outward sin. His delight was in studying useful branches of knowledge; but this, though good in its place, was not religion. I knew his heart was yet estranged from God.

"After the answer I had in prayer I waited some time, hoping to see the change effected in him, as in his brother and sister. But this not taking place according to my expectations, I felt my mind deeply impressed with the duty of embracing the first opportunity of opening my mind to him, and talking closely to him about eternal things. I accordingly came to him on one occasion and, with my heart deeply affected, I asked him if it was not time for him to enter upon a life of religion. I told him, with tears, that I felt my body was failing, and that if anything would distress me in a dying hour it would be the thought of closing my eyes in death before I saw him converted to God. This effort the Lord was pleased to bless. The truth took hold of his heart; he went with me to the class-meeting, and soon obtained the knowledge of salvation by the remission of his sins. We now had the unspeakable happiness of seeing all our dear children converted to God and traveling in the way to Heaven with us."

Again the church outgrew its bounds, and another and much larger building had to be erected. A great and glorious revival broke out and spread to neighboring towns. His responsibilities were increased by having three classes to look after, and his younger son became a local preacher.

His wife had died a victorious and happy death, the two older children were married, then the younger son was called into the ministry, and later went as a foreign missionary.

He sold his farm, and what time he did not spend in traveling over his district from town to town, meeting classes, and exhorting individuals everywhere to yield to Jesus, he resided

with his daughter. The fetters of all worldly cares being gone, he gave himself up unreservedly to the Lord's service. Such was the anointing upon him that his words did not fall to the ground, and everywhere the Lord gave him lasting fruit. These old-time saints knew how to prevail with God, and then go after souls in dead earnest.

After a long and painful illness, he fell asleep in Jesus while attempting to sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

He died at the age of eighty-four, having lived sixty-four of them in an unbroken walk with God.

His life teaches us: (1) The reality and blessedness of true religion. (2) A man without great education or talents may be very useful, if he apply himself to improve his mind, and use opportunities. (3) How letter writing may be very fruitful of results to the glory of God if done in a spirit of prayer and faith. At sixty-five he learned to write, and his many spiritual letters and personal diary are models of devotion, and a means of grace to the reader. (4) That God is able to keep us from falling, through a long period of years, and all kinds of spiritual conflict. (5) That Christian parents may see their children soundly converted to God if they earnestly contend in prayer, and faithfully bring them up in the fear of the Lord. (6) How to grow old gracefully, and our last days be our best days. (7) How practicable it is for Christians to give religion the prominence in their conversation which its supreme importance justifies. Carvosso's superior conversational powers, under the anointing of the Spirit and from a full heart, brought thousands to the Lord.

Miss Grace E. Chadwick

MISS GRACE E. CHADWICK

How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!
Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While Heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

SUCH was the death of Grace E. Chadwick, May 5, 1911, at the age of thirty-seven and a half years. She still lives in the warm affections of many to whom she was a blessing—lives in answered prayers as their vials are poured out! How often the small, frail body seemed wrapped with life Divine, as, with face transparent in heaven-lit glow, she declared the goodness of God, or swayed to and fro, not able to express the unutterable of which her spirit partook.

The call to prevailing prayer was pre-eminently her calling. To preach, to labor publicly, to fill places of trust and prominence in the church, are too often held in higher estimation than the lowliness of intercession. But to the subject of the present sketch, to "sway things by the Throne," rather than depend upon human genius and energy, was a most cherished privilege. Considering the frailty of her body and limits to activity, the results of her ministry can be accounted for in no other way. Said one of her, "I heard Grace in her room, about to retire at break of day. I remonstrated with her about it. She replied, 'Oh, the time seemed so short.' When a burden

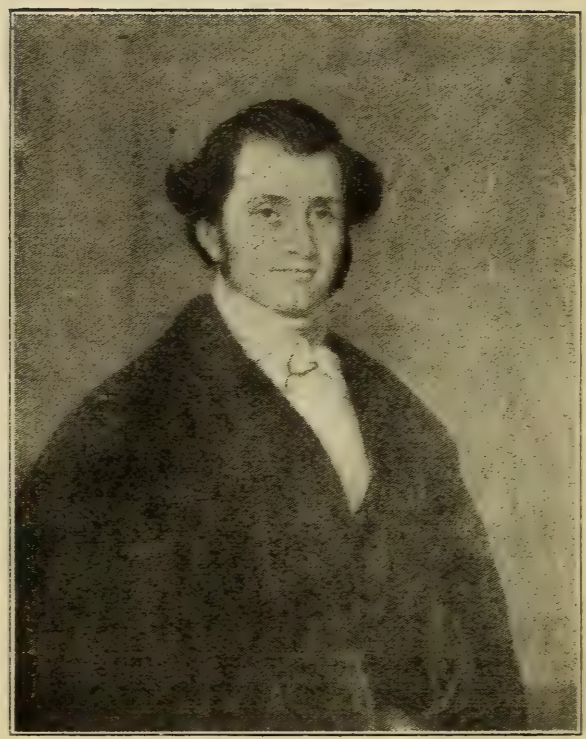
for the work was upon her she said, 'My bed would feel like nettles if I retired before I prayed the burden off.' "

Left an orphan at five years of age, she was adopted by an aunt and uncle. With them she lived until seventeen, when they died. She was with her grandfather, then attended the seminary at Houghton, N. Y., and afterward was in the home of Mrs. Sarah A. Shultz, Falconer, N. Y.

Recognizing the hand of the Lord upon her in a special way, Rev. P. B. Campbell urged her into the public work. From this she timidly shrank, but went as the hand-maiden of the Lord, never claiming to be a fine preacher. She humbly delivered the simple messages the Lord gave to her, and mothered souls into faithful Christian living, being especially patient with the weak or lagging. The secrets of keeping in the Spirit and avoiding display seemed peculiarly known to her. She successively served a number of Wesleyan churches in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

With a true, fervent missionary spirit, yearning and praying much for the heathen, she denied herself that she might give freely for their salvation. The opening of the Wesleyan mission in Gujurat District, India, was partly due to her prayers and public agitation of the project.

As she sank deeper into utter weakness, and her pain increased, the perspiration dampening four thicknesses of comforters about her, her concern was still for souls of others. She could not refrain from praying with a backslider who entered her room shortly before death. While, at her request, "Rock of Ages" was sung, her pure spirit left the shattered house of clay for another building "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."



JAMES CAUGHEY

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JAMES CAUGHEY was a native of Ireland, who emigrated to America in his youth. He was soundly converted in young manhood. Two years after his conversion he was admitted into the Troy Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was ordained a deacon in 1834. His first labors were not distinguished by any uncommon results. He seemed to be an ordinary preacher, and his friends entertained no lofty hopes of a famous future for him.

With resolution he determined to cultivate all his powers by constant study, and a close and familiar walk with God. He was always looking for means of strength, wisdom and piety. He learned much from many sources, but from no source of information did he reap so large a harvest as from a passage in the writings of Dr. Adam Clarke. Speaking of it, he says:

"From the hour I read the following striking remarks of Adam Clarke, a few months previous to my ordination, I have never varied a hair-breadth from the great truth they advocate. I can only quote from memory, as the page which first presented them to my eye is many thousands of miles from me, and I cannot turn to the place in his works where they stand recorded; but they differ little from the following: 'But all this spiritual and rational preaching will be of no avail, unless another means, of God's own choosing, be super-added to give it an effect—*the light and influence of the Holy Spirit.* That

Spirit of life and fire penetrates, in a moment, the sinner's heart, and drags out to the view of his conscience those innumerable crimes which lie concealed there under successive layers of deep and thick darkness, when under that luminous and burning agency he is compelled to cry, "God, have mercy on me a sinner! Save, Lord, or I perish. Heal my soul, for it hath sinned against Thee." ' "

"I shall have eternal cause for thankfulness that the above sentiments ever came under my notice. If my ministry has been rendered a blessing to many, that blessing has been vouchsafed, through the merits of Christ, to a steady recognition of the necessity of the influence of the Holy Spirit. On the evening of that never-to-be-forgotten day in which I read the above, I took up my pen, in secret before God, and gave vent to the emotions of my deeply-impressed heart, in language something like the following: 'I see, I feel now, as I have never done before, upon this particular subject. From the convictions of this hour I hope, by the grace of God, never to vary. I see, I feel:

"(1) The *absolute necessity* of the *immediate influence* of the Holy Ghost to impart *point*, *power*, *efficacy*, and *success* to a preached Gospel.

"(2) The *absolute necessity* of praying more *frequently*, more *fervently*, more *perseveringly*, and more *believingly*, for the aid of the Holy Spirit in my ministry.

"(3) That my labors must be *powerless*, and *comfortless, and valueless, without this aid; a cloud without water*, a tree without fruit, dead and rootless; a sound *uncertain, unctionless* and *meaningless;* such will be the character of my ministry. It is the Spirit of God alone which imparts significancy and power to the Word preached, without which, as one has expressed it, all the threatenings of the Bible will be no more

than thunder to the deaf or lightning to the blind. A seal requires weight, a hand upon it, in order to make an impression. The soul of the penitent sinner is the wax; Gospel truth is the seal, but without the Almighty hand of the Holy Ghost that seal is powerless. A bullet demands its powder, without which it is as harmless as any other body. The careless sinner is the mark; truth is the ball that must pierce him; but it cannot reach, much less penetrate him, separate from this influence from Heaven. In apostolic times they preached the Gospel with the 'Holy Ghost sent down from heaven' (1 Peter 1: 12). In our day we need an energy from no lower source to overturn the wickedness of the vile and profane, and to counteract the formality and worldliness which are everywhere visible.

"(4) I am now fully persuaded that in proportion as the Spirit of God shall condescend to second my efforts in the Gospel message, I shall be successful; nor need I expect any success beyond. No man has ever been signally useful in winning souls to Christ without the help of the Spirit. With it, the *humblest* talent may astonish earth and hell, by gathering into the path of life thousands for the skies; while without it the finest, the most splendid talents, remain comparatively useless.

"(5) The entire glory of my success shall henceforth be given to the Holy Spirit. By this I shall conscientiously abide, as by any other principle of our holy religion. It is written, '*Them* that honor *me*, *I will honor.*' To this may be added that righteous, inalienable and unchangeable determination of Jehovah: '*My glory I will not give to another.*' "

From this time Mr. Caughey's labors were more fruitful, but not so as to distinguish him above many of his brethren.

"Our Conference of 1839 was held in the city of Schenectady, N. Y. That year I was appointed to Whitehall, N. Y. Shortly after I had my library and study furniture forwarded to my station.

"It was then I began seriously to reflect upon the propriety of choosing a wife, believing that 'marriage is honorable in all men.' I had traveled a number of years, studied hard, and expended all my time and strength in winning souls to Christ. My brethren approved of my intention. But, while indulging in this purpose—for some reason I could not explain—my heart became very hard. The Lord seemed to depart from me, and that countenance which so often beamed upon me from above, and had daily for many years, brightened my soul with rapturous joy, appeared now to be mantled in the thickest gloom.

"The more I reflected thus, 'I can see no good reason why I should be singular among my brethren, nor continue to lead this solitary life,' my heart became harder, and my darkness increased. I was soon involved in a variety of evil reasonings. My will seemed to be in conflict with something invisible. God, who had honored me with such intimate communion with Himself since my conversion, apparently left me to battle it out alone. So it appeared to me then, but now I see God Himself was contending with me. I was about to step out of the order of His providence, and He was resolved to prevent it, unless I should refuse to understand why He thus resisted me. Had I continued the conflict, I believe He would have let me take my own course; nor would He have cast me off; yet I solemnly feel He would have severely chastised my disobedience.

"My distress and gloom were so great I could not unpack my library, nor arrange my study. I began to reflect most solemnly upon my unhappy state of mind, and became more

concerned to regain my former peace and joy in God, than to obtain any temporal blessing whatever. The world was a blank, a bleak, howling wilderness to my soul, without the smiles of my Savior. In fact, I could not live, but must wither away from the face of the earth, without His comforting and satisfying presence. Like a well-chastised son, I came back to the feet of my heavenly Father, and with many tears I besought Him to reveal His face to my soul; that if my purpose were crossing His, to show me; and whatever was His will, I would at once, by His help, yield my soul unto it. 'Lord, God,' I said, 'if my will crosses Thy will, then my will must be *wrong;* Thine cannot but be *right.*' Now I cared not what He commanded me to do, or to leave undone; I stood ready to obey. I felt assured clear light on some points would soon reach my soul, and I was fully prepared for it. But I no more expected such an order as came soon after than I expected He would command me to fly upward and preach the Gospel in another planet. During three days I cried to God without any answer. On the third day, in the afternoon, I obtained an audience with the Lord. The place was almost as lonely as Sinai, where Moses saw the burning bush. It was under the open sky, a considerable distance from the habitations of men; steep rocks and mountains, deep forests and venomous reptiles surrounded me. Here, and in a moment, the following passage was given me to plead: 'And the Lord descended in a cloud, and stood with him there, and proclaimed the name of the Lord. And the Lord passed by before him and proclaimed, The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty.' (Exodus 34: 5-7). I took hold of this; many of the words were like

fire, and as a hammer to break the rocks in pieces before the Lord. The fountains of tears were opened, and the great deep of my heart was broken up. I left the place, however, without receiving any light; but my heart was fully softened and subdued, and I felt assured I had prevailed in some way with God. I was confident light and direction was coming, but of what nature I could not tell.

"This was on the 9th of July, 1839. The same evening about twilight—eternal glory be to God—when reading in a small room adjoining my study, a light, as I conceived, from Heaven, reached me. My soul was singularly calmed and warmed by a strange visitation. In a moment I recognized the change; the following was spoken to my heart, but in a manner and with a rapidity I cannot possibly describe; every ray of Divine glory seemed to be a word that the eye of my soul could read—a sentence which my judgment could perceive and understand: 'These matters which trouble thee must be let entirely alone. The will of God is that thou shouldst visit Europe. He shall be with thee there, and give thee many seals to thy ministry. He has provided thee with funds. Make thy arrangements accordingly; and next Conference ask liberty from the proper authorities, and it shall be granted thee. Visit Canada first; when this is done, sail for England. God shall be with thee there; and thou shalt have no want in all thy journeyings; and thou shalt be brought back in safety again to America.'

"The above is far beneath the dignity and grandeur of the impression. It came in a way that left no room for a doubt. A heavenly calm, a powerful persuasion, and an intense glow of Divine love, accompanied the whole. It was like the breaking forth of the noonday sun at midnight. I fell upon my knees before the Lord, my whole mind consenting to the orders,

which I believed had come from Heaven. Oh, the sweetness of that communion I then enjoyed with God! My sky was cloudless. My rest of soul unutterable. The meaning of many past providences was now explained. The possession of a few hundreds of dollars had often made me uneasy. I doubted the propriety of laying up treasure on earth. The cause of missions stood in need of what I possessed, but still I was restrained. Now I clearly saw that God had provided me with these funds in order to make me willing to obey the call, and to save me from embarrassment in my travels. I could perceive a special reason why I had pressed forward so many years in my studies, and why revival texts and sermons had occupied so much of my time. God had thus been preparing me for a few campaigns in Europe.

"The next day my soul was calm and happy. My books were unpacked, and everything in my study arranged with a glad heart and free. Eleven months were before me to criticise the impressions on my soul. With delight I commenced my pastoral work, visited from house to house, and had the pleasure of seeing a most powerful revival of religion in my circuit."

Mr. Caughey obtained permission from his Conference to visit Europe in 1840. He first visited Canada, where an extraordinary influence attended his ministry, especially in Montreal and Quebec. Five hundred persons were converted.

He landed in Liverpool in July, 1841. He visited the Wesleyan Conference, then in session in Manchester, then by invitation he went to Dublin, Ireland. The congregation the first night was very small, but the very gracious influence of the Spirit was manifest, and he was asked to continue the meetings. He did so, the congregations steadily and rapidly increasing, and at the end of a week he found himself sur-

rounded by weeping penitents. "The glory of the Lord filled the house, and sinners were daily converted to God. We continued the services in this chapel during four weeks. A select meeting was then appointed for the young converts, and one hundred and thirty came forward to testify that God for Christ's sake had pardoned all their sins."

"From that Sabbath his path opened clear as light before him, and his success was wonderful almost beyond precedent. He labored in Dublin, Limerick, Cork and Bandon, in Ireland. Then re-crossing the channel, he held meetings in Liverpool, Leeds, Hull, Sheffield, Huddersfield, York, Birmingham, Nottingham, Lincoln, Boston, Sunderland, Gateshead, Scarborough, Chesterfield, Doncaster, Macclesfield, Wakefield, etc., until 1847, when he thought it his duty to return to America. During the seven years of his stay in England and Ireland, nearly *twenty-two thousand persons* professed conversion under his immediate labors, and nearly *ten thousand* entered into the rest of full salvation."

"The church has many ministers of larger powers, more highly cultivated, and of higher intellectual rank, but whose successes in God's work will not bear comparison with those of Mr. Caughey. Whence then his superior power? Why did he win such victories in the church of God? We must attribute his surprising success to the Holy Spirit, who finds his instruments among the herdmen of Tekoa, or at the feet of Gamaliel, as His sovereign wisdom may decide. To this source Mr. Caughey himself ascribes the glory of his fruitfulness. No candid man can peruse the pages of his diary without feeling himself moved to become a holier man, and a more earnest laborer in the vineyard of the Lord."

COWPER, THE POET

WILLIAM COWPER was born in 1731. He was as quiet, gentle, tender creature as ever lived. His mother died when he was only six years old, and the dear little fellow was overwhelmed with sorrow. At his first school he was singled out by a lad of fifteen years as the butt of his cruel temper. The savage conduct of this youth so impressed him with a dread of his figure that he was afraid to lift his eyes upon him higher than his knees, and he knew him better by his shoe-buckles than by any other part of his dress.

The poor afflicted boy did not become one whit happier when he became a student of law and was preparing to practise at the bar. His good fortune in being presented to a lucrative situation connected with the House of Lords only brought on insanity. His dread of the ordeal of examination, as to fitness for his office, so preyed on his mind that he sought to destroy himself. Though formerly he had never been able to glance a single thought towards death without shuddering at the idea, he now wished for it, and found himself but little shocked at the idea of procuring it for himself. One evening in November, 1763, as soon as it was dark, he went into an apothecary's shop and asked for a half-ounce phial of laudanum. In doing this, he affected as cheerful and unconcerned an air as possible. The shopman eyed him narrowly, but he managed his voice and countenance so as to deceive him. The day that required his attendance at the

House of Lords was about a week distant, and he kept the bottle close in his side pocket, resolved to use it when he should be convinced there was no other way of escape. Thus he wished to protract the horrid execution of his purpose. But Satan, he says, was impatient of delay. So out he sallied one day into the fields, where he intended to find some house to die in; or, if not, determined to poison himself in a ditch, when he could meet with one sufficiently retired. Before he had walked a mile, the thought struck him that he might spare his life and transport himself to France. But while looking over his portmanteau with this view, the purpose of self-murder returned in all its force, and he hired a coach to drive him to Tower wharf, where he intended to throw himself into the river from the Custom House quay. But the tide was low, and there sat a porter on some goods as if to prevent him. "This passage to the bottomless pit (to use his own words) being mercifully shut against him, he returned to his chambers in the Temple, still intent on his purpose.

But I will not follow the sad tale any further. My object in telling it is to show how miserable he was, and how untrue it is that religion drove him mad. At this time he had no religion. But God interposed in mercy to disannul his covenant with death. And his efforts to destroy himself were frustrated by the providence which would have him live to learn Christ's love, and be a blessing to the world. Up to this time he had felt no concern of a spiritual kind. Now a new scene opened upon him. Conviction of sin took place. He felt that he had all the guilt of murder to answer for. A sense of God's wrath, and a deep despair of escaping it, instantly succeeded. The fear of death became now much stronger than the desire of it had been. His sins were set in array before him. As he walked to and fro in his chamber he said

within himself, "There never was so abandoned a wretch—so great a sinner." The story of the barren fig-tree was to him a source of inconceivable anguish. He applied it to himself, with a strong persuasion that, when the Savior pronounced a curse upon it, He had him in His eye, and pointed that curse at him.

He wished for madness, poor man! and it came. Then followed five dreary months in an asylum. He threw away the Bible as a book in which he had no longer any interest or portion. The horrors which the poor maniac suffered cannot be conceived, far less described. A visit from his brother was the first means of his recovery. His company served to put to flight a thousand deliriums and delusions. The next morning he found the cloud of horror which had so long hung over him was every moment passing away, and every moment came fraught with hope. "I was continually more and more persuaded that I was not utterly doomed to destruction. The way of salvation was still, however, hid from my eyes, nor did I see it at all clearer than before my illness. I only thought that if it would please God to spare me, I would lead a better life, and that I would yet escape hell if a religious observance of my duty would secure me from it. Thus may the terror of the Lord make a Pharisee, but only the sweet voice of mercy in the Gospel can make a Christian. But the happy period which was to shake off my fetters, and afford me a clear opening of the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus was now arrived. I flung myself into a chair near the window, and seeing the Bible there, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verse I saw was the 25th of Romans, 3: 'Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance

of God.' Immediately I received strength to believe it, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made, my pardon sealed in His blood, and all the fulness and completeness of His justification. In a moment I believed and received the Gospel. Unless the Almighty arm had been under me, I think I should have died with gratitude and joy."

After all this his insanity returned, in the shape of a false idea that God had passed a special decree respecting him, that, though he was a true believer in Christ, he should not be saved. Such another instance, he believed, was not to be found in the universe. And this mania made him miserable for many years. Yet he would never retract his testimony to the Gospel. And, though dead, he continues to speak in verse and song, when he says:

"There is a fountain filled with blood.
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins," etc.

And again:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

FANNY CROSBY

FANNY CROSBY

ALWAYS blind, except the first six weeks of her life, much that others depend upon for enjoyment was denied to her. Her dear grandmother instructed her in religious truth and the glories of nature. The Holy Bible became the meat and drink of her soul. She said: "When I was a child, this Book had a practical place in both home and nation. During these many years my love for the Holy Bible has not waned. Its truth was not only born with me; it was *bred* into my life. My mother and grandmother took pains that I knew the Bible better than any other book. All that I am, and all that I ever expect to be, in literature or in life, is due to the Bible. This holy book nurtured my early life. When a girl, I could repeat from memory the five books of Moses, most of the New Testament, many of the Psalms, the Proverbs of Solomon, the Book of Ruth, and that greatest of all prose poems, the Songs of Solomon."

Biblical characters and incidents furnished the theme and impulse of many of her poems and hymns. Flowers, trees, and grasses whispered poetic strains to her soul. Birds caroled of the Divine hand that made them. Rivers and rills rippled of streams of grace Divine. Early she began to give expression in rhythm to her spirit's visions and intuitions.

At the age of fifteen, her prayer was answered for an educational opportunity, and she was admitted to the Institution for the Blind in New York. Here she remained twenty-three

years, as student, then as teacher. Here she met Alexander Van Alstyne, a lover of music, also blind. They were happily married, and to them was born an infant, which the angels soon took to heaven.

Fanny Crosby cultivated a sunny disposition. She made up her mind that she would not allow her blindness to darken her life, render her useless and dependent, and sour her nature. Everywhere she went she scattered sunshine. This made her a welcome visitor in many homes. "I never let anything trouble me, and to my implicit faith, and to my implicit trust in my Heavenly Father's goodness, I attribute my good health and long life. It's worth a thousand dollars a year to look on the bright side of things. Many a storm has beaten on this old bark of mine, but I always enter the harbor singing."

Says Riley:

"It ain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice.
When God sorts out the weather an' sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice."

Moreover, she was always industrious. Every day at ten she retired to her room, thought out a poem, with all its details, until she was ready to dictate it to some assistant. When not otherwise employed, she would be busy knitting wash-rags to give to her friends. Idleness is the bane of happiness. Let one find his proper sphere of usefulness, fit himself well for it, execute his common duties with care, zeal and delight, and the horizon of his vision will widen and brighten, and his life develop steadily into a well-rounded circle of unselfish service and blessing to others. His years will be rich in friendships, and memory's walls will be hung with many treasured scenes, viewed with constant pleasure in the sunset glow of declining years. Neither does such an one ever outgrow his usefulness,

or his companionship cease to be delightful to young and old.

She had to depend so absolutely upon her memory that her ability to repeat exactly large portions of Scripture, her own hymns (numbering about eight thousand), very many gems of literature, and facts gathered from a broad field of study, was most remarkable. She often addressed large audiences in churches, Y. M. C. A. gatherings, and missions. She invariably held a small booklet in her hand at such times, spoke readily and appropriately, and always pointed her hearers to the Lord.

One evening in a mission meeting she felt impressed to urge any wandering youth present to return to his mother's God. A young man came forward, stated that he had promised to meet his mother in heaven, but that his present course was leading the other direction. They prayed with him until he found soul rest. Fanny went home, and before retiring composed "Rescue the Perishing," now sung round the world in various languages.

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp composed a melody, played it over two or three times on the piano, then asked Fanny what it said. She replied:

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory Divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood."

Her song, "Saved by Grace," composed when she was seventy-one, was made famous by Mr. Sankey:

"Some day the silver chord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing;
But oh, the joy, when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King!
And I shall see Him face to face.
And tell the story—Saved by Grace!"

"One day Mr. Doane came to me and said, 'Fanny, I have

a tune I would like to have you write words for.' He played it over, and I exclaimed, 'That says, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." I went to my room, and in about thirty minutes I returned with the hymn that since has been a comfort and a solace to many heavy, sorrowing hearts:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark, 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea."

Towards the close of a day in the year 1874, I was sitting in my room thinking of the nearness of God, through Christ, as the constant companion of my pilgrim journey, when my heart burst out with the words:

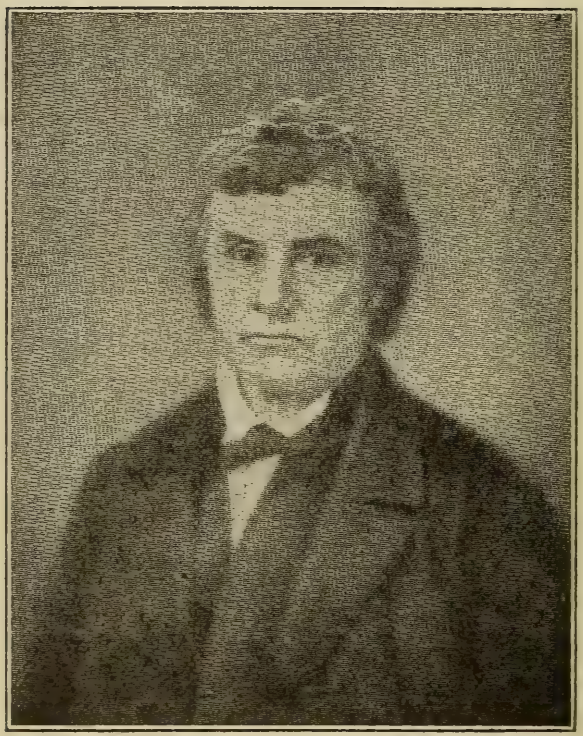
"Thou my everlasting portion,
More than friend or life to me;
All along my pilgrim journey,
Savior, let me walk with Thee."

Her hymn, "Pass Me Not, O, Gentle Savior," has voiced the yearning of many souls, and helped them to a full and public surrender to the Lord.

February 11, 1915, she seemed in usual health. At nine p. m. she dictated a letter and poem of comfort to a friend bereft of a loved daughter. In the night a little noise in her room roused Mrs. Booth, with whom she lived. She hastened to her, but in a few minutes the sightless singer slipped off to heaven before the doctors arrived.

Thus closed her ninety-four beautiful years. Many call her blessed, and her ministry of living song continues.

"Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore."



PETER CARTWRIGHT

PETER CARTWRIGHT

PETER CARTWRIGHT is noted as one of the foremost pioneer preachers of American Methodism. His notoriety rests not upon the fact that he was learned in books, for of education he had almost none. But his sound conversion and experience in entire sanctification, his rugged defense of the faith, his native shrewdness, his fitness to cope with the hardships of a pioneer preacher's life, and his unequaled ability to make every circumstance his servant in bringing souls to God, his quaint humor, and the marked anointing of the Holy Spirit resting upon him, distinguish him as an odd but chosen vessel of the Lord.

He was born in Virginia in 1785. His parents soon removed through the trackless forests, beset with prowling, threatening Indians, to the wilds of Kentucky, where they and other families hewed out homes and farms for themselves. No school was near. Each family raised its own food and spun its own cloth. Game from the woods supplied meat. They were a brave people, facing constant danger and enduring the worst hardships. Young Cartwright lived a rough life, enjoyed horse-racing, gambling and dancing, and paid no regard to the Sabbath. He followed his reckless father's example. His father and brother and himself spent a day and most of the night attending a wedding about five miles from home. After they reached home and put up their horses, he began to reflect on the reckless way in which he had spent the day. He

paced the floor in the anguish of conviction. The blood rushed to his head, he turned blind, and seemed to be dying. He fell on his knees and began crying to God for mercy. His mother soon came to his help. He sold his race-horse, burned his cards, and gave himself to reading the Bible and praying. Thus he continued for three months.

Meanwhile the Great Cumberland revival was spreading all over that western country. It began about 1801 or 1802 at a sacramental meeting appointed at Cane Ridge by some Presbyterian ministers. Seemingly unexpected by ministers or people, the power of God was mightily displayed. People in great numbers cried aloud for mercy. The meeting was protracted for weeks. Ministers flocked from far and near. Services were kept up night and day. At times the attendance swelled to twenty-five thousands of people. Hundreds fell prostrate, as if slain in battle. This was the first camp-meeting held in the United States, and from that time camp-meetings have spread all over the states and done an incalculable amount of good.

To this camp-meeting Cartwright went in the anxious state of mind we have described. "On the Saturday evening I went with weeping multitudes, and bowed before the stand, and earnestly prayed for mercy. In the midst of a solemn struggle of soul, an impression was made on my mind, as though a voice said to me, 'Thy sins are all forgiven thee.' Divine light flashed all around me; unspeakable joy sprung up in my soul. I rose to my feet, opened my eyes, and it really seemed as if I was in Heaven; the trees, the leaves on them, and everything, seemed praising God. My mother raised the shout, my Christian friends crowded around me and joined me in praising God. I have never, for one moment, doubted that the Lord did then and there forgive my sins."

He joined the Methodists, attended the camp-meetings, and took an active part. He busied himself in soul-saving efforts, and exhorted when the Spirit led him to do so. He was given an exhorter's license, and the presiding elder gave him permission to organize a circuit in the new part of Kentucky to which he was moving. He did so, and organized a number of classes of converts. He went to school for a brief time, but was so persecuted on account of his religion that he gave it up.

He was asked to take charge of a circuit. His mother was willing, but his father objected. To cut loose entirely from home, to put himself into the ranks where he might be sent far or near, with salary limited to eighty dollars, and the prospect of not receiving half that much per year, cost the youth of eighteen a struggle. "At last I literally gave up the world, and started, bidding farewell to father and mother, brothers and sisters, and met Brother Lotspeich at an appointment in Logan County. He told me I must preach that night. This I had never done. Mine was an exhorter's license. I tried to beg off, but he urged me to make the effort. I went out and prayed earnestly for aid from Heaven. All at once it seemed to me as if I never could preach at all, but I struggled in prayer. At length I asked God, if He had called me to preach, to give me aid that night, and give me one soul as evidence that I was called to preach.

"I took my stand, gave out a hymn, sang and prayed. I then rose, gave them for a text Isaiah 26: 4: 'Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.' The Lord gave light, liberty and power; the congregation was melted into tears. There was present a professed infidel. The Word reached his heart by the eternal Spirit. He was power-

fully convicted, and soundly converted to God that night, and joined the church."

Cartwright continued to preach with great power and unction. The enduement of the Holy Ghost was upon him for this work in a marked manner. He became one of the mightiest camp-meeting preachers ever known in this country. A familiar scene at these camp-meetings is brought vividly before our eyes: "The encampment was lighted up, the trumpet blown, I rose in the stand and required every soul to leave the tents and come into the congregation. There was a general rush to the stand. I requested the brethren, if ever they prayed in all their lives, to pray now. My voice was strong and clear, and my preaching was more of an encouragement and exhortation than anything else. My text was, 'The gates of hell shall not prevail.' In about thirty minutes the power of God fell on the congregation in such a manner as is seldom seen; the people fell in every direction, right and left, front and rear. It was supposed that not less than three hundred fell like dead men in mighty battle, and there was no need of calling mourners, for they were strewed all over the camp-ground; loud wailings went up to Heaven from sinners for mercy, and a general shout from Christians, so that the noise was heard afar off."

"I traveled in the state of Ohio in 1806, and at a largely attended camp-meeting near New Lancaster there was a great work of God going on; many were pleading for mercy; many were getting religion, and the wicked looked so solemn and awful. The pulpit in the woods was a large stand; it would hold a dozen people. I kept it clear, that at any time I might occupy it for the purpose of giving directions to the congregation.

"There were two young ladies, sisters, lately from down East. They had been provided for on the ground in the tent of a very religious sister of theirs. They were very fashionably dressed. I think they must have had, in rings, ear-rings, bracelets, gold chains, lockets, etc., at least one or two hundred dollars' worth of jewelry about their persons. The altar was crowded to overflowing with mourners and these young ladies were very solemn. They met me at the stand, and asked permission to sit down inside it. I told them that if they would promise me to pray to God for religion, they might take a seat there. They were too deeply affected to be idle lookers-on, and when I got them seated in the stand I called them, and urged them to pray, and I called others to my aid. They became deeply engaged; and about midnight they were both powerfully converted. They rose to their feet and gave some very triumphant shouts, and then very deliberately took off their gold chains, ear-rings, lockets, etc., and handed them to me, saying, 'We have no more use for these idols. If religion is the glorious good thing you have represented it to be, it throws these idols into eternal shade.' "

"In 1810, when I was traveling in west Tennessee, at a camp-meeting I was holding, there was a great revival in progress. At that time it was customary for gentlemen of fashion to wear ruffled shirts. There was a wealthy gentleman thus attired at our meeting, and he was brought under strong conviction. I led him to the altar with the mourners, and he was much engaged. But it seemed there was something he would not give up. All on a sudden he stood erect on his knees, and with his hands he deliberately opened his shirt bosom, took hold of his ruffles, tore them off, and threw them down in the straw, and in less than two minutes God blessed his soul, and he sprang to his feet, loudly praising God. I state these cases

to show that, unless the heart is desperately hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, there is a solemn conviction on all minds that fashionable frivolities are all contrary to the humble spirit of our Savior. We must remember that no idolator hath any inheritance in the kingdom of God. Let the Methodists take care."

Let me quote some of the closing words of Cartwright, taken from his very interesting and helpful autobiography:

"When I joined the church her ministers and members were a plain people—plain in dress and address. You could know a Methodist preacher by his plain dress as far as you could see him. The members were also plain—very plain in dress. They wore no jewelry, nor were they permitted to wear jewelry, or superfluous ornament, or extravagant dress of any kind, and this was the rule by which we walked, whether poor or rich, young or old; and although we knew then, as well as now, that the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ did not consist in dress, or the cut of the garment; yet we then knew, and know now, that extravagant dress and superfluous ornaments engender pride, and lead to many hurtful lusts, directly at war with that humility and godly example that becomes our relation to Christ. Moreover, when we look about us, and see the perishing millions of our fallen race dying in their sins for the want of a preached Gospel, and that this Gospel is not sent to them for want of means to support the missionaries, may we not well question whether we are doing right in the sight of God in adorning our bodies with all this costly and extravagant dressing?"

He pleads with the same earnest directness for a revival of family prayer, and lays the solemn duty upon the heads of families to gather their families about them, presenting their daily petitions and thanksgiving to God.

He discourses upon the blessings that flow from the public weekly prayer-meeting, and urges its faithful continuance. He bewails the neglect of attendance at the old-fashioned class-meeting, and sighs to see that blessed means of grace bowed out of Methodism.

An incident or two will illustrate his quaint resourcefulness in making his presence count for God.

"It was one of our rules of the camp-meeting that the men were to occupy the seats on one side of the stand and the ladies on the other side at all hours of public worship. But there was a young man, finely dressed, with his bosom full of ruffles, that would take his seat among the ladies; and if there was any excitement in the congregation, he would rise to his feet, and stand on the seats prepared for the occupancy of the ladies. I reproved him several times, but he would still persist in his disorderly course. At length I reproved him personally and sharply, and said, 'I mean that young man there, standing on the seats of the ladies, with a ruffled shirt on.' And added, 'I doubt not that ruffled shirt was borrowed.'

"This brought him off the seats in a mighty rage. He swore he would whip me for insulting him. After a while I was walking around on the outskirts of the congregation, and he had a large company gathered round him, and was swearing at a mighty rate, and saying he would certainly whip me before he left the ground.

"I walked up and said, 'Gentlemen, let me in here to this fellow.' They opened the way. I walked up to him and asked him if it was me he was cursing, and going to whip. He said it was. Said I, 'Well, we will not disturb the congregation fighting here, but let us go out into the woods, for if I am to be whipped I want it over, for I do not like to be in dread.'

"So we started for the woods, the crowd pressing after us. I stopped and requested every one of them to go back, and not a man to follow, and assured them if they did not go back that I would not go another step; they then turned back. The camp-ground was fenced in. When we came to the fence I put my left hand on the top of the rail and leaped over. As I lighted on the other side one of my feet struck a grub, and I had well-nigh sprained my ankle; it gave me a severe jar, and a pain struck me in the left side from the force of the jar, and involuntarily I put my right hand on my left side, where the pain had struck me. My redoubtable antagonist had got on the fence, and looking down on me, said: "—— you, you are feeling for a dirk, are you?'

"As quick as thought, it occurred to me how to get clear of a whipping. 'Yes,' said I, 'and I will give you the benefit of all the dirks I have,' and advanced rapidly toward him.

"He sprank back on the other side of the fence from me. I jumped over after him, and a regular foot-race followed. I was so diverted at my cowardly bully's rapid retreat that I could not run fast, and I missed my whipping.

"There was a large pond not very far from the camp-ground, and what few rowdies were there concluded they would take my bully and duck him in that pond as a punishment for his bad conduct. So they decoyed him off there, and they got a long pole, and stripped some hickory bark, and securing him on the pole, two of them, one at each end, waded in and ducked him nearly to death. He begged, and prayed them to spare his life. He promised them he would never misbehave at meeting again, and that he would immediately leave the ground if they would let him go. On these conditions they released him, and I got rid of my ruffle-shirted dandy.

It may be asked what I would have done if this fellow had gone with me to the woods. This is hard to answer, for it is part of my creed to love everybody, but to fear no one; and I did not permit myself to believe any man could whip me till it was tried, and I did not permit myself to premeditate expedients in such cases. I should, no doubt, have proposed to him to have prayer first, and then followed the openings of providence."

When crossing the Cumberland mountains one time, Cartwright was compelled to stop over night at a house where a dance was in progress. He sat in a corner watching the dance. He made up his mind to stay over the next day, which was Sabbath, and preach to them. Many of them had never heard a sermon. "I had hardly settled this point in my mind," said he, "when a beautiful, ruddy young lady walked very gracefully up to me, dropped a handsome courtesy, and pleasantly, with winning smile, invited me out to take a dance with her. I can hardly describe my thoughts or feeling on that occasion. However, in a moment I resolved on a desperate experiment. I rose as gracefully as I could; I will not say with some emotion, but with many emotions. The young lady moved to my right side; I grasped her right hand with my right hand, while she leaned her left arm on mine. In this position we walked on the floor. The whole company seemed pleased at this act of politeness in the young lady shown to a stranger. The colored man who was the fiddler began to put his fiddle in the best order. I then spoke to the fiddler to hold a moment, and added that for several years I had not undertaken any matter of importance without first asking the blessing of God upon it, and I desired now to ask the blessing of God upon this beautiful young lady, and the whole company, that had shown such an act of politeness to a total stranger.

"Here I grasped the young lady's hand tightly, and said, 'Let us kneel down and pray,' and then instantly dropped on my knees, and commenced praying with all the power of soul and body that I could command. The young lady tried to get loose from me, but I held her tight. Presently she fell on her knees. Some of the company kneeled, some stood, some fled, some sat still—all looked curious. The fiddler ran off into the kitchen, saying, 'Lord a marcy, what de matter? What is dat mean?'

"While I prayed some wept, and wept aloud, and some cried for mercy. I rose from my knees and commenced an exhortation, after which I sang a hymn. The young lady who invited me on the floor lay prostrate, crying for mercy. I exhorted again; I sang and prayed nearly all night. About fifteen of that company professed religion, and our meeting lasted next day and next night, and as many more were powerfully converted. I organized a society, took thirty-two into the church, and sent them a preacher. My landlord was appointed leader. This was the commencement of a great and glorious revival of religion in that region of the country, and several of the young men converted at the Methodist preacher's dance became useful ministers of Jesus Christ."

In his meetings many persons were seized with the "jerks." He regarded them as a judgment sent of God to bring sinners to repentance. A drinking man, attempting to drink off the "jerks", was seized more violently than before, and broke his neck.

The date of Peter Cartwright's death is unknown to the writer. He was still living at Pleasant Plains, Ills., in 1856, and like the grand old veteran that he was, in his seventy-first year, he was still pleading for the old paths.

ANNE CUTLER

ANNE CUTLER, known as "praying Nanny," was converted under the early labors of William Bramwell, and later was frequently in revival meetings with him. Like Anna, the prophetess of the Lord's day, she gave herself to fasting and prayer. A holy trail of revival awakening and salvation attended her. With extraordinary anointing for prayer, she travailed in birth for souls, night and day, praying exceedingly, and the Lord let her see of the travail of her soul many hundreds brought from darkness into light. We need not wait to be called to *preach*. The Lord has called us, and ordained us to go and bring forth fruit, and each one has at least one talent which, if improved by faithful use, will, like the jawbone of the ass, accomplish wonders under Divine management.

The following consecration of Anne Cutler was renewed every day, thus keeping her union with God unbroken, and her experience bright as the sun.

"Blessed Father, loving Jesus, Holy Spirit! I give my body and soul into Thy hands. Have Thy whole will in me; use me to Thy glory, and never let me grieve Thy Spirit. I will be Thine every moment; and all that Thou art is mine. We are fully united; we are ONE; and I pray that we may be one forever. I give myself again to Thee. Give Thyself again to me.

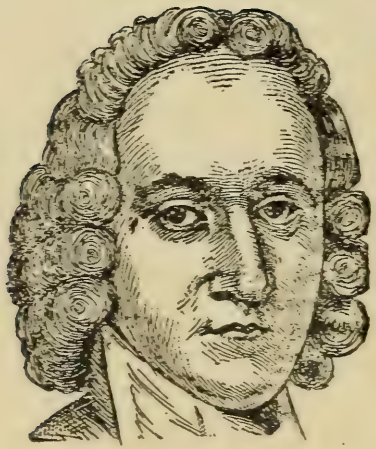
"Father, I reverence Thy majesty, and sink before Thee.

Thou art a holy God. I submit my all to Thee. I live under Thy inspection, and wonder at Thy glory every moment.

"Blessed Jesus! Thou art my constant friend and companion. Thou art always with me. We walk together in the nearest union. I can talk to Thee as my Mediator. Thou showest me the Father, and I am lost in beholding His glory. Thou takest me out and bringest me in. Thou art with me wherever I go. Mine eyes are upon Thee as my pattern and continual help!

"Holy Spirit! Thou art my Comforter. I feel for Thee a constant, burning love. My heart is set on fire by Thy blessed influence. I pray by Thy power. It is through Thee I am brought to Jesus; through Jesus I am swallowed up in what I call glory; and I can say, 'Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, and glory be to the Holy Ghost!'

"I have union with the Trinity thus: I see the Son through the Spirit; I find the Father through the Son, and God is my all and in all!"



JONATHAN EDWARDS

JONATHAN EDWARDS

"WE will agree in assigning to Jonathan Edwards a highest rank in the galaxy of our religious heroes, and in recognizing him as the mightiest embodiment of spiritual force that our country has seen. In honoring the man we honor that for which he stood; and surely Jonathan Edwards stood for nothing more strenuously and consistently than for the conviction that the salvation of a people depends on the vitality of its religion, and that a nation's material prosperity will in the end work its ruin, if the spiritual forces do not assert themselves in its life, and if it fails to become fast-anchored to the rock of a living faith in a living God."

The first colonists of New England were ardent and strenuous souls, aliens in a new world, shut up with the horror and pathos of their exile, exposed to real and visionary dreads, in a vast and silent country. Sacrificing so much that they might worship God unmolested, according to the dictates of their consciences, they bequeathed to their posterity a rich and tremendous heritage. By the time of the birth of Jonathan Edwards, their noble aims were well-nigh achieved. Religion, education, hard industry, prosperity and true piety were found in her hamlets and growing cities.

From childhood he was nurtured in a religious atmosphere, his father being a minister in Connecticut. He lived a blameless child-life, being very conscientious. He and two other boys retired regularly for social prayer to a booth built

in a secluded spot for the purpose. He began the study of Latin at six, his father and sisters teaching him. It came easily to him, for on both sides his people were lovers of learning and true piety.

He graduated with honors from Yale when he was seventeen. He received his degree at nineteen, and became one of the instructors at Yale, also continuing his studies. About the same time he was licensed to preach. When he was little more than twenty-three years old, he was ordained and installed as pastor at Northampton (February, 1727). A few months later he "was married to Sarah Pierrepont, a girl of seventeen, among whose ancestors on both sides were eminent ministers. She was a woman of uncommon beauty and acquirement, attractive in manner, gifted in management, and deeply religious. In this place the eleven children of Edwards were born; one of them died here, and two were married in his house. Here he discharged the duties of his holy office for more than twenty-three years."

Northampton was as a city set on a hill, the center of the great revival known as the "Great Awakening." Edwards did not witness as many accessions to the church as his predecessor, for most of the towns-people were already enrolled on the church record, but a great proportion of them needed their name recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life. This was accomplished in the mighty and repeated revivals which marked the faithful ministry of Edwards. Those were days when the terrors of the law of God were preached unsparingly. People's ears were not so delicate, nor their minds so skeptical concerning eternal punishment of the wicked. Accordingly, when he preached at Enfield, as he journeyed through the town, irrepressible conviction seized the hearers, and five hundred were converted in one day.

Yet Edwards was not an evangelist. He lived a "lofty and rapt existence, apart, unearthly. His nature was so rare and fine, with its interest in things remote, unseen and holy; the detachment from earth was so complete that his feet were as the feet of an angel when he touches the ground. It was the life of a scholar—meditative, solitary in a manner, without many books; ascetic, remote, untraveled, mystical." Occasionally he preached in a neighboring pulpit, and attained a wide fame. His great work was preaching. Socially he was a failure. He made no pastoral calls except in urgent cases of need. He seemed to live in a realm apart from the common life. He could not readily converse on common themes. His mind was occupied with reasonings in Divine things.

He was not a stormy orator. He spoke quietly, and with little gesture. His manner was inimitable, his power indescribable. His eyes seemed to have an unearthly vision. He was calm, pale, ascetic, earnest, confident, authoritative, serious. His face was illumined.

His wife was a woman of remarkable spiritual intuition and heavenly anointing. Her prayers, her counsel, and her life were a constant inspiration to her husband. Many times the revelation of Divine love to her soul was so overwhelming that she sank motionless to the floor or in her seat.

It was the time of long pastorates. A minister was supposed to be settled for life in a locality, and unless some grave offense occurred, he remained until ill-health or old age unfitted him for public work, when he retired with honor.

It is with surprise and regret, therefore, that we read of his removal from the pastoral work at Northampton in 1750. Love, confidence and loyalty were his due from the people, many of whom were his spiritual children. Instead, reproach and ingratitude were heaped upon him. His preaching was in

their estimation too severe and unsparing, his standard of holy living too high, unattainable, and impractical. The seasons of gracious revival helped the people to lay aside their prejudices, until finally some famous cases of church discipline brought the opposition to a head, and resulted in ousting Edwards.

Edwards' stand against the reading of forbidden books involved many of the young people. His popularity thereupon declined. He declared his position concerning the qualifications for communion at the Lord's Supper. It had been the custom to administer the sacrament to all who came, whether worthy or not, and the teaching followed that the Lord's Supper was a channel of converting grace. Edwards, like John the Baptist, insisted that fruits meet for repentance were necessary, and refused the elements to those who would not make a reasonable confession of religion. Thus the storm burst, and finally he was dismissed.

Edwards bore the trial in a Christlike spirit. Many circumstances made it a bitter experience for a man of proud and sensitive nature to be dismissed from his church with so many signs of impatience and disrespect. But throughout the whole affair the bearing of Edwards was dignified, noble, admirable. In letters, journals, writings, addresses, in his incomparable farewell sermon, there is no anger, petulence, vindictive passion. He does not pose as a martyr. It is a manly sorrow. His last word is a message marvelous for self-control, full of peace, counsel, conciliation, so admirable in its spirit, Christlike, tender, that it is in our hearts as we read to revere and love the man."

From 1751 to 1758 he was a missionary to the Indians, and at the time of his death he was president of Princeton University. His memory is cherished by both Yale and Princeton. He died at Princeton, N. J., in 1758.

FRANCOIS FENELON

FRANCOIS FENELON

THE name Francis Fenelon has become the synonoym for charm, gentleness, refinement, brilliant scholarship and devout piety. Few have excelled him in genuine piety, and the lustre of his saintliness shines undimmed by the flight of two centuries.

He was born of a noble family, in Chateau Fenelon, Perigord, France, in 1651. His education was conducted at home until he was twelve years old. He then was sent to the University of Cahors, then to the Jesuit College in Paris. His success in his studies was remarkable, and he closed a brilliant college career at the age of twenty. One of his teachers was the pious Tronson, a Mystic, whose teachings made a deep religious impression on Fenelon.

At twenty-four he was ordained a Catholic priest. He and his mother favored his going as a missionary to Asia or Canada, but his frail health and the arguments of an uncle dissuaded them. In 1675 he was called to be director of a convent in Paris, where he remained ten years. He was then sent to Poitou to crush the advance of Protestantism. Although he was a loyal Catholic, he was not blind to its abuses, and refused to employ force to crush reform doctrines. His kindness won many.

His services as teacher were rewarded by him being made Archbishop of Cambray, and he was fast rising to fame. The king and all the court did him honor. But an acquaintance

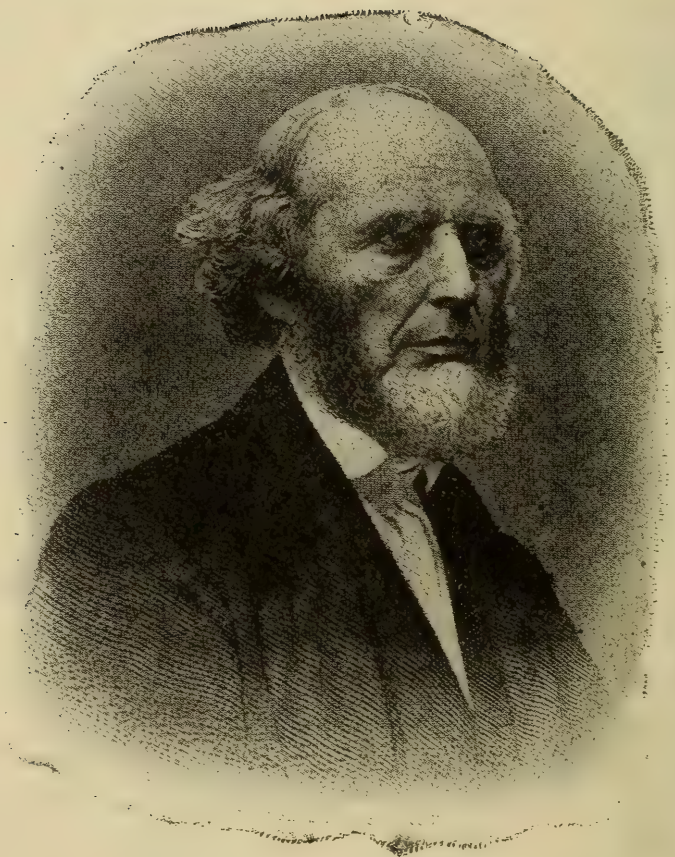
was formed which was not to their liking. He visited Madam Guyon, as did many others, to learn more perfectly her teachings concerning entire abandonment to God. Through her efforts, he passed through an epoch in his experience. For eight days Madam Guyon had a great burden of prayer for him. She wrote: "So deep and absorbing has been the application of my soul to God on your account that I slept but little during the past night. The prayer that I offer for you is not the work of the creature. It is not a prayer self-made, formal, and outward. It is the voice of the Holy Spirit, uttering itself in the soul, an inward voice, that man cannot prevent or control. The Holy Spirit prays with effect." Truly it was soul-travail of prevailing prayer. Fenelon abandoned himself absolutely to the will of God. The anointing rested upon him in a remarkable degree. It is said that the skeptical Lord Peterborough was compelled to lodge over night in an inn, in the same room with Fenelon. In the morning he rushed away, saying, "If I stay with that man another day, I will be a Christian in spite of myself."

Twenty-three maxims from Fenelon's *Maximes des Saints* were condemned by the Pope. In all the storm of controversy against him, his character shone forth radiant in the beauty of holiness. He was never haughty in success nor saddened by disappointment or persecution, taking all as in God's wise providence to perfect His work within him.

He died in 1715, mourned by his flock, who dearly loved him, and had profited by his faithful ministry.

Faber's beautiful lines well express the constant soul-attitude of Fenelon:

"He always wins who sides with God.
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost."



C. G. Finney.

CHARLES G. FINNEY

NO Christian lullabyes or songs of David ever greeted the childish ears of Charles Grandison Finney, for he was reared in a prayerless home along the frontier in New York and Connecticut. As settlements enlarged, and closed in nearer their home, they moved on. Rarely did they hear any preaching, and that would generally be some wretched perversion of the truth that edified but little and saved none.

He was born in Litchfield County, Conn., August 29, 1792. Notwithstanding the frequent migrations of the family, he obtained a good common school education, and became a school teacher. He taught and studied for six years, part of the time under the instruction of a graduate of Yale, then entered the law office of Mr. Wright, in Adams, N. Y. Here he attended religious services regularly, but the preaching was of that monotonous, unimpassioned type, that expects no results and, of course, produces none. The doctrines presented were hyper-Calvinistic, leaving the guilty soul utterly helpless, the innocent victim of a cruel, arbitrary election, that destined some irrevocably to salvation and others to damnation.

The prayer-meetings which young Finney attended were of the same uninspiring character. People prayed over and over for the same things, but never received any answers, and seemed to put the blame on God that religion was at such a low ebb. When the church-members asked Finney at one service if he did not desire them to pray for him, he replied,

"No", because he did not see that God answered their prayers. "I suppose that I need to be prayed for—for I am conscious that I am a sinner—but I do not see that it will do any good for *you* to pray for me, for you are continually asking, and do not receive. You have prayed enough since I have attended these meetings to have prayed the devil out of Adams, if there is any virtue in your prayers. But here you are, praying on, and complaining still."

Some young people agreed together to pray for Finney's conversion, among them the young lady who became his wife later. But the pastor was faithless, and discouraged them, saying he did not believe the young man would ever be converted, he had already sinned against so much light.

But he was mistaken. The youth had not yet received much light. He was groping after light, and should have found it in the preaching, and in the prayer-meetings. His attention was drawn to the Scriptures by the frequent references to them in his law studies. So for the first time he purchased a copy for himself, and studied it along with his other books.

He began to be restless, and to realize he was a lost soul, unprepared to meet God. He discovered in the Bible the great truths of salvation, purchased for all who repent and believe. One Sabbath evening early in October, 1821, when he was past twenty-nine years old, Finney resolved to seek salvation. He began to read his Bible more humbly, and to pray earnestly. But he stopped up the keyholes, lest some one should know when he prayed. He slipped his Bible under his law books, lest it should be suspicioned that he searched it diligently. Wednesday morning God asked him, "What are you waiting for? Did you not promise to give your heart to God?" He was in the street, on his way to the office. The sufficiency of the atonement seemed revealed to his mind as

never before, and salvation by faith his blessed privilege. "Will you accept it now—*today?*" the Lord asked him. "I will accept it today, or I will die in the attempt." He started for the woods, but again his fears lest someone discover his intent caused him to skulk along. He found a place far into the woods, enclosed by fallen trees. Here he closeted himself to pray. But, strange to him, he could not pray successfully. God seemed far off, and every rustling of twig or leaf startled him. He had vowed to stay until he found peace of mind. Now he began to regret that he had thus resolved.

Hearing a noise, and pausing to know if anyone was overhearing his praying, the wicked pride of his heart dawned upon his consciousness. "An overwhelming sense of the wickedness of being ashamed to have a human being see me on my knees before God took powerful possession of me. The sin appeared awful, infinite! Such a degraded sinner as I, on my knees, confessing my sins to a great and holy God, and ashamed to have any human being, and a sinner like myself, find me on my knees, endeavoring to make my peace with an offended God! It broke me down before the Lord. I cried at the top of my voice that I would not leave that place if all the men on earth and all the devils in hell surrounded me." His tongue was loosed, his heart melted. It was his Bethel, for God was near! With the grasp of a drowning man, he seized upon the promise, "Then shall ye seek for me and find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart." Thus he continued pouring out his heart and obtaining promises until he had nothing more to pray for. A quiet peace stole into his heart, and he started off toward town, saying, "If ever I am converted I will preach the Gospel." It was noon. He had spent the whole forenoon alone with God! Unspeakable repose possessed his spirit. But he began to upbraid himself

that he, a wretched sinner, should feel no more concern about his sins. In singing a hymn, his soul was melted, and he wept. At nightfall the squire went home leaving him alone in the office. He built a fire in the front office and went into the rear room to pray.

"There was neither light nor fire in the room; nevertheless it suddenly appeared perfectly light. As I went in and shut the door after me, it seemed to me I met the Lord Jesus Christ face to face. I have always regarded this as a most remarkable state of mind, for it seemed to me a reality that He stood before me, and I fell down at His feet and poured out my soul to Him. I wept aloud like a child, and made such confessions as I could with my choked utterance. It seemed to me that I bathed His feet with my tears. I must have continued in that state a good while. I returned to the front office and found that the fire was nearly burned out. But as I turned, and was about to take a seat by the fire, *I received a mighty baptism with the Holy Ghost.* Without any expectation of it, without ever having the thought in my mind that there was any such thing for me, without any recollection that I had ever heard the thing mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Spirit descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression like a wave of electricity going through and through me. Indeed, it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love. It seemed like the very breath of God.

"No words can express the wonderful love that was shed abroad in my heart. I wept aloud with joy and love, and do not know but I should say I literally bellowed out the unutterable gushings of my heart. These waves came over me and over me and over me, until I cried out: 'I shall die if these

waves continue to pass over me. Lord, I cannot bear any more!' "

The next morning these wonderful manifestations of the Holy Ghost to his soul were repeated. Again he wept, and poured out his soul to God.

This marvelous effusion of the Spirit so soon after his conversion, and without his definitely seeking it, is a marvelous and extraordinary manifestation of God, reminding one forcibly of Paul's experience. We may ask ourselves why it was so. Undoubtedly Finney made an absolute, irrevocable abandonment of himself as he sought God out in the woods. There was nothing to hinder God's fullest approval coming upon him. Also, it is the privilege, and more than that, it is the duty, of every child of God to be filled with the Spirit. If it require little or much seeking, none should rest short of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. In addition to this, God had chosen Finney, as He had Paul, for a great work. His mighty intellect and large soul powers were to be instruments in God's hands of turning many thousands to salvation.

Finney was leader of the church choir. One of the members of the choir came into the office Wednesday evening and found him weeping aloud. When asked if he was in pain, Finney replied, "No, but so happy that I cannot live." He hurriedly brought in an elder of the church. While Finney was relating to them his experience, another came in. The latter soon cried out in agony, "Pray for me," and soon found pardon. When the squire came in the next day Finney said a few words to him about his soul, which pierced as an arrow. He left the office, and had no peace until he surrendered to God. Finney went out and talked to whoever he met. A young Universalist left him, broke for the woods, and found salvation. At the tea-table in the evening, in asking the bless-

ing, the spirit of prayer came upon him, a young whiskey distiller left the table, locked himself in his room, and stayed there until delivered from his sins.

In the evening, by common consent, folks flocked to the church, though no meeting had been announced. Mr. C—— had said repeatedly, "If religion is true, why don't you convert Finney? If you Christians can convert Finney I will believe in religion." Old lawyer M—— said of Finney's conversion, "It is all a hoax." But here they were in the church with the crowd. The minister also was there, but kept his seat. When Finney arrived he saw the situation, went forward, and gave his frank, earnest testimony. Mr. C—— got up and left, forgetting his hat. Old lawyer M—— left, saying, "He is in earnest; there is no mistake, but he is clearly deranged."

The pastor arose and humbly confessed his former lack of faith for Finney's conversion. Then Finney led in prayer. The meetings continued, and soon all the young people but one, with whom he associated, were brought into salvation.

He went to visit his father, greeting him with the words, "Father, you are an old man. All of your children have grown up, and have left your house, and I never heard a prayer in my father's house." The father burst into tears, saying, "I know it, Charles. Come in and pray yourself." The result was the conversion of both his parents.

Love to God and zeal for souls so consumed Finney that he scarcely took time to eat or sleep. The Spirit was upon him in a marvelous manner, and some very precious revelations of God were granted to him. His law business became odious, and he turned clients away. Travail of soul was repeatedly upon him, for he gave himself to prevailing prayer. Daily a prayer-meeting was held before dawn. He became a

prince in Israel, a true prevailer. How few, even in the holiness ranks, know anything about true soul-travail! Zion is at ease. Let her give herself to prayer, and she shall be fruitful. When Zion travails she brings forth.

Finney was urged to go to Princeton to study theology, and an offer was made to pay his way. But he declined to go, because he was firmly persuaded that their system of theology was all wrong. He could not believe in a limited atonement, in the election of a chosen few to salvation and of the others to damnation, do what they would. He therefore hammered out a theology on his knees with his open Bible. He used the pastor's library, but it was all Calvanistic, and Finney took issue with the preacher on every important point of doctrine. Many and long were their discussions, and Mr. Gale told him, after he preached once, that he would be ashamed for him to say that he had studied theology under him. Finney might have added that he studied it in spite of him, and would be ashamed also to say that he was a pupil of his, for the man's theology was a veritable straight-jacket to him, and he admitted that he never led a soul to God! Later he acknowledged that he had never been converted. We rejoice that Finney had an independent mind, and sense enough to reject a system of teaching which leaves man absolutely helpless even to repent, and charges God with all the sins of mankind.

Finney had acquired the habit, in his law studies, of proving each point in detail, and taking nothing for granted. This method he pursued in his preaching, and it was very acceptable to lawyers, doctors, and thinking men.

A judge once remarked, "Ministers do not exercise good sense in addressing the people. They use language not well understood by the common people. They are afraid of repetition. Their illustrations are not taken from the common pur-

suits of life. Now, if lawyers should use such a course, they would ruin themselves and their cause. Our object is not to display our oratory, but to convince the jury, and get a verdict on the spot. Now, if ministers would do this, the effects of their ministry would be unspeakably different from what they are."

Finney used the same earnest, compact, logical style in preaching as he had in law.

Said he: "Great sermons lead the people to praise the preacher. Good preaching leads the people to praise the Savior."

"God gave him one of the most valuable physical qualifications of a great orator—a majestic and commanding presence. He was six feet in stature, with a stately and imposing frame, a piercing eagle eye, and a most kingly mien. He had a voice of rare clearness, compass and flexibility, which he used in a most natural and forceful way. He was entirely free from mannerism; his intonation and emphasis were perfect, and his voice and face and action were always in harmony with whatever great thought or feeling he was aiming to express. His unstudied gestures were the perfection of grace. One might have supposed that he had spent years with the masters of elocution and with leaders of dramatic art. His mind was subtle and keen, and his logic relentless. He had that rare balance of faculties, great reasoning powers, with a quick and ready imagination, a stern loyalty to duty and obligation, and a Divine compassion for the erring. He could thunder the terrors of the law with appalling power, and then turn and offer the mercy of the Gospel with the tenderness and tears of Jeremiah or Christ. He was scrupulously neat in his person and gentlemanly in all his instincts."

He began his evangelistic work very humbly. He preached in school-houses, barns or groves, wherever the Lord opened a door. At Evans Mills the people thronged to the services, and seemed greatly pleased with his preaching. But Finney was not in the business of entertaining, and he desired results. He pressed them to decision, telling those who were willing to surrender to God to arise, and those who determined to reject Jesus Christ to remain sitting. They were enraged. As he dismissed them, he declared that they, by sitting still, had rejected Christ and His Gospel. They were cornered. He spent the next day in fasting and prayer, then poured the truth on again. He dismissed this time without giving a call to repent. But all night people were sending for him to pray for them. One woman lay helpless and speechless for sixteen hours, then came through singing a song of salvation. An infidel, who stoutly resisted, fell dead.

Here Father Nash was greatly revived, and called to a life of intercession. He joined himself with Finney, kept a prayer list, and was no doubt the secret of much of Finney's marvelous success. He did not preach, and often did not go to the meetings, but remained in his room, or in the woods, wrestling with God in mighty prayer. Often before daybreak people could hear Father Nash half a mile or more in the woods, or in a church, praying, and the sense of God's presence was overwhelming. It impressed people with the reality of God's call to salvation. When any man or set of men opposed the work, Father Nash and Finney would unite in prayer and fasting, taking seige after seige at the throne of grace until victory came.

Said Finney: "I was constrained to pray without ceasing. A spirit of importunity sometimes came upon me that I would say to God that He had made a promise to answer prayer,

and I could not, and would not, be denied. I felt so certain that he would hear me that frequently I found myself saying to Him: 'I hope Thou dost not think that I can be denied. I come with Thy faithful promises in my hand, and I cannot be denied.' I cannot tell how absurd unbelief looked to me, and how certain it was, in my mind, that God would answer those prayers that from day to day I was offering in such agony and faith. My impression was that the answer was near, even at the door; and I felt myself strengthened in the Divine life, and expected soon to see a far more powerful outpouring of the Spirit of God."

Mr. Abel Clary, converted about the same time as Finney, was licensed to preach also. But he had such a burden of prayer that he could not preach much, his whole time and strength being given to prayer. He would writhe and groan in agony, unable to stand under the weight. He was at Rochester, N. Y., some days praying for Finney before Finney knew he was there. The man with whom he stayed said, "He cannot go to the meetings. He prays nearly all the time, night and day, and in such agony that I do not know what to make of it. Sometimes he cannot even stand on his knees, but will lie prostrate on the floor, and groan and pray in a manner that quite astonishes me. Father Nash and three deacons were at the same time giving themselves to prayer. Is it any wonder that God awakened the community for miles around?" People came from neighboring towns and hamlets, and carried the fire home with them. Everywhere he went, hundreds were converted and joined the churches. One hundred thousand were reported as having joined various churches as a result of that revival.

Finney did not slate his dates for ten days or two weeks, but entered a place to besiege it in the name of the Lord, re-

maining many weeks. He was at Rochester six months. In New York City he labored the first time for one year, prominent lawyers and business men finding God.

Everywhere his work was owned of God, until he was no longer an obscure evangelist, but known the world over as a man chosen of God to awaken slumbering consciences and bring men to God.

He was sharply criticised by the ministry, especially in New England. Here an organized effort was headed by two ministers of national repute to oust Finney from all the pulpits and turn the minds of the people against him, but in vain. Finney went right on in the path of duty, and God continued to own him. He was criticised for calling people publicly to declare their surrender to God by arising, or, where convenient, to come forward to the anxious seat, or in large assemblies, to meet him in appointed rooms or hall, where they would be instructed and prayed for. One of the calamities bewailed by his opposers was that females were encouraged to pray and exhort publicly.

His memoirs are a continuous narrative that hold the interest of the reader spellbound. We may relate only an incident or two of marked interest:

"A wicked man kept a low tavern, and his bar-room was the resort of all the opposers of the revival—a place of blasphemy—and its owner was a railing, abusive man. He would take particular pains to swear and blaspheme whenever he saw a Christian. Father Nash put this man's name on his prayer list.

"One night this notorious sinner came to church. Many people feared and abhorred him, and, supposing he had come in to make a disturbance, retired from the church. Finney says, 'I kept my eye on him, and very soon became satisfied

he had not come in to make a disturbance, but was in great anguish of mind. He sat and writhed on his seat, and was very uneasy. He soon arose, and tremblingly asked if he might say a few words. He proceeded to make one of the most heartbroken confessions I ever heard, telling how he had treated God, and Christians, and the revival, and everything good. It broke up the fallow ground in many hearts, and was the most powerful means to give impetus to the work. He abolished the profanity and revelry in his house, and a prayer-meeting was held in his bar-room nearly every night.' "

Invited by an old man to preach in a neighboring schoolhouse, Finney went. He gave out a hymn, which the throng bawled out in a distressing way. Then he prayed earnestly, and arose, immediately preaching from the text the Lord had just given him on his knees, "Up, get you out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city." As he used the story of Abraham, Lot, and the destruction of Sodom, he observed the people looking very angry. Suddenly an awful solemnity fell upon the assembly, and the congregation fell from their seats, crying for mercy. "If I had had a sword in each hand I could not have cut them off as fast as they fell. I think the whole congregation were on their knees or prostrate in two minutes. Everyone prayed for himself who could speak at all." Finney directed them to the merciful God. The explanation was that the old man who had invited him was the only righteous person in the place, and was nick-named Lot. The community was so desperately wicked that it was called Sodom. Hence their anger, then conviction at the application of the truth.

"The village hotel was kept by Dr. S——, a confirmed and avowed Universalist. The next day after the first sermon, Finney found all the Universalists and their leader, Dr.

S——, in a shop, and intent on having a debate on the subject. Finney agreed, but insisted on preliminary conditions, to take up one point at a time, that they should not interrupt one another, and that there should be only candor and courtesy in debate.

Finney showed that endless punishment was a Bible doctrine. The Universalist held that endless punishment was unjust, and that if the Bible taught it it could not be true. Finney then closed in with him on the justice of endless punishment. Soon the friends became greatly agitated, then one left the shop, then another, and another, until the leader was left alone. When he had nothing more to say, Finney tenderly urged him to attend to his personal salvation, and then kindly bade him good-morning.

The doctor went home from that conversation, walked his house in agony, and finally told his wife, with tears, that Finney had turned his weapons on his own head. He soon surrendered to Christ. In a few days his companions, one after another, were brought in, till the revival made a clean sweep of them."

One elder, after his conversion, was asked how he got this blessing. Said he, "I stopped lying to God."

A minister's wife was converted. She was under such conviction for several days that it was feared she would go insane. Finally she found pardon, and rushing from her room, her face all aglow, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Finney, I have found the Savior! Don't you think that it was the ornaments in my hair that stood in the way of my conversion? I found when I prayed they would come up before me. I was driven to desperation. I said, 'I will not have these things come up again. I will put them away from me forever.' As soon as I had promised that, the Lord revealed Himself to my soul."

A brother-in-law of Mr. Finney was superintendent of a cotton factory. Finney preached one evening in the schoolhouse there. The next morning he was being shown through the factory. Many of the workers became agitated. A young woman tried to mend a broken thread, but her hand trembled so she could not. Finney looked solemnly at her. She sank down and burst into tears. Soon all in the room were in tears, and the owner of the factory ordered the mill to be stopped, saying, "It is more important that our souls should be saved than that this factory should run." The revival went through the mill with astonishing power, and nearly all were converted.

The members of a certain church where Finney was preaching were leaders in dress, fashion and worldliness. One Sunday he preached as searchingly on that line as possible, and then called on the pastor to pray. The pastor made an earnest appeal to the people. Just then a man arose in the gallery and said, "Mr. Lansing, I do not believe that such remarks from you can do any good, while you wear a ruffled shirt and a gold ring, and while your wife and the ladies of your family sit as they do before the congregation, dressed as leaders in the fashions of the day." The minister cast himself over the pulpit and wept like a child. The congregation bowed their heads. Sobs and sighs broke the silence. The pastor said that if these things were an offense he would not wear them. The church had a confession of their backsliding written, and they stood while it was read, many of them in tears. The revival came, of course.

In Philadelphia his sermon on "The Atonement" excited such public interest that, by request, he preached it seven different evenings in succession in as many different churches. He remained there for nearly two years, holding meetings in different churches.

Some lumbermen visited the meetings and were converted. They carried the Gospel back with them up the river, and extended the revival eighty miles along its banks. They reported that not less than five thousand people were converted in those lumber regions, and not a single minister there.

"Among those who opposed his meetings was a German skeptic. His wife came to the meetings and was thoroughly converted. He was a man of athletic frame and great fixedness of purpose. When he learned that his wife had become a Christian he forbade her coming to the meetings. She asked Finney about it. He told her to avoid giving offense as much as she innocently could, but in no case to omit her duty to God for the sake of complying with his wishes; and as he was an infidel, she could not safely follow his advice. She went to meeting again, and he threatened to kill her. She thought it only a vain threat, and went again. When she returned he was in a great rage. He locked the door, drew out a dagger, and swore he would kill her. She fled upstairs. He caught a light to follow her, which a servant blew out. In the darkness, she got down by the back stairs into the cellar, and out of the cellar window, and passed the night with a friend. Thinking his rage would be over in the morning, she returned early. She found the house in great disorder; he had broken up the furniture in his insane rage. As she entered the house he pursued her again through the house with a drawn dagger. It was daylight, and she could not escape him. As she reached the last room, she turned to face him, fell upon her knees, and cried to God for help. At this point God arrested him. He glared at her for a moment, dropped his dagger, and fell upon the floor and cried for mercy himself. He confessed his sins to God and to her, and begged both to forgive him. From that moment he was a wonderfully

changed man, a most earnest Christian, and greatly attached to Finney."

Finney was sent for to pray with a wicked man. He says, "What a look in his face! Accustomed as I was to seeing people under great conviction, his appearance gave me a tremendous shock. It was indescribable. He was writhing in agony, grinding his teeth, and literally gnawing his tongue for pain! He cried out, 'Oh, Mr. Finney! I am lost! I am a lost soul!' I was greatly shocked, and exclaimed, 'If this is conviction, what is hell?' But I soon led his thoughts to the way of salvation, pressed the Savior upon his attention, and acceptance, and he found peace."

Some well-to-do brethren leased the Chatham Street Theater, in New York, and fitted it up for services, calling Finney to locate there. He accepted, bringing his wife and three children. The Spirit was poured out, and a continuous revival began. They were a working church, well-trained in soul-winning. Whenever his church became too large, he would send out a colony to establish a new church in some new section of the city. In three years there were seven churches formed from this revival work. Then the Broadway Tabernacle was built, and a Congregational Church organized, Finney at that time leaving the Presbyterian church, whose doctrines he had always taken exception to.

Taking a sea voyage for his health, and to get away from incessant public life, in 1834-1835 he spent some weeks at Malta and Sicily. On the return trip his soul was pressed with the fact that his health was not as good as it used to be. He knew no one to take up the work of wide evangelism. One day he found his soul so burdened that he could take no rest. "My soul was in utter agony. I spent the entire day in prayer in my state-room, or walking the deck in intense

agony. I felt crushed with the burden that was on my soul. It was the spirit of prayer that was upon me, which I had often experienced in kind, but perhaps never before to such a degree, for so long a time. I besought the Lord to go on with His work, and to provide Himself with such instrumentalities as were necessary. After a day of unspeakable wrestling and agony of soul, just at midnight the subject cleared up to my mind. The Spirit led me to believe that all would come out right, that God had yet a work for me to do; that I might be at rest; that the Lord would go forward with His work, and give me strength to take any part in it that He desired. But I had not the least idea what course His providence would take."

Landing in New York, he learned that some wretch had set the Tabernacle on fire, that the roof had burned off, and that the editor of the *Evangelist*, which was published in the interest of the revival work and spread of truth, was declining rapidly, its subscription falling off at the rate of fifty or sixty a day because of its advanced position against slavery. Finney proposed to give a course of lectures on revivals, which the editor might report in the paper. It was announced. New subscriptions rolled in rapidly, much faster than they had fallen off. These lectures he delivered through the winter, preaching one each week. The lectures were extemporaneous, and lasted about an hour and three-quarters. They were afterwards published in book form and translated into French and German. They were useful in promoting revivals in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Scotland, Wales and Europe. Many persons were led into salvation through them, and not a few into the ministry.

A continuous revival went on in New York as long as he was there. There were conversions at almost every service.

Many young men desiring to enter the ministry came to him for instruction. Then he was requested to go to Oberlin, Ohio, as teacher of theology. Asa Mahan was at that time its worthy president. The brethren in New York offered that, if he would go, and give one-half of the year to teaching in Oberlin, and the other half in New York with them, they would endow the institution, providing for the professorships.

And so Finney went to Oberlin in 1835. He made it a national power. From under his teaching twenty thousand students went out to be leaders of religious and public life. As there was no room large enough to hold the great crowds that gathered from the wilderness to hear him preach, a great tent was erected, and from its center-pole floated the streamer, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

In the financial crash of 1837, many who supported the school lost heavily, and the college was left heavily in debt. Finney himself felt the pinch in trying to provide for his family. He sold his traveling trunk to replace a cow that had died. He spread the needs before the Lord, and then said he would praise Him whether deliverance came or not, but help came. A letter came containing a check for two hundred dollars, and for several years that same friend sent him six hundred dollars a year, with which Finney supported his family. "The most efficient toilers in God's vineyard do not get the most of their wages in this world. Surpassing usefulness must be paid for, and most people are not willing to pay the price. The careful observer will learn that all those who are pre-eminently useful pay for it in self-sacrifice, and suffering, and agony, and tears."

Friends in England contributed thirty thousand dollars, which paid off the indebtedness.

In 1836 there was a powerful revival in Oberlin. Finney himself had received what he called an "overhauling" in his experience, a gracious and thorough reviving and re-anointing of the Spirit. President Mahan was sanctified wholly, and began to teach it definitely. The subject was discussed by the students, and some sought and found the experience. But Finney had rejected the Methodist teaching. He seemed to locate carnality only in the will, taking no account of the affections and depraved appetites warping and weakening the will. Hence, while he deplored the lack of power in the ministry, and plainly and persistently urged that young ministers wait on God until definitely endued with power from on high, and while the baptism with the Holy Ghost shortly after his conversion was epochal in his own experience, he never became a mighty preacher on holiness. While holiness is essential to the success of one in the ministry, it is equally essential to the establishment and healthy growth of the laity. Had Finney proclaimed this glorious truth as boldly and unceasingly as he did that of justification, his great ministry of evangelism would have taken on power and permanency one hundred fold. As it was, occasionally some converts inquired of the way of holiness, and through his help were encouraged to press into the experience.

President Mahan, by his faithful ministry of preaching and writing, taught clearly the doctrine of entire sanctification, and lived a very fruitful life. Finally, for that very reason, opposition set in against him, and he was asked to resign as president of Oberlin. His successor plainly took a position against the definite seeking of holiness, and from that day the institution declined in spirituality. They no longer have revivals mighty in the Holy Ghost. Higher criticism has crept in, and well might her students answer, as did certain to

Paul, "We had not so much as heard that there be a Holy Ghost."

In the winter of 1842-1843, while Finney was in revival services in Boston, which, on account of its great intellectuality and many religious "isms", was always a difficult field, he gave himself more fully to prayer and personal heart-searching. We transcribe a little from his own pen:

"During the winter the Lord gave my own soul a very thorough overhauling and a fresh baptism of His Spirit. My mind was greatly drawn out in prayer for a long time. This winter in particular my mind was exercised on the question of personal holiness, and in respect to the state of the church, and its want of power with God.

"I gave myself to a great deal of prayer. I rose at four o'clock in the morning, and immediately went to my study and engaged in prayer. I frequently prayed till the gong called to breakfast at eight o'clock. At this time I had a great struggle about giving up my wife to the will of God. She was in feeble health, and it was very evident that she could not live long. For hours I struggled to give her up unqualifiedly to the will of God. I was enabled to fall back in a deeper sense than I had ever done before upon the infinitely blessed and perfect will of God. I then told the Lord that I had such confidence in Him that I felt perfectly willing to give myself, my wife and family, all to be disposed of according to His wisdom. I then had a deeper view of what was implied in consecration to God than ever before. I felt a kind of holy boldness in telling Him to do with me just as seemed to Him good. So deep and perfect resting in the will of God I had never known. This sprung a vein of joy in my mind that kept developing more and more, for weeks and months, and indeed, I may say, for years. My mind was too full of joy to feel

much exercised with anxiety on any subject. My prayer, that had been so fervent and protracted during so long a period, seemed all to run into 'Thy will be done.' 'Holiness to the Lord' seemed to be inscribed on all the exercises of my mind. For a long time, when I went to God to commune with Him, I would fall on my knees and find it impossible to ask for anything with any earnestness except that His will might be done. My prayers were swallowed up in that; and I often found myself smiling, as it were, in the face of God, and saying that I did not want anything. At this time it seemed as if my soul was wedded to Christ in a sense in which I had never had any thought or conception of before.

"I began to preach to the people of Boston in accordance with this new and enlarged experience. My mind was too full of the subject to preach anything except a full and present salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ. I spent nearly all the remaining part of the winter in instructing the people in regard to the fullness there is in Christ. A considerable number could understand me, but I found that I preached over the heads of a majority of the people.

"I have felt since then a religious freedom, a religious buoyancy and delight in God and in His Word, a steadiness of faith, a Christian liberty, and overflowing love that I had only experienced occasionally before. My bondage at that time seemed entirely broken, and since then I have had the freedom of a child with a loving parent. It seems to me I can find God within me in such a sense that I can rest upon Him, and be quiet, and lay my heart in His hand, and nestle down in His perfect will, and have no carefulness or anxiety."

To one familiar with the language and experience, it is evident that Finney at that time experienced the death of car-

nality and perfect cleansing of his heart, and renewal in the Holy Ghost.

In 1849 he crossed the waters, and labored in revivals in various large cities of England with gracious success. In London 1,500 were on their knees at once, seeking God. In 1856 we find him laboring again in Boston; in 1857-1858, in various New England cities. At that time a most remarkable revival surged all over the northern states. Fifty thousand were converted in one week. People flocked to Christ by thousands. One man, coming east from Omaha, Neb., said he found prayer-meetings going on all the way—hundreds of miles. The revival was so comprehensive that it was impossible to count converts. Slavery seemed to cut off the wave from the south.

In 1866-1867 there was another gracious and mighty revival in Oberlin. Finney no longer felt able to labor in meetings abroad, but where he resided the revival fire was kept burning. He resigned his pastorate of the First Congregational Church, Oberlin, in 1872. He completed his last course of lectures in the college in July, 1875. The last month of his life he preached twice. "He was then eighty-three years old, gentle and tender, rich and radiant in the beauty of goodness.

"His last day on earth was a quiet Sabbath, which he enjoyed in the midst of his family, walking out at sunset to listen to the music at the opening of the evening service in the church near by. Upon retiring, he was seized with pains which seemed to indicate some affection of the heart, and after a few hours of suffering, he died, August 16, 1875.

"Thus closed in peace a life of storm and battles with the powers of darkness. Thus went to his reward the most potential preacher of righteousnesss and successful soul-winner of his century."

MARY BOSANQUET FLETCHER

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MARY BOSANQUET FLETCHER

THE subject of this sketch was born in 1739, at . stone, Essex, England. Her parents were members rch, the Established church, required absolute obedience of their children, but apparently knew not saving grace.

At the early age of five years little Mary was anxious about her soul, and inquired of older people what was sin in God's sight. Some seem to possess very strong religious propensities, even in childhood. Their greatest concern is to know the will of God. Their only deep satisfaction is in plunging out into the ocean of His grace. The mere forms of religion are not enough. They must experience its deep and mighty transformations in the soul. Such an one was Mary Bosanquet. When just past seven years, through her own seeking faith, she tasted some of the inexpressible joy of sins forgiven. She had no spiritual help or counsel. The fierce temptations of Satan, and the anger and reproach of her parents, wore upon her nerves, so that for some months she was quite undone. But, regaining strength, she found increased comfort in the Lord.

She was confirmed and admitted to church. Her spiritual light was yet dim, however, and later, looking back, she regretted many wanderings from the Lord. Her grandfather's plain and holy living was a light to her, as was also the friendship of Mrs. Lefever. She and her sister, who was older, were eagerly reaching after spiritual liberty. Convinced that attend-

me other diversions were wrong, Mary told her father, and begged him not to force her mly listened, but as his daughter persisted in the way of the cross, he gave her to understand d needs leave home. The Methodists were then ancy as an organization, but were truly the salt of ıl. Through them she occasionally received help heav- ard.

When about eighteen years old she felt convinced that not only by staying away from theaters, the dance, etc., she should bear her testimony, but also by laying aside worldly dress and ornaments. This meant separation, indeed, for one of her high rank, but the will of the Lord to her was supreme. "She proved it good for a proud heart to wear the plain and modest livery of God's children, and what a fence is to keep one from sinking into the spirit of the world." She writes: "The end usually proposed by young persons in their dress is such as a devout soul would abominate. Also, I saw myself a steward who must render account for every talent, and that it was my privilege to have the smiles of God upon every penny of money I laid out."

One day her father wanted her to promise that she would never make any effort to convert her brothers. This, of course, she could not grant. "Then," said he, "you force me to put you out of my house. I do not know that you ever disobliged me wilfully in your life, but only in these fancies."

She was therefore forced to leave home, which, to her, was dreadful, for English children far surpass Americans in obedience to their parents. Nothing but love for Jesus and a fixed decision to be obedient to all the will of the Lord could have constrained her to do it. She was of age, and already in possession of a small fortune. With her maid, she went to

a lodging of two rooms, and her life of self-denial and humble fare began. Soon the cross was swallowed up in glory. She felt like a bird, freed from a cage, with none but God to live for. She often visited her parents, but always returned to her own lodgings at night, for they never received her again as one of the home and family. Uncomplainingly she bore it all for Jesus.

Though she remained a member of the Established church, she became associated with the Methodists. The helpfulness was mutual. At this time she entered into a far deeper rest and calm in her soul, which was likely entire sanctification.

She says: "Neither did I find an attachment to any creature or thing but such as reflected from the will of God. Such a sense of purity dwelt on my soul as I can hardly describe."

She was a woman of fortune, augmented several times by bequeaths from relatives. When about twenty-three, she, with her saintly friend, Mrs. Sarah Ryan, removed from her lodgings at Hoxton to one of her estates, a mansion at Laytonstone. This she fitted up for a home for orphans and destitute children, and needy women. Like her Savior, she chose the poor, the publicans and sinners. Herself in charge, Mrs. Ryan assisting, they managed their household of twenty or thirty with success and Divine blessing. The inmates were trained in books and useful labor. Many lived to adorn the Gospel of Christ. The itinerant Methodist preachers always found her home a Bethel, the very atmosphere heavenly. Soon converts multiplied, and a company of victorious Christians were organized into a church.

The management of the home was with system and economy. Early rising was required. Daily family prayer, and weekly times for dealing with each person about her soul, were the rule. Mistress and all wore one kind of dress, a dark,

washable material. The table was plain. In one entire year her expenditure for her own clothes would range from one dollar to ten usually, and *never* exceeded twenty-five, while she spent hundreds and thousands for others. She let her own convenience give way to supply the necessities of others. She kept a complete and exact account of her receipts and expenditures. A faithful steward, indeed!

The orphans were about all grown up and ready to fill useful places. After much prayer, the way was opened before her. She sold the home and lands about it, found suitable homes for all her loved family, and settled upon each one a small yearly income from her own means.

Just a few days before the breaking up of the home and separation from those whose guardian and spiritual mother she had been for twenty beautiful years, Miss Bosanquet was married to the very excellent and holy Mr. John Fletcher, vicar of Madely. She was then forty-two years old, he fifty-two. Each had long lived with an eye single to the glory of God. Each had silently loved and longed for the other for nearly twenty-five years. His health had been quite frail, but now seemed improved. When in three years and nine months death brought separation by taking him to his heavenly home, neither had suffered spiritual loss by their brief period of married bliss. This saintly pair kept Heaven in their parsonage home, much in doxologies, constant in prayers, faithful and unwearied in labors for souls. Pastoral oversight can much more successfully be given by two thus united than by one alone. Jesus sent out the disciples in twos. The mutual advice and encouragement of co-working is an important factor in keeping constantly on the firing line.

After a long service, preaching in much weakness (he was for many years a sufferer from weak lungs), administering the

sacrament with celestial benediction, on Sabbath, Mr. Fletcher was brought home to his bed, never to arise. His tender wife hung upon each word as he lingered on time's border-land seven days. His sense of God's very nature being *love* was so clear and inspiring, he called often to his wife, "Cry out, and shout, Polly, God is love"! When speech was beyond his ability, he frequently gave the sign they had previously agreed upon, two taps of the finger, as his dying testimony.

Said one of Mr. Fletcher, "There is no occasion of stumbling in him. Set down any of the scriptural marks of a Christian, or a true minister, and I will engage he will not be found deficient."

John Wesley was frequently under their roof, and had expressed his desire that Mr. Fletcher should be his successor as overseer of the Methodist Connection. But Mr. Fletcher's death preceded Wesley's many years.

Mr. Wesley had written at their marriage: "I should not have been willing that Miss Bosanquet should have been joined to any other person than Mr. Fletcher; but I trust she may be as useful *with* him as she was before." Had she known that her widowhood would be thirty long years, the prospect might have made her loss unbearable. The exquisite anguish of heart and desolate loneliness of her childless home can only be realized by those who know the rare sweetness of spiritual oneness. But the consolation of her Beloved was sufficient, and her wounded heart was healed by binding up other sad hearts and ministering to their needs.

The church at Madely now looked to her as it had to her husband for counsel and example, and the last thirty years of her life were devoted to their advancement in grace. She usually held five meetings each week, and in addition often rode horseback, or in a chaise, to mining towns and other ap-

pointments to carry the Gospel to them. She always kept one servant, sometimes more, co-operating with her in the Master's service. The Madely church was a parish of the Establishment. However, its spiritual members were also connected with the Methodists. Near the close of her life, one of their vicars forced the separation of the latter from the Established church. Mrs. Fletcher bewailed this much. However, she and her husband had previously provided for such an emergency by the erection of three Methodist chapels, in various parts of the parish, at their own expense. These chapels became a part of the Methodist Connection.

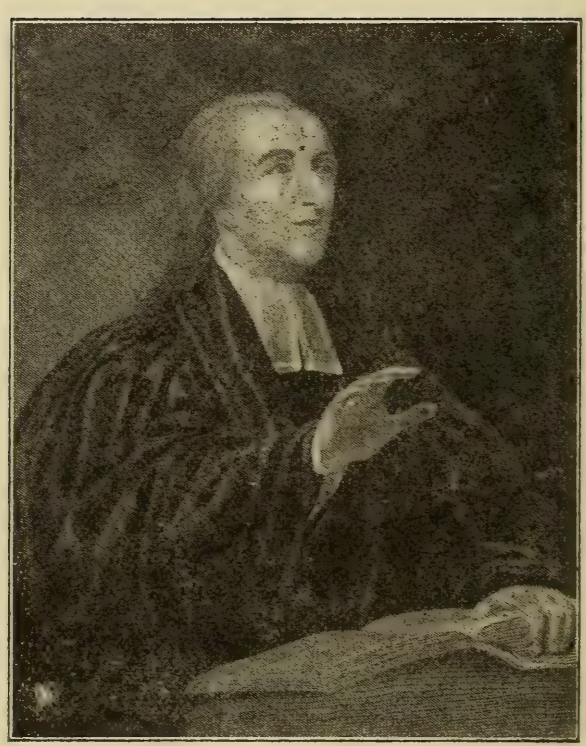
Her Passage to Heaven

August 14, 1815, she wrote: "Thirty years this day I drank the bitter cup and closed the eyes of my beloved husband, and now I myself am in a dying state. Lord, prepare me! I feel death very near. My soul doth wait, and long to fly to the bosom of my God!"

Hodson, who preached her funeral sermon, said: "Had she been a woman of feeble mind, she could not have retained her influence and popularity for so many years in the same place, for her congregations were full as large after thirty years' labor as when she first opened her commission among them. Her appearance was noble, and commanded respect."

Her discourses are described as luminous and eloquent, displaying much good sense, and fraught with the riches of the Gospel.

Wesley says, "Her words were as fire, conveying both light and heat to the hearts of all that heard her. Her manner is smooth, easy and natural, even when the sense is deep and strong."



JOHN FLETCHER

JOHN FLETCHER

JEAN GUILLAUME DE LA FLECHERE was born September 12, 1729, at Nyon, Switzerland, in a fine mansion, amid beautiful scenery. His father was an officer in the army; his family was a branch of the earldom of Savoy.

His life was always most exemplary, and at the early age of seven the love of God was shed abroad in his heart. His earliest intention in life was to be a minister, and in this course his studies were turned. But in young manhood he became disgusted with the mercenary motives of candidates for the ministry, seeking prestige and largest salaries rather than the aid of immortal souls. Also he revolted against the doctrine of predestination, to which he would be compelled to subscribe in order to be ordained in his native land. He therefore resolved to enter the army. Two or three efforts in this direction were so frustrated by Providence that the design was never carried out. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

Twice he was rescued from drowning. Once he was carried down the Rhine five miles by the swift current, and submerged twenty minutes under a powder mill, but he arose on the other side unharmed. Says Mr. Wesley, "Some will say, 'Why, this was a miracle!' Undoubtedly it was. It was not a natural event, but a work wrought above the power of nature, probably by the ministry of angels."

His opinion of the work of the ministry was so exalted, and

his consciousness of personal unfitness so keen, that he felt like fleeing from the reponsibility.

But others entertained a far higher opinion of his character and fitness. Mr. Gilpin says: "As far as nature can furnish a man for offices of a sacred kind, perhaps there never was a person better qualified to sustain the character of a minister of Jesus Christ than Mr. Fletcher. His disposition and habits, his sentiments and studies, his reverential awe of God, his insatiable thirst after truth, and his uncommon abhorrence of vice, gave his friends abundant reason to apprehend that he was marked at an early age for the service of the church."

Disappointed in his plans of entering military service, he turned his thoughts to England, and went to London in his twety-first year. He had graduated from the university in Geneva, was proficient in German and French, and now spent eighteen months in a boarding-school, mastering the English language. He then became tutor to the two sons of Mr. Thomas Hill, of Tern Hall, Shropshire. Here he remained seven years, except the time spent in London when Mr. Hill's duties called him there during parliament.

"I shall wonder if our tutor does not turn Methodist by and by," said Mrs. Hill one day, when Mr. Fletcher had lingered long to hear a poor old woman talk of Jesus. "Methodists, madam—what is that?" he asked. "Why, the Methodists are a people that do nothing but pray; they are praying all day and all night," she replied. "Are they?" said he. "Then by the help of God I will find them if they be above ground." He found them, and, being like-minded with them, was ever after intimately associated with them. He became convinced that it was his privilege to have a more definite faith for salvation and a clearer witness of acceptance with God. For

this he wrestled earnestly, accusing himself, and humbling himself before the Lord.

He writes: "I had purposed to receive the Lord's Supper the following Sunday. I therefore returned to my room, and looked out a sacramental hymn. I learned it by heart, and prayed it over many times, sometimes with heaviness enough, at others with some devotion. I then went to bed, commending myself to God with rather more hope and peace than I had felt for sometime. But Satan waked while I slept. I dreamed I had committed grievous and abominable sins. I awoke amazed and confounded, and rising with a detestation of the corruption of my senses and imagination; I fell upon my knees, and prayed with more faith and less wandering than usual, and afterward went about my business with uncommon cheerfulness. It was not long before I was tempted by my besetting sin, but found myself a new creature. My soul was not even ruffled. I took not much notice of it at first; but having withstood two or three temptations, and feeling peace in my soul through the whole of them, I began to think it was the Lord's doing. Afterward it was suggested to me that it was great presumption for such a sinner to hope for so great a mercy. However, I prayed I might not be permitted to fall into a delusion. But the more I prayed the more I saw it was real. For, though sin stirred all the day long, I always overcame it in the name of the Lord.

"I continued calling upon the Lord for an increase of faith, for still I felt some fear of being in a delusion. Having continued my supplication till near one in the morning, I then opened my Bible on these words (Psa. 55: 22): 'Cast thy burden on the Lord and he shall sustain thee. He will not suffer the righteous to be moved.' Filled with joy, I fell again upon my knees to beg of God that I might always cast

my burden upon Him. I took up my Bible again, and opened it on these words (Deut. 31): 'I will be with thee; I will not fail thee, neither forsake thee; fear not, neither be dismayed.' My hope was now greatly increased; I thought I saw myself conqueror over sin, hell and all manner of affliction.

"With this comfortable promise I shut up my Bible, being now perfectly satisfied. As I shut it, I cast my eye on these words: 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, I will do it.' So having asked grace of God to serve Him till death, I went cheerfully to take my rest."

His doubts were removed, his tears were dried up, and he began to rejoice in hope of the glory of God. His conversion was not imaginary, but real. From that hour it was not known that he ever cast a wistful look behind him.

He made it his invariable rule to sit up two whole nights in a week. These he dedicated to reading, meditation and prayer, in order to enter more deeply into communion with his Lord. He lived entirely on vegetable food, and for some time on bread, with milk and water. His custom was never to sleep until he could no longer keep awake. One night he dreamed that his curtain, pillow and cap were all on fire, but went out without harming him. In the morning he found it to be true. His partly-burned hymn-book was kept later as a relic of Divine protection. The austerities he practised, no doubt, injured his health and hastened his end.

Five or six times, after deep renunciation and most earnest, persistent seeking, he obtained the experience of holiness. Being timid about publicly testifying to so exalted a state of grace, he would lose it, then regain it, until he learned the secrets of not only obtaining, but keeping, this blessed grace.

"Two documents may here be noticed which will illustrate Mr. Fletcher's devotional life. One is a solemn covenant dated August 15, 1754. It is drawn up chiefly in Latin, and covers the two sides of a parchment about nine inches by five in size. It has been thought that the signature was written with his own blood. After a confession of his utter unworthiness, he consecrates all he is and all he has to God, and prays for pardon, grace, guidance, and final deliverance. The other document is a manual of devotions; a small, square book, containing about two hundred closely-written pages. It consists of passages from the Greek Testament, selections from Charles Wesley's hymns, and Fletcher's own meditations, maxims and resolutions. The following is written in French:

"Pray on my knees as often as possible.

"Sing frequently penitential hymns.

"Eat slowly, three times a day only, and never more.

"Always speak gently.

"Neglect no outward duty.

"Beware of a fire that thou kindlest thyself.

"The fire that God kindles is bright, mild, constant, and burns night and day. Think always of death and the cross, the hardness of thy heart, and the blood of Christ.

"Beware of relaxing and of impotence. God is faithful, but He owes thee nothing.

"Speak only when necessary.

"Do not surrender thyself to any joy.

"Rise in the morning without yielding to sloth.

"Be a true son of affliction.

"Write down every evening whether thou hast kept these rules."

For two years he was in a state of uncertainty regarding entering the ministry. A great passion for souls constrained him to yearn and labor for the salvation of others. On the other hand, his unusual humility and distrust of himself restrained him. Urged by Mr. Hill, in whose employ he had been for some years, and advised by John Wesley to do so, he was ordained in 1757. The very day he received priest's orders he assisted John Wesley in the administration of the Lord's Supper. For two years he continued tutoring, and preached in various churches as called to do so.

He writes: "The will of the Lord be done. I am in His hands. And if He does not call me to so much public duty, I have the more time for study, prayer and praise." His first sermon amazed the congregation, as he preached plainly from the text, "Ye adulterers and adultresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?"

Through Mr. Hill the parish of Dunham in Cheshire was offered Mr. Fletcher. The salary would be $2,000 per year, the parish small, and the work light. "Alas, sir," said Mr. Fletcher, "Dunham will not suit me. There is too much money, and too little work." "Few clergymen make such objections," replied Mr. Hill. "It's a pity to resign such a living, as I don't know that I can find you another. What shall we do? Would you like Madely?" "That, sir, would be the very place for me." There was no difficulty in inducing the one then vicar of Madely to exchange that benefice for one with double its salary. And so Mr. Fletcher was made vicar of Madely, with a limited salary and plenty of work.

The inbahitants of Madely were chiefly miners and ironworkers, usually ignorant and profane. Said Fletcher: "If I preach the Gospel ten years here, and see no fruit of my labors, in either case I promise to bless God, if I can only say from

my heart, 'I am nothing, I have nothing, I can do nothing.' "

Having power with God in private, he also had power with men in public. Attendance at the services increased, so that the crowded church could not accommodate all, and many had to stand in the church-yard. Many were awakened and led into true salvation from sin. "My parish—it begins to be as dear to me as my own soul!" he wrote.

But, as ever, there was opposition to the real truth. The rich did not want their dishonesty uncovered. The common mob did not want their drunken revelries, bull-baiting and cruel sports denounced. They planned to waylay the man of God and set the hounds upon him. Providentially Fletcher was summoned to bury a child, and thus did not pass the place appointed by the conspirators. Jeered and hooted by those determined to serve the devil, he was also tenderly loved and revered by hundreds who thanked God for a minister who loved their souls enough to preach the whole truth.

A young clergyman pasted on the church door a paper, in which he charged Fletcher with rebellion, schism, and disturbing the public peace. A poor widow, in whose house a meeting was held, was arrested and fined $100. The churchwardens threatened to bring charges against him for irregular meetings, for while Fletcher was a Methodist in doctrine, experience and sympathy, he was an ordained minister of the Established Church of England, which considered all meetings except those held in the church, strictly according to prescribed methods and liturgy, as offensive and illegal.

"Both in public and in private, Fletcher labored to be a faithful minister of Christ. His public ministrations were frequent and earnest; and this not only in his own parish, where he preached several times in the week, beginning sometimes at five in the morning, but also at other places—eight, ten and

sixteen miles off, from which he would get home at one or two in the morning. No pains were spared that the people should be brought within sound of the Gospel. Some gave as an excuse for not being at the church service on Sunday morning that they did not waken early enough. To meet this excuse, he provided himself with a bell, and every Sunday morning, for some months, set out at five o'clock visiting the most distant parts of the parish, and inviting all to the house of the Lord."

Five o'clock prayer-meetings were held for the benefit of the miners on their way to work in the mornings. As people heard the bell they remarked, "There goes the soul-saver!"

One Sunday at Madely his mind became so confused that he utterly forgot his text and sermon. All he could think of was the experience of the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace. He felt impressed, as he spoke with peculiar unction, that God designed that message for a peculiar purpose. True enough. A woman afterward informed him that her husband, who was a baker, was so enraged against her for attending the services that he had threatened to heat the oven and throw her into it when she would return from the meeting. Feeling it to be her duty and privilege to be present in the Lord's house on the Sabbath, she went. The whole sermon seemed to be for her. Filled with the love of God, she returned, resigned to suffer even death for Jesus' sake. Flames were issuing from the great oven, and she was expecting to be thrown into it. But when she opened the door she was astonished to find her husband upon his knees, praying for forgiveness for his sins!

The walls of Mr. Fletcher's study were stained by his breath, a silent witness of the hours of intercession spent alone with God. He lived alone over twenty years, employing no

servant, devoting himself to his flock and devotion to his Lord. His greeting when meeting a friend was, "Do I meet you praying?" Sometimes when entering a home to visit, he at once dropped on his knees, calling all to prayer. If misconduct of an absent person was mentioned, his usual reply was, "Let us pray for him."

When his heart was especially drawn to the Lord, though in company, he would say, like his Lord, "Sit ye here while I go and pray yonder." His closet was his favorite retirement, to which he often retreated. In all cases of difficulty he would retire to his consecrated place to ask counsel of the Most High. And here, in times of uncommon distress, he has continued whole nights in prayer before God.

His preaching was perpetually preceded, accompanied, and succeeded by prayer. The spirit of prayer accompanied him from the closet to the pulpit, and while he was outwardly employed in pressing the truth upon his hearers, he was inwardly engaged in pleading that last great promise of his unchangeable Lord, "Lo, I am with you alway." In everything he gave thanks. His heart was always in a grateful frame, and it was his chief delight to honor God by offering his praise and thanksgiving. Frequently he has broken out in a strain of holy rejoicing. He considered every unexpected turn of providence as a manifestation of his Father's good pleasure, and discerned causes of thanksgiving, either obvious or latent, in every occurrence.

He sought after an entire conformity to the *perfect* will of God. To accelerate his progress toward this desirable state, he cheerfully renounced his natural habits, and resolutely opposed his own will, unweariedly laboring to bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. He struggled against the most innocent of his infirmities. He en-

tered upon the most painful exercises, and refused to allow himself, in the least, temporary indulgences which were not perfectly consistent with a life of unfeigned mortification and self-denial. He engaged himself in every kind of spiritual labor, with the most intense application, suffering no talent to remain unoccupied, nor any moment to pass by unimproved. So perfectly was he inured to habits of Christian industry that he never discovered an inclination to sweeten the most laborious exercises with those refreshments and relaxations which he esteemed not only allowable, but, in some cases, necessary to his weaker brethren. Considering himself a member of Christ's *militant* church, he complained of no hardships, nor thought any difficulty too great to be encountered in the course of his warfare, preferring the path of duty to the lap of repose, counting neither ease, nor interest, nor reputation, nor even life itself, dear to him, that he might finish his course with joy.

His charities were profuse, most of his salary being used to supply necessities for the poor, and a good part of his private income spent in the opening of chapels and spreading the Gospel. He loved his neighbor as himself.

Fletcher is known as one of the greatest of religious controversialists. Himself a man of peace, he had espoused the cause of truth. He believed that "Controversy, though not desirable in itself, yet, properly managed, has a hundred times rescued truth, groaning under the lash of triumphant error." "He contended not for victory, but for truth and Christ."

He wrote a short *Defense of Experimental Religion* in 1761, in reply to a visitation sermon attacking the doctrines of Methodism.

Lady Huntington opened her college at Trevecca, in South Wales, in 1768, with Fletcher as its president. The institution did a great work in preparing young men for the minis-

try, and the piety and devotion of its saintly president marked its course as a holiness school. However, after about three years, Mr. Fletcher resigned the presidency. Mr. Wesley, Fletcher, and many other leading heralds of the Gospel, felt it their duty to declaim against a loose antinomianism, spreading over the kingdom in the wake of the great revival tide. Some professed salvation who were living openly wicked lives. So persuaded were many that justification was by faith alone that they saw not that good works were a proper and necessary *fruit* of salvation, though not its procuring cause. The minutes of the Methodist Conference in London, in 1770, pointed out the danger, in terms which Mr. Wesley afterward admitted were not sufficiently guarded. However, the controversy was launched, and the preachers arrayed themselves either with Whitefield, Lady Huntington, Berridge, Toplady, and others on the side of predestination, etc.; or on the side with Wesley, Fletcher and others, teaching Arminianism. Fletcher's *Checks to Antinomianism* are famous examples of Christian charity, clear argument, keen thought and Biblical doctrine. Through it all, he never contracted any bitterness of spirit, nor lacked in brotherly love and kindness. This often brought his opponents under conviction, and aided greatly in convincing many of the truth.

Among his political treatises was a *Vindication* of Mr. Wesley's *Calm Address to the American Colonies.* One of his pamphlets was brought to the notice of the king, who ordered that Fletcher should be asked if he desired preferment in the church. The characteristic reply of the man of God was, "I want nothing but more grace."

In 1765 he exchanged work for a few Sundays with a Mr. Sellon, of Breedon. The church became so crowded that the parish clerk became angry because of the extra work

of cleaning the church. He began charging admission for all outside the bounds of the parish. When Mr. Fletcher learned of the misconduct, he thus denounced the miscreant clerk: "I have not felt my spirit so moved these sixteen years last past as I have done today. I have heard that the clerk of this parish has demanded, and has actually received, money from divers strangers before he would suffer them to enter the church. I desire that all who have paid money this way for hearing the Gospel will come to me, and I will return what they have paid. And as to this iniquitous clerk, his money perish with him."

In 1766 he wrote to a friend: "This evening I have buried one of the warmest opposers of my ministry, a stout, strong young man, aged twenty-four years. About three months ago he came to the church-yard with a corpse, but refused to come into the church. When the burial was over, I went to him and mildly expostulated with him. His constant answer was, that he had bound himself never to come to church while I was there, adding that he would take the consequences. Seeing I got nothing, I left him, saying with uncommon warmth, though, as far as I can remember, without the least touch of resentment: 'I am clear of your blood. Henceforth it is upon your own head. You will not come to church upon your legs, prepare to come upon your neighbor's shoulders.' He wasted from that time, and to my great surprise hath been buried on the spot where we were when the conversation passed between us. When I visited him in his sickness, he seemed tame as a wolf in a trap. Oh, may God have turned him into a sheep in his last hours!"

At the age of forty-six, he seemed like an old man. His hair was gray. His health was poor. "Oh, how life goes! I walked, now I gallop into eternity. The bowl of life goes

rapidly down the steep hill of time." He traveled on horseback nearly twelve hundred miles with Wesley, in the hope of recuperating. He resided a while in the home of Mr. Ireland, having his parish supplied. Health not returning, he once more visited his native land. When able, he preached in various pulpits until they were closed against him, and he was forbidden by the bailiff to hold meetings even in private houses. This was mainly because he had preached against Sabbath-breaking and stage plays. But the opposition gave way, and ere he returned to England he was again proclaiming the truth that saves from sin to great multitudes.

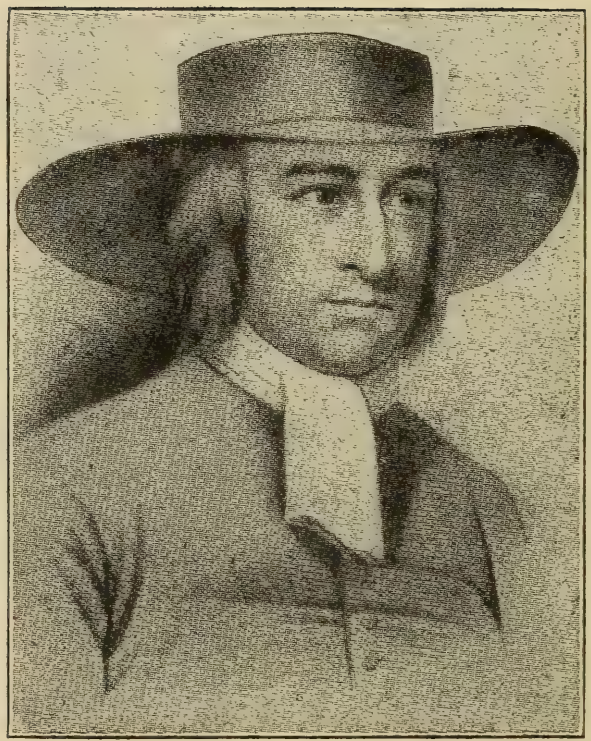
For twenty-five years he had thought much of Miss Bosanquet, a sketch of whose pious life is given elsewhere in this volume. She being a woman of fortune, he had been backward to ask her hand in marriage. She also had cherished warm affection for him, though they had not met for fifteen years. Their marriage took place November 12, 1781. He resumed his pastorate, saying that he had not married for his own sake only, but for the good of his parish. She was a true helpmeet, traveling with him in all kinds of weather, and laboring as earnestly as he for the spiritual good of all.

In the summer of 1785 they were busy visiting those who were sick of a fever then prevalent. Mrs. Fletcher took the fever, but recovered. In August Mr. Fletcher took a cold, which aggravated his lung trouble of long standing. In great weakness, and amidst the tears of his sympathetic congregation, he preached his last sermon the next Sabbath. After the service of four hours' length, in which he administered the Lord's Supper, he returned home to die. Lingering one week, he left many testimonies of the Lord's gracious presence. His prevailing thought seemed to be, "God is love! It fills me every moment! God is love! Shout! Shout aloud! Oh, it

so fills me that I want a gust of praise to go to the ends of the earth!" His right hand, held up when he could no longer speak, gave the sign, as requested, that Jesus was still present with him, and the prospect of Heaven opening to him. Sunday night, August 14, 1785, he entered into the joy of his Lord, at the age of fifty-six. He was buried in the churchyard of Madely, where he had labored with uncommon zeal and ability for twenty-five years.

"Mr. Fletcher was a luminary. A luminary, did I say? He was a sun. I have known all the great men for these fifty years, but I have known none like him. I was intimately acquainted with him, and was under the same roof with him once for six weeks, during which I never heard him say a single word which was not proper to be spoken, and which had not a tendency to minister grace to the hearers."—Henry Venn.

"I was intimately acquainted with Mr. Fletcher for thirty years. I conversed with him morning, noon and night, without the least reserve, during a journey of many hundred miles, and in all that time I never heard him speak an improper word or knew him to do an improper action. To conclude, within fourscore years I have known many excellent men, holy in heart and life; but one equal to him I have not known—one so uniformly devoted to God. So unblameable a man in every respect I have not found either in Europe or America, nor do I expect to find another such on this side eternity."—John Wesley.



GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX, the founder of Quakerism, wrought a greater revolution and transformation, in England, than did Cromwell. The two men were friends, and George failed not to tell the great Commoner of his sins and of his duty to God. Then when invited to dine with him, he sent the message, "Tell him I will neither eat of his meat nor drink of his drink." He suffered not position or reward to dull the edge of his Gospel sword.

Fox had no intention of founding a sect. He simply hungered and sought after the Lord for weary years. Indeed, in his childhood he was not as other children. Sober, meditative, solitary, he sat quietly and listened to his elders, ever pondering on Divine things, and trying to grasp their meaning. He was persuaded that there was more in real salvation than the common ranks of professing Christians experienced. He wandered from place to place, being convinced that he was called to be a pilgrim and stranger in the earth. His kinsfolk feared he was becoming melancholy. They wished to solve his difficulties by recommending marriage, or pleasures, or business.

One man bade him to take tobacco and sing psalms. But he replied that he did not like tobacco, and was in no state to sing psalms.

One clergyman asked him all kinds of questions, then used his replies for next Sunday's sermons.

Another took him into his garden for quiet conversation. The wretched youth was forgetful of all but his soul's misery, and heedlessly trod on a flower-bed, at which the doctor became so irate that any subsequent advice was needless. Another gave him some medicine, and tried to bleed him! Next he tried good works, visiting the poor and fatherless. Again he wandered forth, in cities and villages, sleeping under hedges, or wherever he could find shelter, studying his Bible, wearing his famous leather breeches, learning that God dwelt not in temples made with hands, but in men's hearts, wherever made welcome. He also came to the conclusion that the fitness needed for the holy work of the ministry was not the mere book-learning secured at the universities (which seemed to be the only requirement in churches of his day). He was persuaded that God valued holiness of heart and life above all else.

His understanding became enlightened, God spake peace to his soul, and the veil of darkness and gloom lifted forever from his mind. "His soul was filled with God's love to him personally, and for the hour there were but two in the universe, God and himself." That personal mystical union, better felt than told, became blessedly his.

He traveled about, and wherever he could get a hearing, he told his experience, and emphasized the necessity of following the inward Divine teaching of the Spirit of the Lord. He called people to holiness of heart, a strange doctrine in those days of formality in the churches. Converts multiplied about him, who followed implicitly his instructions.

The main tenets of the Quakers were: (1) The importance of following the inward Divine light. In so doing, some did rather erratic things, but in the main they were slow enough and sensible enough to prove out the leadings. (2)

The rights of women, equal to those of men, to speak in meeting, and tell what the Lord did for their souls. Some of the most prominent and useful of early Quakers were women. (3) The use of "thee", "thine" and "thou" in conversation. Their reason was that such language was at that time used only in addressing servants, thus making a distinction in classes, so characteristic of the English people. Fox saw that the Lord made no such distinctions, and so addresed the high and low in the most common terms. With God there is no respect of persons. (4) The wearing of the Quaker hat. In those days men of the upper classes wore grand plumed hats, marvels of art—or rather, they *carried* them. Dudes carried in their hands these fashionable hats of gold lace and plumes, or if perchance they did wear them, they lost no opportunity to take them off and display them with sweeping bows. To all this the lowly Quakers sought to be a rebuke. Consequently they *wore* their plain, broad-brimmed hats, and refused to bow to people of rank. Of course this brought enmity, as many, like Haman, felt hateful so long as "Mordecai" bowed not or did them reverence. (5) Preaching without fee or reward. The country was burdened with extortion; all had to pay tithes for the support of the Established Church of England, whether they agreed with its teaching or not. Fat salaries were sought more than the souls of men. Fleecing the sheep was more important than feeding them. To all this the Quakers objected.

They became very odious to clergymen and laymen. Religious liberty was not comprehended. All were supposed to attend to religion in the channels provided by law. Cruel persecution broke upon the guileless Quakers. They were imprisoned not only for the meetings they held, but for those they *intended* to hold. Lying and injustice were resorted to,

and trials were not even granted. Unjust fines were exacted, robbing them of their property. Usually from one to two thousand Quakers lay in London prisons alone, to say nothing of those in almost every other city and hamlet. Usually they starved, or paid for their scant food.

"Is this where George Fox was imprisoned?" asked a lady who was visiting Colchester Castle. "There is no record of it," replied the custodian, "but it is very likely. Fox saw the inside of most of the prisons in England."

He always bore his imprisonments patiently, but would pay no fines, as he had committed no wrong. Sometimes he knew beforehand that at such an appointment he would be taken prisoner. But he would not make his escape, choosing rather to set a good example of suffering patience before his constituency. Sometimes he was let out without bail, as the officers knew that at the appointed court he would appear.

Their sufferings were not confined to the old country. Many came to America to settle here or to propagate their teachings. The Puritans of New England, who sought relief from oppression on our shores, had not learned the lesson of granting to others the religious liberty they desired for themselves. Some of the Quakers were publicly put to death, many were cruelly banished, others imprisoned and fined, or publicly whipped.

In 1690 the Toleration Act was passed, and persecutions ceased. It was granted to secure favor with Catholics; nevertheless it brought untold relief to God's oppressed but faithful followers.

Imprisonment, suffering and privation broke down the iron constitution of Fox. He died at the early age of sixty-six. His hair had become white and thin, his voice feeble, his step halting, as a very aged man.

MADAM GUYON

MADAM GUYON

"Lives of great (wo)men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time."

SOME persons are great because they reflect the spirit of the age in which they live. They ride upon the crest of public opinion, and become noted because they give audience and expression to the public will. In such persons there often is a good degree of merit.

But how much more honor should be credited to one who, in a dark and forbidding age, stems the downward trend, and out of prevailing darkness sends forth the gleams of a saintly and triumphant life!

Such an one was Madam Guyon. She was born in 1648 into a wealthy and professedly pious French family. It was a period of corrupt rule in France. The black mantle of Roman Catholicism smothered all true Divine life in the hearts of its devotees. Riot, Sabbath-breaking and infidelity held sway. The church walked in hand-clasp with the world, while saintliness was derided and persecuted.

In such an age Madam Guyon groped her way to such eminence of holiness that even in this day of marvelous light she stands among the foremost of saintly characters.

It was the custom to send even small children to the convents to be educated. Much of her childhood was thus spent under oversight of instructors, some good, some bad. When

at home she was neglected by her mother, who was partial to her sons, but cared little for her daughter.

Remarkably strong religious propensities appear in her earliest years. Impetuous and vain, yet her tender conscience suffered much disquiet over little faults. At confessional she was very frank and truthful in telling her failings. Her childish devotion prompted her to secretly carry her breakfasts into the chapel and present them as an offering to one of the many images. Her bright wit charmed many admirers. When seven and eight years of age she enjoyed clear Divine favor, and lived very carefully, but being so often shifted from one convent to another, sometimes cared for, sometimes neglected, often imposed upon, her spiritual progress was much hindered.

She became very beautiful, and this caused her mother to deck her fashionably, and early take her into society. The chief wandering of her young heart for a close walk with God was the indulgence of vanity. Of this she often repented, and almost wished that something would mar her beauty and check her pride.

She wrote the name of Jesus on a piece of paper, and with needle and thread fastened it to her breast. She wished to become a nun. Whatever trials she was called to endure she bore them gladly as her cross for Jesus' sake. Her love for secret prayer was remarkable for one so young.

When fifteen years of age she was married—not by her own plan, but that of her parents—to a wealthy man more than twice her age. He had long lived with his penurious mother, who did not give the young bride her proper place in the home. She treated her as a spoiled child, managed the finances herself, and kept the affections of her son from his wife. The miserly stinginess here practised was so opposite

to all the young girl had been accustomed to that life now wore a somber aspect.

Her unusual beauty had often been a snare to her, and the indulgence of her pride was her besetting sin. The crosses and disappointments of her married life were the means of turning her more fully to the Lord. She acquired remarkable grace to suffer and be still—to not even murmur or assert her rights. Even the servants were embittered against her by foul means, and openly railed against her. When she went to mass, someone was posted to spy upon her. When away from home with her husband, he saw more of her graces of character, but as soon as home again his mother would occasion alienation and cruel misunderstanding. To them were born five children. Rearing them under such conditions was indeed a difficult task. Two lived to maturity.

Madam Guyon delved deep into spiritual realities. Her insight into character, and her ability to help others into higher spiritual life, were indeed remarkable Divine endowments. With her bright wit, attractive person, and wealth to give her prestige, she might have been a star in society. But renouncing all this, she engrossed her soul with love to God, charity to the poor, and ministry to the sick.

She was stricken with small-pox, was prevented from having proper medical care, and the result was that she almost died, and finally arose from her bed, her beautiful face now badly pitted. This she did not bewail, but rejoiced, believing the hand of the Lord thus delivered her from her snare of vanity.

I quote from her diary: "Though I have had my share of crosses, I have never found any so difficult to support as that of perpetual contrariety without relaxation; of doing all one can to please, but without succeeding therein, but even

still offending by the very means designed to oblige; and being kept with such persons in a most severe confinement from morning until night, without ever daring to quit them. Such a continual contrariety irritates and stirs up a sourness in the heart. It has such a strange effect that it requires the utmost efforts of self-restraint not to break out into vexation and rage. Thus my condition in marriage was rather that of a slave than a free person. I afterward saw clearly, and reflected with joy, that this conduct, as unreasonable as it seemed, and as mortifying as it was, was quite necessary for me, for had I been applauded here, as I was at my father's, I should have grown intolerably proud."

Jesus indeed became the Beloved of her soul, the idol of her affection. "This union of my will to thine, oh, my God, and this ineffable presence, was so sweet and powerful that I was compelled to yield to its delightful power." The rage of her husband, meanness of her mother-in-law, insolence of the servants, she bore in silence, glorying in the cross. "I so esteemed the cross that my greatest trouble was the want of suffering as much as my heart thirsted for. I could scarce hear God or our Lord Jesus Christ spoken of without being almost transported out of myself." Some priests declared they never knew any woman whom God held so closely and in so great a purity of conscience.

She writes of the death of her gouty husband: "At last, after passing twelve years and four months in the crosses of marriage, a great as possible, except poverty, which I never knew, God drew me out of that state to give me still greater crosses to bear, and of such a nature as I had never met with before. My crosses have been increasing, one being removed to give place to another, still heavier than the former. I had no support, no confessor, no director, no friend, no counsellor."

When attending her irritable husband in his last illness (gangrene), she humbly asked his pardon for anything in which she had unwittingly displeased him. "It is *I* who beg *your* pardon. I did not deserve you," he replied.

Madam Guyon now renewed her vow of union with the Lord. Her oldest son and two babes were left her to care for. The mother-in-law did not desire her in the house. So she carefully settled all business affairs which fell upon her and entered a Benedictine home.

Her living in Catholic convents and nunneries continued to bring crosses. Her money they desired, but not her. Priests combined against her. They were jealous of her usefulness, and considered that her aiding souls into the love of God and circulating some of her writings as an infringement of their rights.

"I made vows of perpetual chastity, poverty and obedience, covenanting to obey whatever I should believe to be the will of God; also to obey the church, and to honor Jesus Christ in such a manner as He pleased. At this time I found I had perfect chastity of love to the Lord, it being without any reserve, division or view of interest."

"The world, seeing I quitted it, persecuted and turned me into ridicule. I was its entertainment and the subject of its fables. It could not bear that a woman should thus make war against it, and overcome. My mother-in-law took part with the world, and blamed me for not doing many things that, in her heart, she would have been highly offended had I done them. I was as one lost, and all alone; so little communion had I with the creature farther than necessity required. I seemed to experience literally those words of St. Paul, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me', for He was become the soul of my soul, and the life of my life. His operations

were so powerful, so sweet, and so secret all together, that I could not express them. Oh, what unutterable communications did I experience in retirement! I was insatiable for prayer. I arose at four o'clock in the morning for prayer. The Well-Beloved was Himself the only object which attracted my heart. I could not contemplate His attributes. I knew nothing else but to love and to suffer.

"This respect and esteem for the cross continually increased. Indeed, it has ever been my faithful companion. Oh, blessed cross, thou hast never quitted me since I surrendered myself to my Divine, crucified Master. So eager was I for the cross that I endeavored to make myself feel the utmost rigor of every mortification, and felt them to the quick. Yet this only served to awaken my desire of suffering, and to show me that it is God alone that can prepare and send crosses suitable to a soul that thirsts for a following of his sufferings and a conformity to his death. The more my state of prayer augmented, my desire of suffering grew stronger, as the full weight of heavy crosses from every side came thundering upon me."

"When I see in the creatures a conduct which appears unreasonable and mortifying, *I mount higher*, and look upon them as instruments both of the mercy and justice of God, for His justice is full of mercy."

"Thou did'st redouble my interior graces in proportion as thou did'st augment my exterior crosses."

"They persecuted me more violently, wrote to Paris against me, stopped all my letters, and sent libels against me around the country."

Her faith for healing in particular cases was clear, strong and effectual. Wherever she dwelt, a spiritual element gathered about her for help and instruction. She wrote several

tracts and books on the interior life, also a commentary on the *Canticles*. The latter is a very blessed production. She claimed to have direct inspiration, God giving her the thoughts as she wrote. Her arm swelled from long activity in writing. "Before I wrote I knew not what I was going to write. And after I had written, I remembered nothing of what I had penned. I wrote the comments on the *Canticles* in a day and a half, and received several visits besides."

With her daughter and maid she moved to a small house for a time when in poor health. Here many came to her for instruction. Here also came enemies, almost tearing down the house and making it very unpleasant. "Our Lord made me comprehend that to give one's self to the help of souls was to expose one's self to the most cruel persecutions. To resign ourselves to serve our neighbor is to sacrifice ourselves to a gibbet. Such as now proclaim, 'Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord' will soon cry out, 'Away with him, crucify him.' "

Persecutions multiplied rapidly. The Bishop of Geneva pursued her everywhere with libels, and insulting lies about her character, stirring up the people against her. He was greatly aided in his vile work by Madam Guyon's own brother, a priest called Father La Mothe. Through lying pretexts she and Father La Combe were induced to come to Paris. Here, under false accusations against his character, he was thrown into prison for life. Forged letters were used to secure her imprisonment in the Bastile prison. "There was not any kind of infamy, error or sacrilege of which they did not accuse me. I had an inexpressible satisfaction and joy in suffering and being a prisoner. The confinement of my body made me better relish the freedom of my mind."

She was promised freedom if she would grant her daughter in marriage to a profligate man. Of course, she would not sacrifice her daughter to secure her own freedom.

Temporary liberty was granted her after eight months of imprisonment. She was told to flee. But this would appear as if she were guilty. She preferred to leave the entire matter as God would permit.

She was hunted down, and again arrested on December 27, 1695. She spent ten years in prison and seven in banishment. All this because she would not deny Jesus Christ or the Holy Ghost, or cease to lead others into the kingdom of God.

While I was prisoner at Vincennes I passed my time in great peace, content to pass the rest of my life there if such were the will of God. I sang songs of joy; the stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies. I esteemed them more than all the gaudy brilliancies of a vain world."

"I have borne long and sore languishings, and oppressive and painful maladies without relief. I have been also inwardly under great desolations for several months, in such sort that I could only say these words, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' All creatures seemed to be against me." In her prison she wrote:

"A little bird am I,
Shut in from fields of air,
But in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my Lord, it pleaseth Thee."

"While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way
'Tis equal joy to go or stay."

She died June 9, 1717, in the seventieth year of her age.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

Childhood and Parentage

THE subject of this sketch was the mild-spirited, talented daughter of Jane and the Rev. William Henry Havergal, born December 14, 1836. Her father was the able Rector of Astley Church, Worcestershire, England, a man of learning, true piety, consistent life, and effectual labors among his parishioners. His unusual love for music and talent in musical composition was transmitted to Frances, the youngest of six children.

"Beside the rich chords and tuneful song in our home, there were wise and holy influences. Our parents' prayers and example in searching the Scriptures, and their loving, cheery ways, activity and punctuality, were the key-notes of our child-life."

Her dear mamma's words to her on the eve before her death, "Fanny, dear, pray to God to prepare you for all that He is preparing for you," became to the child, then only eleven years old, a life prayer.

Education

Being precocious, vivacious, and possessing a keen appetite for learning, though not attending school a very long period, yet by her constant studying and wide range of reading, she acquired a scholarship far beyond what is commonly

accepted as a finished education. She became quite proficient in the use of her native English, also German, French, Hebrew, Latin and Welsh, and the literature of those nations. Her frequent travels in Switzerland and Germany, and special studies pursued while there, enhanced her intellectual accomplishments.

Religious Experience

A passionate yearning for God's favor early possessed her, and the supreme striving of her heart for many years was to obtain a conscious witness that she was accepted through Christ, her Redeemer.

As a child, when she ventured to ask advice and help from the curate, she was put off by such a vague and unsatisfactory reply that she shut up in her bosom her soul's intense longing, and told it only to God in secret. Said she, "At any time I would willingly have lost or suffered anything might it have brought me to the attainment of full assurance."

When in her fourteenth year she attended a select school for girls. A revival in the school was the means of salvation to many of the girls, among them Elizabeth Clay, who became the intimate and life-long friend of Frances. Timidly Frances ventured upon the promises, and intermittent light gleamed upon her soul.

God did not leave her long in this state of mind. He Himself had shown her that there were regions beyond of blessed experience and service; had kindled in her very soul the intense desire to go forward and possess them, and now, in His own grace and love, He took her by the hand and led her into the goodly land.

"The sunless ravines were now forever past, and henceforth her peace and joy flowed onwards, deepening and widen-

ing under the teaching of God and the Holy Ghost. The blessing she had received lifted her whole life into sunshine, of which all she had previously experienced was but as pale and passing April gleams compared with the fulness of summer glory.

"It was that one word, '*cleanseth*', which opened the door of a very glory of hope and joy to me. Not a coming to be cleansed in the fountain only, but a *remaining* in the fountain, so that it may and can go on cleansing. The utterly unexpected and altogether unimagined sense of its fulfillment to me, on simply believing it in its fulness, was just indescribable. I expected nothing like it short of Heaven."

Poetical Gift

Miss Havergal is well-known among all English-speaking people by her beautiful poems and spiritual songs.

She writes: "I have not had a single poem come to me for some time, till last night, when one shot into my mind. All my best have come in that way, Minerva fashion, full grown. It is so curious; one minute I have not an idea of writing anything, the next I *have* a poem; it is *mine;* I have it all, except laying out rhymes and metre, which is then easy work!"

"Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn, 'Take My Life.' I went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for, some converted, but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, 'Lord, give me all in this house.' And He just *did!* Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration, and these little couplets

formed themselves and chimed in my heart, one after another, till they finished with, '*Ever, only, all for Thee!*' "

"Her well-known hymn, 'I Gave My Life for Thee,' was written in Germany, 1858. She had come weary, and sat down opposite a picture with this motto. At once the lines flashed upon her, and she wrote them in pencil on a scrap of paper. Reading them over, they did not satisfy her. She tossed them into the fire, but they fell out untouched! Showing them some months later to her father, he encouraged her to preserve them, and wrote the tune 'Baca' specially for them."

The proceeds from her poems and hymns were generously devoted to sending the Gospel to the poor at home, or the heathen abroad.

"The Lord has shown me another little step, and of course I have taken it with extreme delight. 'Take my silver and my gold' now means shipping off all my ornaments (including the jewel cabinet, which is really fit for a countess) to the Church Missionary House, where they will be accepted and disposed of for me. I had no idea I had such a jeweler's shop, nearly fifty articles being packed off. I don't think I need tell you I never packed a box with such pleasure." Is not the extravagance and needless expense of wearing jewelry one of the reasons why Scripture forbids the wearing of gold as an ornament? (Isa. 3; I Peter 3: 3; I Timothy 2: 9.) Moreover, it fosters the native pride of the heart, and is antagonistic to a humble and contrite spirit.

Redeeming Her Time

How she redeemed her time these few lines will prove: "I know by my own teaching days how very much might be learned in all the odds and ends of time; how, for instance, I learned all the Italian verbs while my nieces were washing

their hands for dinner after our walk, because I could be ready in five minutes less time than they could." The faithful old nurse well remembers vexing over Miss Frances' hard studying, and that she found her at those Latin books long before breakfast.

"I see by my little register that I have received above 600 letters between January and July 1. It would be impossible, unless you were with me day by day, to give you a notion of the unaccountable variety of things that people will persist in writing to me about."

"Your letter would take two hours to answer, and I have not ten minutes; fifteen to twenty letters to write every morning, proofs to correct, editors waiting for articles, poems and music I cannot touch, four Bible readings or classes weekly, many anxious ones waiting for help, a mission week coming, and other work after that. And my doctor says my physique is too weak to balance the nerves and brain, and that I ought not to touch a pen."

"May I sketch her at her study table, in her favorite chair from Astley Rectory, older than herself? Her American typewriter was close by, so that she could turn to it from her desk. Her desk and table drawers were all methodically arranged for letters from editors, friends, relatives, strangers, matters of business, multitudinous requests, Irish Society work, manuscripts, paper and string in their allotted places, no litter ever allowed. It was at her study table that she read her Bible by seven o'clock in the summer and eight o'clock in the winter; her Hebrew Bible, Greek Testament, and lexigons being at hand. Sometimes, on bitterly cold mornings, I begged that she would read with her feet comfortably to the fire, and received the reply: 'But then, Marie, I can't rule my lines

neatly; just see what a find I've got! If one only searches, there are such extraordinary things in the Bible.' "

She returned, wet and chilly, from a temperance meeting held in the open air. Fever and chills rapidly came on, and all the suffering of peritonitis. Her perfect peace and rest in God is revealed by her calm spirit and helpful words:

"Ever since I trusted Jesus altogether, I have been so happy. I cannot tell how lovely, how precious He is to me."

Dr.—"You are seriously ill, and the inflammation is increasing."

Frances—"I thought so, but if I am going, it is too good to be true."

Dr.—"Good-bye; I shall not see you again."

F.—"Then do you really think I am going?"

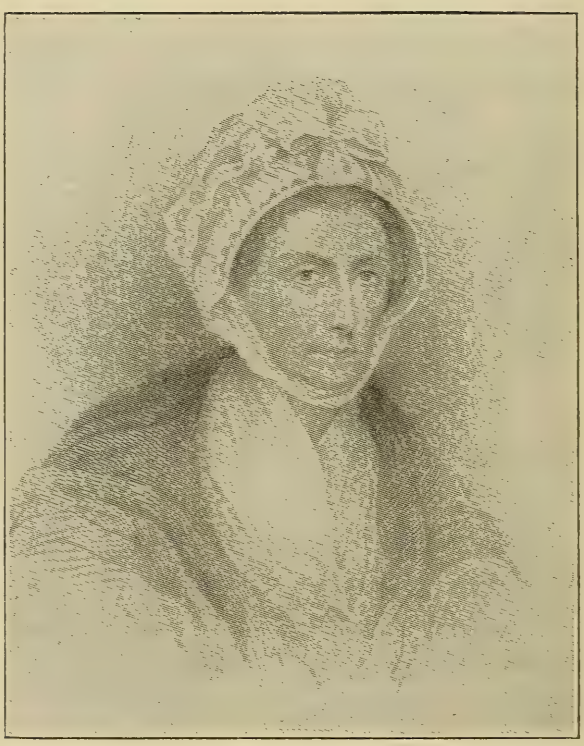
Dr.—"Yes."

F.—"Today?"

Dr.—"Probably."

F.—"Beautiful; too good to be true. Splendid to be so near the gates of Heaven!"

A terrible rush of convulsive sickness came on. "It ceased; the nurse gently assisting her, she nestled down in the pillows, folded her hands on her breast, saying, "There; now it is all over! Blessed rest!' And now she looked up steadfastly, as if she saw the Lord, and surely, nothing less heavenly could have reflected such a glorious radiance upon her face. For ten minutes we watched that almost visible meeting with her King, and her countenance was so glad, as if she were already talking to Him. Then she tried to sing, but her voice failed; and as her brother commended her soul into her Redeemer's hand, she passed away."



LADY HUNTINGDON

LADY HUNTINGDON

SELINA SHIRLEY, second daughter of the Earl Ferrars, was born in Chartley, England, August 24, 1707. Many people seem to be of a trifling disposition, so that it seems difficult to ever bring their attention to heavenly things. Not so in this case. She only waited for Divine illumination, and when that was given she heartily embraced the offers of mercy. All her lifetime surrounded by the gayeties and splendors of the nobility of England, yet she felt satisfied only when in possession of the true riches, which moth and rust do not corrupt.

At the age of twenty-one she was married to Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon. To them were born six children. She shone for a time among the most fashionable elites of England. Like Cornelius, she prayed, fasted, gave alms, and tried to have a clear conscience. And these things came up as a memorial before God. Lady Margaret Hastings, sister of Lord Huntingdon, upon hearing the preaching of the man of God, Ingham, found blessed deliverance from legal bondage, and her new and joyous experience was the means of bringing light to Lady Huntingdon. While upon a sick bed the latter yielded, prayed and prevailed. Thereafter her life was a light upon a candlestick, an unbroken record of long activity in her Master's service. Faithful as a wife and mother, she found also other fields of usefulness. See her visiting a poor, sick woman, expounding to her the way of life. Others, over-

hearing her gracious words, gather in, and daily she ministers to their spiritual needs, some finding blessed salvation.

This was at the time when Wesley and his associates were scattering the holy flame over the kingdom. Lady Huntingdon invited the Wesleys to her home, and became their warm friend. Her influence was wide among fashionable circles, and these friends she invited to hear with her the "joyful sound", and know the joys of sins forgiven. Many of them were saved, and aided in the great work of evangelism.

The Episcopalian Church was the established church of England. Ministers were assigned to their parishes or livings, were paid by the Crown, were the only instructors in Bible truth, were forbidden to preach in any other parish but their own, every service to be conducted in a church consecrated after their form, and only the prescribed liturgy and ceremonies to be used. Under the Toleration Acts, dissenters were allowed to vary from these requirements, but were universally despised and set aside.

The new evangels of truth—Whitefield, Ingham, the Wesleys, Berridge, Romaine, Venn, Fletcher, Harris, Hill, and others—were not content with state religion, and found that the new life within could not be confined to the narrow, stinted channels of the past. Flaming with ardor, they visited the prisons, gained access to pulpits wherever they could, and when ejected from these by the frightened clergy, who shared the sheep but fed them not, they found a pulpit on some old box in a barn, or a temporary stand in a field, graveyard or hillside. Many thousands listened to the Gospel message, believed, and were saved.

In 1744 two beautiful sons of Lady Huntingdon died of small-pox. Two years later her husband also went into the eternal world. He had ever been kind to his wife's Christian

friends, and listened to the Gospel preached many times in his own home, but he never professed saving faith in Jesus Christ. These afflictions caused the Countess to lean more heavily upon her Lord and live more entirely for heavenly things. Her four remaining children were a comfort to her, with some exception. Her eldest son came under the influence of Lord Chesterfield and Bolingbroke, and became quite worldly and skeptical, though always respectful to his mother. Her youngest daughter, Selina, became a very happy, devout Christian, was an inspiration to others, and a close companion to her mother. Her death, at the age of twenty-six, was a most severe affliction to her mother. Truly "the refining pot is for silver", and they who desire most to be made a blessing to others must submit to being frequently thrust into the furnace of affliction. Like Job, they come out as gold.

She cut off many luxuries of her rank and day, that she might have more means for her Master's service. She used her income of about six thousand dollars yearly in building chapels to accommodate the growing congregations. She sold her jewels for $3,393.87, and with it built a neat house of worship at Brighton. She gave up her aristocratic equipage, her expensive residences and liveried servants, that her means of usefulness might be increased. She gave away for religious purposes more than $500,000. She lived humbly, allowing herself only one new dress per year. She mapped all England into six districts, and sent out her most successful preachers into every community, large or small, not already occupied. Her influence extended over England, Wales and Ireland. Hundreds of the wealthy sent her gifts ranging from $400 to $4,000 to use in her benevolent enterprises. Sometimes she would yearn to establish preaching in some opportune place, but the means to pay a preacher, even mea-

gerly, or to build a church, was lacking. Friends of weaker faith would remonstrate, but, undaunted, she knew her Father was unlimited, and in answer to prayer money was provided. An assistant remonstrated with her one day for taking measures to build another chapel in London, without the means to pay for it. Before he left the house several letters came. Reading one, her face radiated with joy and her eyes filled with tears. "An individual who has heard of Lady Huntington's exertions to spread the Gospel requests her acceptance of the enclosed draft." It was for 500 pounds, or $2,430. "Here, take it, pay for the chapel, and be no longer faithless, but believing," she said.

The preaching appointments which she opened up in her homes, in chapels erected for the purpose, in old tabernacles or factories, in time formed quite a network over her native land. They numbered sixty-seven at her death. What a rebuke to idle hands and slackened zeal! The ministers for these places she herself appointed, and took an active interest in the work. Several were supported from her own purse. Her letters show a careful attention to minute details, an insight in spiritual matters, and a genius for managing akin to Wesley's executive ability.

Last Days of Lady Huntingdon.

The established clergy entered such frequent protests against these evangelical messengers that legal difficulties arose, and the tabernacle in London was ordered closed. Nothing remained for Lady Huntington to do but to withdraw her churches from the establishment and let them, with dissenting churches, take refuge under the Toleration Acts. Her churches then became a distinct denomination.

Differing with Mr. Wesley and his connection as to the doctrine of predestination and election, Lady Huntingdon acted rashly in publicly opposing certain minutes of the conference held in 1770. She humbly regretted this. But some were unwilling to give up the gauntlet, and a controversy—long, sometimes bitter, and likely not always profitable—ensued. However, it belongs to the past.

Lady Huntington's eighty-fourth birthday found her infirm, no longer so active and alert, but fast ripening for Heaven. She carefully arranged all her business, leaving her chapels, houses and furniture, estates and effects, to four trustees, who at their death were to appoint successors. The college was removed from Trevecca to Cheshunt and committed to seven trustees.

One morning as she came from her room, like Moses, her face shone with radiance. She said, "The Lord hath been present with my spirit this morning in a remarkable manner. What He means to convey to my mind I know not; it may be my approaching departure. My soul is filled with glory. I am as in the element of Heaven itself."

A few days later she ruptured a blood vessel, and never recovered. Once, when asked how she felt, her triumphant answer was, "I am well. All is well—well forever. I see wherever I turn my eyes, whether I live or die, nothing but victory." After eight months of sickness, she went home to Heaven, whispering a few hours previous, "I shall go to my Father tonight."

Thus departed from this life the founder of Canvinistic Methodism. What a holy example of faithful stewardship. Well may every Christian of wealth learn from her the privilege of using their means without stint for the spreading of the Gospel. "If riches increase, set not your heart upon them."

JOHN HUSS

JOHN HUSS was a Bohemian priest of the Roman Catholic church, known as Bethlehem Chapel, at Prague. He was born of humble parentage in Husinetz, near Prachatitz, Bohemia, July 6, 1369. He became a priest in 1400. He adopted the views of Wycliffe, whose works he translated and whose doctrines he preached, giving great offense to the Archbishop of Prague.

He was severely conscientious, gentle, charitable, always loyal to truth. People thronged to hear him, hungering for the true word of life. As long as he decried only the sins of the laity he was popular. But when he attacked the riches, extravagance, corruptions, licentiousness and temporal power of the priests, he fell at once into odium with the philosophers of Paris and the church authorities. His doom was sealed when he exposed the depravity of the priests and their accumulation of wealth. His views concerning the intercession of saints, indulgences, confession to a priest, etc., were far in advance of his day, yet not so radical as Luther later taught. But Romanism could not exist without absolute loyalty to her traditions in these things.

The reformer's books were burned, and he was urged to confess that he was in error. In July, 1415, he was brought before an assembly held in a Franciscan monastery and publicly urged to abjure his teaching. He read his reply, written by his own hand, saying: "Through fear of sinning

against truth, and speaking against the views of holy men, I am unwilling to abjure. Yet I am willing to recall anything false or erroneous." Such was the language of a Christian gentleman, not a bigoted fanatic.

He was imprisoned four months at Constance, then was removed to the tower at Gottleben, where he was kept in chains. While in chains and severe suffering, he drew up his reply. His letters were intercepted and distorted. His former friends became his enemies. His loyal friends were not allowed to visit him. He suffered from headache, colic and hemorrhages. Books were denied him. He was returned to Constance. On July 6, 1415, he appeared for the last time before the Council of Constance, then in its fifteenth general session. The Emperor Sigismund sat on the throne, surrounded by princes and an immense crowd. Huss was not admitted until mass and the litanies were over, lest those holy ceremonies should be profaned by the presence of an heretic. Huss was placed upon a platform, while the Bishop of Lodi preached from Romans 6: 6, "That the body of sin might be destroyed", using that Scripture to whet the appetite of his hearers for the blood of the man of God. Then absolute silence was decreed on penalty of excommunication, while thirty articles against Huss were read. These false charges were supported by statements of unnamed absent parties. Thus Huss could not face his accusers nor plead his cause. He tried to answer some of the false accusations, but was roughly silenced. He kneeled down and commended his cause to God. He was accused of claiming to be the fourth person of the Holy Trinity. In vain Huss denied the charge. He was accused of treating his excommunication with contempt, and continuing in his priestly office. In a brief speech, Huss looked squarely at the emperor as he spoke of his safe-conduct being

dishonored. A deep blush colored the face of Sigismund. Many years later, when the Emperor Charles V was urged to violate his safe-conduct and kill Luther, he refrained, saying he did not want to blush as did Sigismund.

Accused of obstinacy, Huss said: "This I utterly deny. I have ever desired to be better instructed from Scripture; and I solemnly declare that such is my zeal for the truth that if, by a single word, I might confound the errors of all heretics, there is no danger I would not face in order to do it." He then fell on his knees and asked God to forgive his enemies. The Council scorned and sneered as the priests formerly had treated Jesus. They now mocked Huss by clothing him in white priestly garments and putting a chalice in his hand. Making him come down from the platform, they dashed the chalice from his hand, calling him an accursed Judas. Said Huss, "I have all hope and confidence fixed in my God and Savior that He will never take from me the cup of salvation, and I abide firm in my belief that, aided by His grace, I shall this day drink thereof in His kingdom." Each insignia of office was removed by an insulting curse. His hair was cut in four directions, leaving his head bare in the shape of a cross. A paper crown, decorated by pictures of fiends, was placed upon his head as they said, "He devote thy soul to the devils of hell." Huss said, "I commend it to my most merciful Savior, Jesus Christ." He was then given over to the secular arm, as the priests gave Jesus to Pilate. The command was given to burn him, his clothes, knife, purse, and everything, leaving not a relic for his friends.

Escorted by two officers, with two police preceding and two following, he was led out to the place of execution. Princes, eight hundred armed men, and an immense and curious multitude formed the procession. The procession took

an indirect route to see the burning of the prisoner's books at the episcopal palace. Huss smiled at this ridiculous display of malice. When crossing a bridge, he improved the opportunity to exhort detachments of spectators. When delayed, he knelt down and prayed. He thanked his jail-keepers for their kindness. He was stripped of his garments, and tied to the stake by six or seven wet cords, drawn about his ankles, limbs, and body up to the arm-pits. His hands were tied behind him, and a scoty chain was fastened about his neck. Two piles of fagots were placed about him, and straw was piled to his neck. One more effort was made to induce him to recant. He refused, stating his reasons, and concluded thus: "Wherefore I will this day gladly seal the truth which I have taught, written and proclaimed, by the pledge of my death." He was compelled to turn his face from the east to the west, as no heretic must be permitted to die with his face toward Jerusalem. The torch was applied. As the flames mounted upward, he cried, "Oh, Christ, thou Son of the living God, have mercy on me." His skull and bones were pushed back into the fire. All the ashes were shoveled up and emptied into the Rhine, that not a cherished relic of the martyr might be treasured. They wished his influence to be annihilated and his memory to rot. But the memory of the just man is revered, while his persecutors are held in everlasting shame and contempt. The flames of the martyrdom of Huss lit the flame of faith in many hearts, and served to emphasize and advertise the great truths he preached. He passed to his reward in his forty-second year, in the very prime of life.

"Faith of our fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with hope,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death!"

JOHN INSKIP

"THERE have been marked periods of revival in the Church, alternated unhappily by periods of spiritual declension. When darkness has covered the earth, and gross darkness the people, God has ever had his agents ready for the work of calling the people back to the life from which they had fallen."

Such a marked man was this son of the prophets, John Inskip, fitted by natural gifts and Divine enduements to take his place as a prominent leader of men.

He was born in the little historic town of Huntinden, England, August 10, 1816. His parents crossed the Atlantic and settled in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1820, leaving their little son in England. The following year he was brought to his parents by a friend. Fourteen children composed the large family. The most indelible memory left upon his youthful mind by attendance at the district school was the cruel and unreasonable modes of torture employed by the enraged schoolmasters in the way of birch exercises and splitting rulers.

His parents were not Christians. Indeed, his father was quite skeptical, and his business of buying and selling cattle brought him into association with rough men, and confirmed him in his infidelity. The children were forbidden even to attend Sabbath School, which was a source of great grief to young John. The conversion of his sister, and of a day

laborer of his father's farm convinced John that there was something supernatural in religion, and he determined to discover it for himself.

April 1, 1832, in a service following evening preaching, he broke away from his companion, who tried to deter him, and, rushing to the altar, found salvation within one hour. That night he joined the church, though he knew it would greatly displease his father. His mother said, "Well, indeed, I am very sorry, as all your religion will be over in a few days. You are too young." His sister Martha, who was home on a visit, encouraged him. The father was greatly afflicted over it, but said nothing to him of it for several months.

The lad of sixteen years felt it was his duty to exhort sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and the Lord gave him some souls. The keeper of the saddler shop heard the lad at his devotions in the corn-field, and asked the privilege of accompanying him. Later John was visiting him in his shop, when another man, anxious about his soul, stopped in. John locked the door and determined to hold on until victory came. The saddler was wonderfully saved, but the other seemed to get no relief in spite of much agonizing. Finally he cried, "O Lord, if you'll bless me I'll join meeting!" To join the Methodists then meant to be despised. Immediately he clapped his hands, and shouted, "Glory! Glory!"

On his father's farm stood an old blacksmith shop. After much earnest prayer, he besought his father to let him use the shop for meetings. The incensed father said, "I will talk to your mother about it." John kept on praying. The mother's reply to the father was, "Let him have it by all means. If he don't get something to keep him home, he will kill himself running about to hold meetings elsewhere." And so permission

was granted, and the delighted boy went to work, white-washing the walls, covering the ground floor with tan and straw, and providing rude seats. It was lighted by tallow dips. There his happy soul saw eighty persons converted to God! As the revival spread, a church was organized. All went well until John's two sisters were converted. The father now resolved upon desperate measures. "What? My daughters become Methodists? Why, it is the heaviest curse that could have come upon me." It was resolved that the daughters should be shut up in a room, and not allowed to attend Methodist meetings any more. The blacksmith shop was to be closed. Then John was informed that in the morning he should leave his father's roof. His only response was, "Father, by the grace of God, I'll save my soul." Next morning his father overheard him praying in the barn for the salvation of his father. This enraged him yet more, and he said he wished the barn, and all it contained, and his son also, would take fire and burn up! Having encouraged his sisters, John went out from home, rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer for Jesus' sake, and singing as he went along:

> "Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song,
> Oh, that all His salvation might see," etc.

He intended to apprentice himself out and learn some trade. He stayed with the class-leader over night, and returned home to get some more of his clothes. The storm of rage and grief had passed away, and his parents were serious and tender. Heavenly joy lit up the faces of his sisters. In the evening the father said with considerable agitation, "John, we must have prayers in the family. I will read, and you must pray." He read the fifty-third of Isaiah, and, while reading, became so much affected that he was obliged to stop and give vent to his feelings in weeping. John prayed with great fervor and

faith. He did not have to leave home again, but stayed, and for several nights prayed with his father. The class-leader came to assist; the father took hold in prayer, and blessed victory came. Later the mother was also saved, and John's joy was inexpressible. The work of the Lord went forward in the old blacksmith shop. It was converted into a neat little meeting-house, and became a regular appointment on Radner Circuit.

He spent a brief time in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. In 1835 he was licensed to preach by Rev. J. Potts, presiding elder. He became one of three preachers who traveled a large circuit in Chester Co., Pa. With a good horse and set of saddle-bags he set out from home. His father bade him a tearful "Goodbye." The "God bless you" of mother, sisters and neighbors attended him. A thrill of holy joy animated his soul, as he literally gave up all to follow Jesus. He had been faithful over a few things. Now God rapidly enlarged his sphere of usefulness.

The first revival on his new circuit was in a room of a tavern, when men came in from the adjoining bar, were awakened by the youthful preacher, and sought salvation at the altar extemporized for the occasion.

Mr. Inskip was an inveterate user of tobacco, especially fond of smoking. He never thought of it injuring his robust constitution, but several times got some conviction about it not setting a very good example for others. He tried several times to quit, he and another even signing a pledge to abstain, but not until he had preached many years did he positively and forever give it up. It was immediately after he received the experience of holiness that he awakened to the Scriptural light upon it and was completely delivered, so that he came to loathe even the smell of tobacco smoke. We must remember, this

was in a day when it was the common custom for ministers to smoke if they chose so to do. Thank God, we live in a day when a clean standard in this matter is required of ministers in most evangelical churches, and in holiness churches the standard is the same for men in the pew as for those in the pulpit.

He sought a deeper experience, and his diary gives repeated accounts of self-examination and confession of shortcomings. Twice he entered into the experience of heart purity, but through lack of knowledge and instruction, and by failing to testify to it, he soon relapsed into an ordinary state of religious experience. Still the Lord blessed him, lured him to Himself, and gave him souls. He served fourteen months in incessant labor as chaplain in the Civil War. Nine of those months his wife assisted him in the spiritual work, and in nursing the wounded.

While he was serving a pastorate in Brooklyn, he and his wife attended Sing Sing camp-meeting. She had been seeking a deeper experience, and at that time was enabled to claim entire sanctification by faith in Jesus' blood. Her joy was unutterable. Her husband was embarrassed and disappointed. He had contracted a prejudice against the profession of entire sanctification and the folks who claimed to experience it, though he felt a need in his own heart for "more religion" and a "deeper work of grace." The ringing testimony of Mrs. Inskip when she returned home stirred the church, and some seekers came forward for prayers. One member expressed the opinion that holiness was what the whole church needed. Inskip exhorted the folks to go on, but confesses he didn't know where they were going to. He was led to preach from Hebrews 12: 1: "Let us lay aside every weight"; his exhortation was pointed and direct, to do it *now*. The Spirit whispered, "Do it yourself." Again the inner voice spoke.

He decided. In the same earnest voice he said, "Come, brethren, follow your pastor. I call heaven and earth to witness that I now declare I will be henceforth and forever the Lord's." His faith gathered strength, and "looking unto Jesus," he exclaimed with unutterable rapture, "I am, O Lord, wholly and forever Thine!" In that act of abandonment and faith the blessed work was accomplished. The bliss, the triumph, the unutterable peace of that hour remained a land-mark and a turning point in his life and ministry. In his diary he wrote: "My soul was indeed wonderfully blessed. I cannot tell when I was ever more filled with the Spirit." "Wholly and forever the Lord's" seemed to be the formula of his sealing unto the Lord.

The same night, after his sanctification, eight souls were converted, and the revival wave swelled until three hundred were converted. A special meeting for the promotion of holiness was established and kept up in the parsonage. He sought the company of Dr. and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, who had held up the doctrine of holiness faithfully in New York. He desired their assistance in his own church. At first his testimonies were in rather general terms, but he became convinced of the impropriety of thus doing. "Perhaps this was owing to certain prejudices my mind had formed before I enjoyed the blessed influences now reigning within. It has, however, been made clear as my duty, on all proper occasions, to tell the wondrous story that the 'Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ cleanseth from all unrighteousness.' I hope the Lord will aid me to declare the wondrous power of perfect love." "How the fire of Divine love burns in my soul! Such near access to God—such tranquil joy—I never knew before. My soul has often been filled with transport, but I never before had such

peace. Oh, sweet peace! Holy calm! How my heart is thrilled! I wish I could put my experience into words.

"My mind had long been prejudiced against the efforts made by a few godly brethren to keep this flame alive in our church. I said not much against them; it is true, I could not. The doctrine I knew to be of God." "My faith fixes my attention on the infinite merit of Christ. Precious Lamb! Glorious Redeemer! My soul is filled with Thy love and satisfied with Thy presence."

"Few believed that the work would long continue. Some of his ministerial associates urged him not to make any rash promises, or pledge that he would never more use tobacco, etc. 'Poor Inskip; he is a jovial, good-hearted fellow. What a pity that he should have gone among those holiness fanatics! But it will be over soon. It is a religious spasm,' said they." But the spasm lasted until death opened the portals of the radiant glory world.

He no longer relished the heated controversies of the preachers' meetings. His soul became sick of the strife he had formerly entered into. He then gave up pastoral work, and gave himself entirely to evangelistic labors.

The year 1867 must be regarded as an epoch in holiness history. It was the year of the inauguration of the National Camp-meeting movement. Professors of holiness were subject to proscription and persecution in their home churches. Preachers of the doctrine of full salvation were regarded with more or less disapprobation. The need of establishing camp-meetings where holiness could, without hindrance, be specially taught, earnestly sought, and joyfully professed, was laid upon the hearts of some leaders in the movement. For months it was prayerfully laid upon the heart of Rev. W. B. Osborn. He visited Inskip, they prayed, wept and believed, and, arising

from their knees, took each other by the hand and pledged eternal fidelity to God and holiness.

A number of brethren whose views were known to be purely Wesleyan were called together, and the movement was begun. The first camp-meeting was held at Vineland, N. J., July 17 to July 26, 1867. J. A. Wood, Benjamin Pomeroy, Alfred C. Cookman, Bishop Simpson, John Parker, B. W. Gorman, W. B. Osborne and John Inskip were some of the leading spirits in the infant organization. From the first the friends of holiness were enthusiastic. While the members were on their knees, the "National Camp-meeting Association for the Promotion of Holiness" was formed, and John S. Inskip was chosen first president, which position he held until death. All the business was transacted on their knees. Alfred Cookman concluded with a prayer of almost unexampled fervency. (It was he who, when departing from this life, cried triumphantly, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!") Then joining hands, the brethren pledged fidelity to God, to holiness, and to each other. This is the only constitution they have ever had. The meetings seemed to be quite on the verge of heaven. Thereafter camp-meetings were held each summer, as many as four or five being held in one season.

Up to the time of Inskip's death no less than fifty-two national camp-meetings had been held. At forty-eight of these he presided. The first two—Vineland and Manheim—were selected and arranged by the association. In every other instance they went by special invitation. Now their work extends from coast to coast, and is the main means of keeping fuel on the flame of holiness teaching and experience in the M. E. church. If there is one note of warning we would like to raise, it would be: There is great danger of holiness preaching

becoming merely professional. Gifted men can teach the doctrine most charmingly and eloquently, and congregations, even on such occasions, are apt to settle back into merely being entertained. Therefore let these, and all camp-meetings, emphasize the importance of heartfelt, agonizing and prevailing prayer, that tides of Holy Ghost conviction and power may attend the preaching of the Word. May seekers not be hurried into a hasty profession, but be urged to complete confession of carnality, and absolute, unreserved abandonment, and simple faith in the all-atoning blood. Thus, as the Holy Ghost obtains full sway, He will come in old-time power.

In the summer of 1880, John Inskip, W. Macdonald and J. A. Wood, accompanied by their wives, started a tour around the world, taking the big tent with them. Their expenses were borne by lovers of holiness. Ministers in England, Rome, Alexandria, India, Australia and Honolulu threw open their arms of welcome. Great was the fruitage in leading missionaries and native converts into the experience of entire sanctification.

Mr. Inskip's exhaustive labors finally told on his seemingly inexhaustible energies, and he was compelled to circumscribe his labors. His spirit was mellowing, and his friends detected he was ripening for heaven. His strenuous labors were broken by periods of ill health, yet his love for the work was so unbounded that the general of so many camp-meeting battles kept in the forefront, crying familiarly, "Come on! Come on!" "There is a fountain filled with blood" became the battle hymn with which almost every National camp was opened, and mighty were the tides of victory and salvation that rolled in upon its heavenly waves.

At one camp he was called upon to preach, but his voice was almost gone. The singing lent inspiration. He announced his text, "And I saw a great white throne." His voice returned as clear as ever. The Lord wonderfully helped him. The thousands who came into the congregation became so interested that they instinctively arose to their feet and gave vent to their feelings in a tremendous shout of praise. Sinners shrieked aloud for help, and scores were converted. Such scenes were not unusual in early holiness camps.

His last sermon was preached at Waynesburg, Pa., from the text, "God hath from the beginning chosen us to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth." (II Thess. 2: 13.) He spoke two solid hours in a glad, exultant voice. With that sermon the gospel trumpet fell from his lips. Three days later he dropped, paralyzed and unconscious. Gradually he regained ability to walk about a little, and could speak so his loving wife could understand. Many warriors of the cross visited him in his last days. His sufferings were very excruciating, but he retained a patient, victorious spirit to the last. He was able to join in song with others, and again and again his countenance reflected the heavenly glow in his soul. Various of his last utterances were: "All is well! Glory! Hallelujah!" "I am dwelling on the mountain." While friends were singing "The Sweet By-and-By," the dying man pressed his wife to him, raised her hands in his, and with a countenance beaming with celestial glory shouted, "Victory! Triumph! Triumph!" These were his last words. He then quietly slept away. The last battle was fought, the victory won, and he was crowned at last (March 7, 1884).

LIZZIE JOHNSON

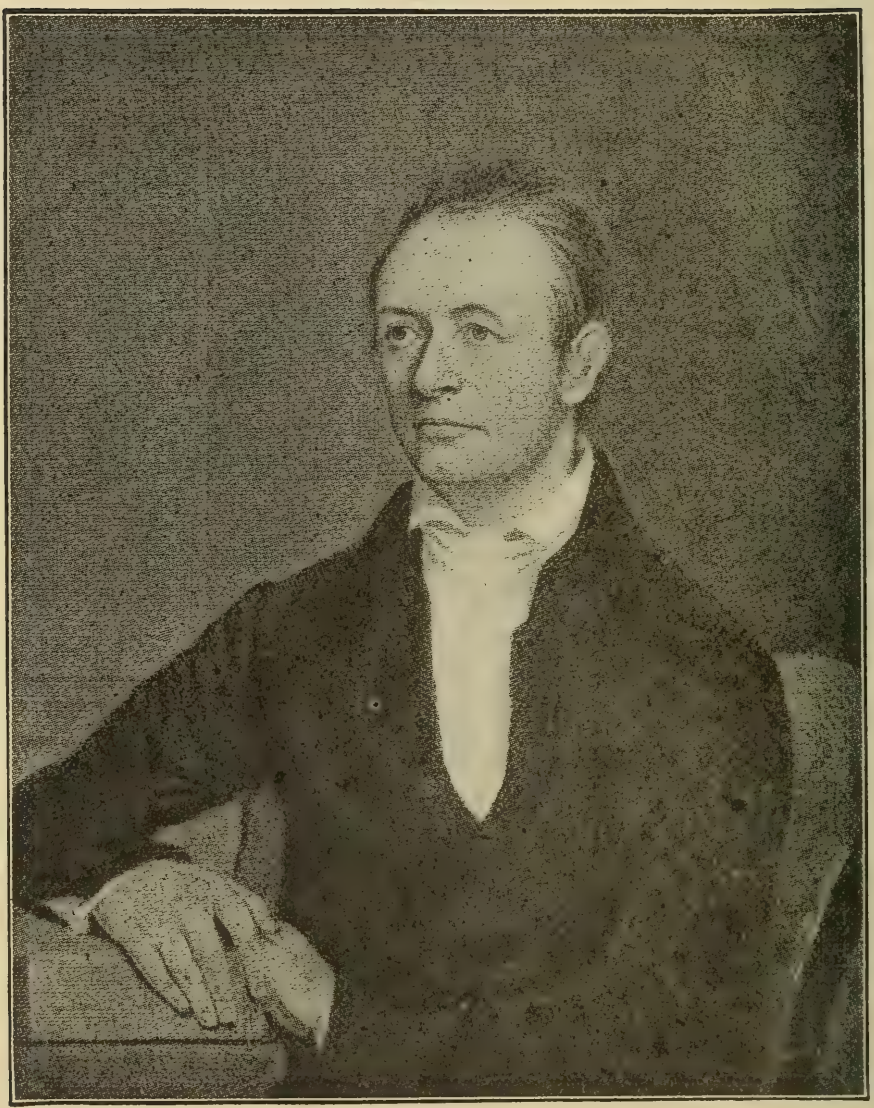
ONE of the most remarkable examples of suffering devotion is that of Lizzie Johnson, who was an invalid for twenty-six years. For eighteen years she never raised her head from her pillow nor sat in a sitting position. But during those years she raised $18,000. You wonder how? Love always finds a medium of expression, and her love for her Savior caused her to love the souls of the heathen, and to desire to spread the Gospel in benighted lands.

First she pieced a missionary quilt. She hoped to sell it for fifty dollars, and thus redeem an African slave, but she found no purchaser. Bishop Frank W. Warne learned of it, and asked her to send it to him. He took it with him, showing it to large congregations, telling Lizzie Johnson's story. Instead of $50 the quilt raised $600.

In addition to the quilt, she made and sold thousands of scriptural book-marks, all over the world, attending to all the correspondence herself. Hear her own words:

"I have worked very hard as I lie on my bed of pain, and am thankful to God for the opportunity of so doing. The profits resulting from the sale of my book-marks go to maintain native workers in foreign lands. The work overtaxes my strength, yet I am eager to toil on and do all I can to enable these native pastors and Bible women to continue their soul-saving work."

She supported five Bible women, two in China and three in India. She went to her heavenly mansion September 21, 1909.



ADONIRAM JUDSON

ADONIRAM JUDSON AND HIS THREE WIVES

ADONIRAM JUDSON, pioneer missionary to the Burman Empire, was born August 8, 1788. His father was for many years a Congregationalist minister. From the time his mother taught him to read, at the age of three years, he manifested a love for books and ability for intense study. His work at school and at Brown University was marked by the best scholarship. The companionship of a young deist at school imparted to him some infidel views, and wellnigh misdirected his opening career. But the sudden death of that comrade awakened Adoniram to his own danger. He flew to the Lord for refuge, and in 1800 publicly professed his faith.

Some literature he read directed his mind to the subject of missions in the Orient. Moreover, while walking alone in the woods near the college, meditating and praying, the Lord applied that Scripture, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." So definite and powerful was the persuasion to his mind that the Lord was giving to him his life call, that he there fully decided to obey the command at any cost.

His parents begged him to accept the pulpit of a large church in Boston. His sister plead with him not to leave his native land. But go he must, for the voice of the Lord had called him across the waters, and heathen hands reaching out for aid called not in vain.

Missionary effort in America at that time was directed only to the Indians and western settlements. After some time, he and three other like-minded young men offered themselves to their church authorities for work in the foreign field. Having yet no organization devoted to foreign missions, an effort was made to induce the London Missionary Society to co-operate with the churches in America in sending out these young men. Failing in this, a Society for the Support of Foreign Missions was formed in America, and Judson, Nott, Newell and Hall were appointed to labor in Asia.

In February, 1812, he married Miss Ann Hasseltine, a young woman of vigorous intellect, ready pen, and sound conversion and deep religious feeling. Witty, gay and amiable, she sought pleasure in the giddy whirl of fashionable amusements, until dark forebodings as to her final destiny brought her to a complete dedication of herself to the Lord. All the energy of her strong nature was now concentrated in the Lord's good service. "Having once laid aside worldly hopes, she bent the whole energy of a cultivated intellect, solemn conviction of truth, and ardent and enthusiastic temperament, and great decision of character, to the one great object of life, to honoring and glorifying the name of her Savior."

"Calmly, solemnly, and with spirits chastened by prayer, they estimated the hazards and toils of their future life. They went forth strong in their love of Christ, earnest in their resolve to convert the heathen, knowing that before them lay a life of rigid self-denial, arduous toil, and, most probably, an early death."

The East India Company, fearing that the introduction of Christianity among the Hindoos would incite them to revolt, ordered the party of five missionaries to re-embark and return to America or England from Calcutta. By a succession of

providential occurrences, which the world would regard as mere accidents, they reached Rangoon, on Burman soil, in the spring of 1813. Already Mrs. Judson's health was affected, and she was carried on shore in a chair.

The Burmese Empire is Eastern India, east of the Ganges, and bordering on China and Siam. The government was an unmitigated despotism of the sternest type. The king was the acknowledged owner of the soil, and the people were practically his slaves. Individual enterprise is thus stifled. A man's life may be brutally taken, or his earnings confiscated, upon the slightest real or supposed provocation.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson at once applied themselves to master the difficult language. He wrote a grammar of the Burmese language for the use of future missionaries. For eight brief months their loneliness was relieved by the sweet baby life of a little son. When death severed the tender tie, their chastened hearts murmured not.

Like all pioneer missionaries, they had to labor long and patiently before seeing results. Their sublime faith is an inspiration to faithful, plodding laborers. He wrote: "It requires a much longer time than I have been here to make an impression on a heathen people. If they ask, 'What prospect of *ultimate* success is there?' tell them, 'As much as there is an Almighty and faithful God, who will perform His promises.' If that does not satisfy them, beg them to let me stay and make the attempt. Or if they are unwilling to risk their bread on such a forlorn hope, as has nothing but the Word of God to sustain it, beg of them at least not to prevent others from giving us bread. And if we live some twenty or thirty years they may hear from us again."

After five years of toil they were able to write home of the first sincere inquirer after the new religion. He became a

true convert, who endured much ostracism and suffering for Jesus' sake.

Mr. Judson's health failed, and he left the mission station for three months' absence for recuperation. But for seven long months he was absent, his faithful wife continuing the school work. News that his vessel had never reached its port added to the suspense. The other missionary and family left for Bengal, owing to some threatening dangers. With resignation and trust in God, Mrs. Judson stood by her post of duty until her husband's safe return. His vessel had been driven from its course, and communication with his loved one made impossible. He had suffered intensely from lack of food and clothing, and was reduced by a raging fever.

He now erected a little Zayat or church. Here, in the front part or porch, he sat all day instructing any passers-by who were interested enough to tarry and listen. In the second apartment his wife conducted a school, instructing a few natives in reading and the doctrines of Christianity. Here also Mr. Judson preached on the Sabbath. Gradually a little, timid congregation gathered about them. Fear of persecution by the government intimidated them.

Mr. Judson had written: "The outlook is as bright as the promises of God." After seven years of faithful toil, his sublime faith was rewarded.

In May, 1819, their first convert, Moung Nau, made a public profession of his faith in Jesus. In his journal Mr. Judson records: "We have had the pleasure of sitting down, for the first time, at the Lord's table, with a converted Burman; and it was my privilege—a privilege to which I have been looking forward with desire for many years—to administer the Lord's Supper in two languages."

Mrs. Judson records: "I have just had a very interesting meeting with the women, fifteen in number. They appeared unusually solemn, and I could not help hoping that the Holy Spirit was hovering over us, and would ere long enlighten their precious, immortal souls. Their minds seem to be prepared to embrace the truth, as their prejudices in favor of the Burman religion are apparently destroyed. Oh, for the influences of that Spirit which can alone effect the mighty change!"

One of the inquirers being summoned before the viceroy, or governor, to give account of the new religion, great fear fell upon the natives, whereupon Mr. Judson and a fellow missionary determined to visit the king, and beg for toleration for the teaching of Christianity among the Burmans. They took with them, as a present to the emperor, the Bible, in six volumes, covered in Burman style, with gold leaf, and each volume enclosed in a rich wrapper. In his magnificent golden throne-room, clad in the rich, gorgeous dress of an Eastern monarch, in due form the humble missionaries presented to this modern Ahasuerus their petition for toleration of Christianity, a tract stating their doctrines, also the elegant volumes of the Bible. He read the petition and handed it back without comment. He read about two lines of the tract and dashed it to the floor. He took no notice whatever of the Bible, and the missionaries were told to take it away. Notwithstanding the refusal of the emperor to grant protection to the new religion, the three converts remained steadfast, although the little congregation of inquirers dwindled.

Mrs. Judson's health required her absence from the mission station for some time to receive treatment at Bengal. Her husband suffered much also from dysentery and fever. Returning to the mission station, her health became so bad that, in 1821, she left for England, and from thence returned to

her parents' home in Bradford, Mass. During that time she wrote a *History of the Burman Mission*, which was instrumental in awakening greater interest in their work. Like all true missionaries, her heart was in the foreign land, whose spiritual enlightenment through the Gospel was her consuming desire. In June, 1823, despite the entreaties of her friends to remain longer, she departed for her distant home.

Dr. Wayland writes thus of her: "To great clearness of intellect, large powers of comprehension, and intuitive female sagacity, ripened by the constant necessity of independent action, she added that heroic disinterestedness which naturally loses all consciousness of self in the prosecution of a great object. To an ordinary observer she would have appeared simply a self-possessed, well-bred, and very intelligent gentlewoman. A more intimate acquaintance would soon discover her to be a person of profound religious feeling, which was ever manifesting itself in efforts to impress upon others the importance of personal piety. The resources of her nature were never unfolded until some occasion occurred which demanded delicate tact, unflinching courage, and a power of resolute endurance, even unto death. As she found herself among friends who were interested in the Burman mission, her reserve melted away, her eye kindled, every feature was lighted up with enthusiasm, and she was everywhere acknowledged to be one of the most fascinating of women."

In 1823 Mr. Judson finished the translation of the New Testament into Burmese. When his wife returned to Rangoon he left for Ava, the capital of the empire, where he had obtained the grant of land to build a mission. Here he constructed a small house of three rooms and a verandah. She wrote: "I hardly know how we shall bear the hot season, which is just commencing, as our house is built of boards, and

before night is heated like an oven. The thermometer, even in the shade, frequently rises to a hundred and eight degrees. We have worship every evening in Burman, when a number of the natives assemble, and every Sabbath Mr. Judson preaches on the other side of the river, in Dr. Price's house. We feel it an inestimable privilege that, amid all our discouragements, we have the language, and are able constantly to communicate truths which can save the soul."

In 1824 war broke out between England and Burmah, and the missionaries passed through scenes of unparalleled horror. The manner of the emperor and court officials changed from friendliness to coldness and suspicion. Mr. Judson and some other foreign residents were roughly taken prisoners. Mr. Judson was unceremoniously arrested, bound with cords of torture, and dragged off to the death prison. The whole capital was in commotion, and no one's life was safe, especially foreigners. The magistrate returned to question Mrs. Judson. Before appearing before him, she destroyed all her letters, journals and writings of every kind, lest they should disclose the fact that they had correspondents in England, and had written down every occurrence since their arrival. She then went out before the magistrate, who questioned her very minutely. Then he ordered the gates of the compound closed, and placed her under guard of ten ruffians. Their diabolical language and threats were kept up all night to terrify Mrs. Judson, her four little Burman student girls, and two Bengalee servants.

Mr. Judson and the other white foreigners were confined in the death prison with three pairs of iron fetters each. On the third day a petition of Mrs. Judson to be allowed to visit the governor of the city and director of prison affairs, with a present, was granted. By paying an exorbitant bribe, she ob-

tained some mitigation of the prisoner's sufferings. He, and the others who paid a like sum, were removed to an open shed. Here Mrs. Judson was allowed to send them some mats and food.

The next disaster was the taking of all their belongings. Boxes, trunks and drawers were ransacked, and everything taken of any value, except some silver and small things which Mrs. Judson had previously hidden safely away. Books, medicines, worn clothing, and a few minor articles were left. She communicated by writing a little to her husband, but the poor fellow who carried the communications, when discovered, was beaten and put in the stocks.

For two or three months she was pestered by petty officers, all of which desired to enrich themselves at her expense, and she was constantly giving unreasonable gifts to secure some small favor to alleviate her husband's afflictions. She writes: "For the seven following months hardly a day passed that I did not visit some one of the members of government or branches of the royal family, in order to gain their influence in our behalf. By repeated visits I gained several friends, who were ready to assist me with articles of food, though in a private manner, and who used their influence to destroy the impression of our being in any way engaged in the present war. But no one dared to speak a word to the king or queen in favor of a foreigner while there were such continual reports of the success of the English arms.

"During these seven months, the continual extortions and oppressions to which the white prisoners were subject are indescribable. Sometimes sums of money were demanded, sometimes pieces of cloth, and handkerchiefs.

"Sometimes, for days and days together, I could not go into the prison till after dark, when I had two miles to walk

in returning to the house. Oh, how many, many times have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night, solitary and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and endeavored to invent some new scheme for the release of the prisoners. For nearly a year and a half, so entirely engrossed was every thought with present scenes and sufferings, that I seldom reflected on a single occurrence of my former life or recollected that I had a single friend in existence out of Ava.

"My prevailing opinion was that my husband would suffer violent death, and that I should, of course, become a slave, and languish out a miserable though short existence, in the tyrannic hands of some unfeeling monster. But the consolations of religion, in these trying circumstances, were neither few nor small. It taught me to look beyond this world to that rest, that peaceful happy rest, where Jesus reigns, and oppression never enters."

With her own hands she made a little Bamboo room in the prison enclosure, where for a time her husband was permitted to be by himself and she was allowed to visit him sometimes.

Seven months after her husband's arrest she gave birth to a little daughter, which she named Maria.

When her child was two months old the condition of her husband was greatly aggravated. Every comfort was taken away, and about one hundred, bound in five pairs of fetters each, were confined in one room, with no ventilation except what air could come in through the cracks, and all this in the hot season of the year! When she once more interceded with the governor he wept like a child, and told her that three times he had been instructed to assassinate all the white prisoners, but had not done it. He also promised that he would never execute her husband. But under such a despotic gov-

ernment, especially in time of war, he was helpless to liberate him.

Mr. Judson was taken with fever. In this condition, he and the other prisoners were stealthily dragged from the prison, tied two and two, and driven eight miles, on foot, in the heat of the day. One poor Greek fell down, overcome by the heat, and expired shortly after they reached their destination. Driven barefoot over the burning sand, the feet of the prisoners became blistered, then entirely destitute of skin. In his weakened condition, and having had no food that morning, Mr. Judson could not have survived the cruel journey had not a kindly man assisted him. The next day they were taken further, to a dilapidated prison at Oung-pen-la. Here they expected to be burned.

In anguish of mind and weakness of body, Mrs. Judson, with her babe in her arms, two Burman children and a Bengalee servant, followed. For six months—wretched months indeed—she lodged in a little crowded room. She still had some money, which she used in procuring scant provisions for her little family and the prisoners. She had not a single household convenience—not a chair or seat of any kind. One of the Burman girls took the small-pox, and, although Mrs. Judson vaccinated her household, the inoculation was not effective on little Maria, who was then only three and a half months old. The care of the little Burman girl, the anxiety over her little Maria, who also took the small-pox; the frequent trips to the prison to alleviate, as much as possible, the suffering of her husband, the faithful woman became entirely exhausted, emaciated, and afflicted with small-pox. She lay for over two months on the mat in her little room. The faithful services of their Bengalee cook likely saved the lives of the devoted missionaries during that time of hardship.

"Our dear little Maria was the greatest sufferer at this time, my illness depriving her of her usual nourishment, and neither a nurse or a drop of milk could be procured for her in the village. By making presents to the jailors, I obtained leave for Mr. Judson to come out of prison and take the emaciated creature around the village, to beg a little nourishment from those mothers who had young children. Her cries in the night were heart-rending when it was impossible to supply her wants. I now began to think the very afflictions of Job had come upon me. When in health, I could bear the various trials through which I was called to pass. But to be confined with sickness, and unable to assist those who were so dear to me, when in distress, was almost too much for me to bear; and had it not been for the conolations of religion, and an assured conviction that every additional trial was ordered by infinite love and mercy, I must have sunk under my accumulated sufferings. The annoyance, the extortions and oppressions to which we were subject, are beyond enumeration or description."

Mr. Judson was taken from the prison and compelled to act as translator, and sometimes as mediator for the Burmese government. His wife returned to the mission house in Ava, where she was prostrated with spotted fever. As the English steadily gained in the war, the Burmese government was compelled to release the foreign prisoners. The confiscated property of the Judsons was returned to them, except the mission house, which had been destroyed.

They removed to Amherst, the missionary prospect brightening before them, as they were now under British rule. Mr. Judson left his wife on July 5, 1826, to be absent three months or more on a journey to Rangoon and Ava, the scenes of their former labors. During his absence the frail babe re-

quired such anxious care from the mother that she declined in health. Going down with intermittent fever, she passed to her reward in Heaven, October 24, 1826, away from all relatives, not even comforted by the presence and aid of her husband, who had, through so many trying circumstances, been the subject of her love and solicitous care. But her faith shone brightly as she lay down her weary frame and anxious cares, to go to be with the Lord she loved so well.

Six months later the tender babe was laid by its mother's side in the mission yard. Surely these devoted missionaries partook in an unusual degree of the self-sacrificing love of Him who gave His life that we might have eternal life.

During the Burman war, Mr. and Mrs. George Boardman arrived at Calcutta to enter upon missionary labors in Burmah. At the close of the war they began labors in Amherst. Later they removed to Maulmain, twenty-five miles distant. They took a special interest in the wild Karens who lived nomadic lives out from the towns. Their labors were blest to many.

After six years of patient, faithful labor, Mr. Boardman fell asleep in Jesus, a victim of consumption of the lungs. His wife, with her little family, remained in Burmah, teaching a school, and doing what she could to enlighten the heathen. One said of her, "She was a lovely wife, fond mother, winning companion, and the most finished and faultless specimen of an American woman." More than that, she had lived a beautiful, consistent, zealous Christian life since the time of her definite conversion in young womanhood. Her life, from childhood up, had been one of loyal, unselfish devotion to her loved ones at home, and then to the cause of the Lord in that distant land.

Seven and one-half years after the death of his first wife, Mr. Judson was married to the widow of George Boardman. She wrote of him, after years of married life together: "He is a complete assemblage of all that a woman's heart could wish to love and honor."

During her residence in India, she translated Bunyan's *Pilgrim Progress* into Burmese; translated from Burmese to Peguan several tracts, a *Life of Christ*, which she had previously translated from English to Burmese, and the New testament."

She sent George, the son of her first husband, to America, where he was educated, and at the early age of fifteen was soundly converted.

Mr. Judson's health declined, requiring a sea voyage and absence from his work for ten months. The Lord raised him up, for his work was not yet done. The climatic conditions brought many illnesses among their little brood of children, and several tiny graves were made by them in that distant land.

At Maulmain Mrs. Judson again commenced her daily round of duties, translating, teaching, advising, and the thousand minor cares devolving upon her as a missionary's wife and the mother of young children. In 1844 another child was added to the little flock, and from the time of its birth Mrs. Judson's health declined rapidly. The disease which so often had threatened her life in former years returned with great violence, and day after day saw her growing weaker. A sea voyage was pronounced the only means of protracting her life, and, as she was too weak and helpless to go alone, Dr. Judson resolved to accompany her.

Leaving the three youngest children with their missionary friends in India, they embarked with the other three in the ship

Paragon, for England, in April, 1845. On July 5 they arrived at Port Louis, Isle of France. "Here she seemed much improved, so that Mr. Judson thought of returning to Maulmain, and letting her proceed upon the voyage alone. But in the interval waiting for the other ship she rapidly declined, and as their ship was a short distance from shore the immortal spirit made its exit from the house of clay. As the end drew near she remained entirely tranquil. No shade of doubt or fear or anxiety ever passed over her mind. She had a prevailing desire to depart and be with Christ. 'I am longing to depart', and 'What can I want beside?' revealed the spiritual peace and joy of her mind. Yet at times the thought of her native land, to which she was approaching, after an absence of twenty years, and a longing desire to see once more her son George, her parents, and the friends of her youth, constrained her to say, 'I am in a straight betwixt two—let the will of God be done.' During her last days she spent much time praying for the early conversion of her children."

Saying, "I ever love the Lord Jesus Christ," and kissing her husband farewell, she went to sleep in Jesus. They made their way to the shore in boats, and there, with brief service attended by her husband, friends, and many of the natives in the strange island, her body was laid away.

Mr. Judson writes: "But I was obliged to hasten on board ship, and we immediately went to sea. On the following morning, no vestige of the island was discernable in the distant horizon. For a few days, in the solitude of my cabin, with my poor children crying around me, I could not help abandoning myself to heart-breaking sorrow. But the promises of the Gospel came to my aid, and faith stretched her view to the bright world of eternal life, and anticipated a happy meeting with loved ones whose bodies are mouldering at Am-

herst and St. Helena. I exceedingly regret that there is no portrait of the second, as of the first Mrs. Judson. Her soft blue eyes, mild aspect, her lovely face and elegant form, have never been delineated on canvass. They must soon pass away from the memory even of her children, but they will remain forever enshrined in her husband's heart."

"She sleeps sweetly here, on this rock of the ocean,
Away from the home of her youth,
And far from the land where, with heartfelt devotion,
She scattered the bright beams of truth."

Mr. Judson continued his voyage to the United States, where, after an absence of thirty-three years, he was most warmly welcomed by his friends. He left his three children to be educated in America, and the next year returned to India, accompanied by his third wife, Emily Chubbuck Judson.

She was a bright young woman of twenty-eight years, of superior mind and education, and possessed unusual literary talent, as evidenced by the many polished productions from her pen under the *nom de plume* of Fanny Forester. Converted when young, she took a warm interest in missions, and in the souls about her, while engaged in her profession as teacher. Her name was fast rising in literary ranks. Her short sketches were collected under the title of *Alderbrook*, and 33,000 copies sold. Her contributions to periodical literature were very popular. Yet she unhesitatingly gave up these bright prospects to accept the arduous labors of a missionary's wife.

She was a cheerful, blithesome companion for her rather elderly husband, and it seemed to renew his youth to live once more in the joys of family life. She was a worthy successor of his previous holy companions, was a faithful missionary and teacher, a kind mother to his children, as well as her own.

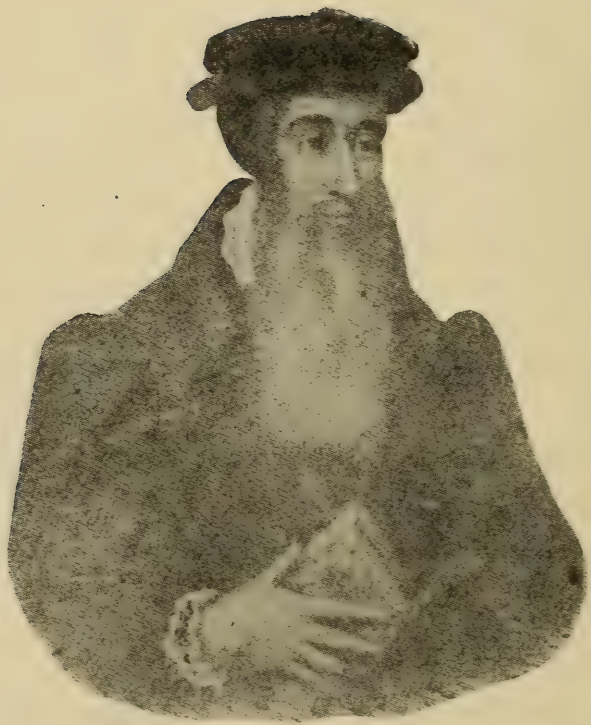
In the third year of her life in India she became very ill,

so that her husband feared she, too, would soon slip from his side. But he was spared that sorrow. She slowly recovered, though her hold on life continued very precarious. In the same year Mr. Judson took a severe cold while assisting his wife in the care of a sick child one night. This was followed by the prostrating fever of the country, and his frame, weakened by pulmonary complaints, could not survive the attack.

They changed homes, took a little voyage, etc., but to no avail. His strength entirely failed. The Doctor then prescribed a long ocean voyage as the only possible hope. Mrs. Judson could not then go with him, but, considering it a duty to make every reasonable effort to regain health, with anguish of heart, they parted. A kind friend accompanied him as he was carried on board on a cot. He rallied a very little, then declined. With solemn reverence the sailors viewed the death of a saint.

"They lowered him to his ocean grave without a prayer. His freed spirit had soared above the reach of earthly intercession, and there they left him in his unquiet sepulchre. But we know that, while the unconscious clay is drifting on the shifting currents of the restless main, nothing can disturb the hallowed rest of the immortal spirit. Neither could he have a more fitting monument than the blue waves which visit every coast, for his warm sympathies went to the ends of the earth, and included the whole family of man."

Mrs. Judson's health was too frail to remain in India, much as she desired to do so. In 1851 she returned to the United States, and three years after her return she died of consumption. Thus closed her life of love, usefulness and piety.



JOHN KNOX

JOHN KNOX

"JOHN KNOX is the foremost public man that Scotland has produced, and was for twenty-five years a formative force, molding into new life the church, the state, and the educational system of the nation, and ever since his death the shaping power of his ideals have made themselves felt."

Very little is known of the first forty years of his life. He was born near Haddington, Scotland, in 1505. His father, though of peasant condition, seemed to be a man of means, and gave his son the best educational advantages. He was near forty when he learned Greek, and fifty when he learned Hebrew. He began to preach when forty-two, and what a mighty proclaimer of the truth he was! Of him it was said that he would become so vigorous and active that it seemed he would "ding the pulpit into blads and fly oot o' it." Multitudes were quickened into newness of life and learned from him the consolations of the Gospel.

Patrick Hamilton had been burned for his faith in the college yard of St. Andrews eighteen years before. Now Knox's spiritual father, George Wishart, the saintly evangelist, suffered a like fate. To speak forth the truth in such threatening times was the work of no weakling. To worship the Lord according to one's light and conscience, in spite of the threatening wrath and vengeance of such queens as Bloody Mary and Mary Stuart (both guilty of murder and adultery),

to proclaim the truth, denouncing the wickedness of sovereigns and people, publicly and unsparingly, to congregations of as many as three thousands in St. Giles' church and elsewhere, reminds one of Elijah the Tishbite. But he was not *naturally* a fearless man. He spoke thus boldly because he was strengthened with might by the Divine Spirit within him, sustained by a life of prayer and communion with God. Consequently Mary, Queen of Scots, feared John Knox more than the Spanish fleet!

In 1525 a statute was published against heresy, making it unlawful to discuss matters of religion, and to be merely suspected of heresy was to suffer. Any who fled from Scotland to more liberal lands were to be condemned. The Bible was almost unknown. The machinery of the Roman church was used to excommunicate, to anathematize, and to interdict the living, and to condemn the dead in the fire of purgatory until their living relatives and friends paid sufficient fees for masses to be said by the lazy priests for their release. Nunneries and monasteries swarmed in the land, and sent out over the country their broods of begging nuns and monks, living generally in luxury and licentiousness, and withal making great pretense to holiness. "There were friars white, and friars black, and friars gray, wandering everywhere, polluting homes and devouring the substance of the people. The nobles shared in the wealth of the church." There was no preaching except by a priest like John Knox, who saw the sins of priests, nuns and people, and cried aloud and spared not, even at the risk of his own life.

Four months after Knox began to preach, he was sitting chained and half naked in the galleys at Rouen, and lashed by a French slave-driver. For nineteen months he was a prisoner on board the French galley. He became prematurely old

through the hardships he suffered, of poverty, slander, exile, defection of friends and malignity of foes. A price was put on his head. He was arrested for treason and many times was burned in effigy. He spent his life forwarding the Reformation in Scotland, and was the friend of the French reformer, Calvin.

Bloody Mary said of him: "I fear the prayers of John Knox more than all the armies of Europe." And well she might, for such mighty prayers will hasten one on, either to Heaven or hell.

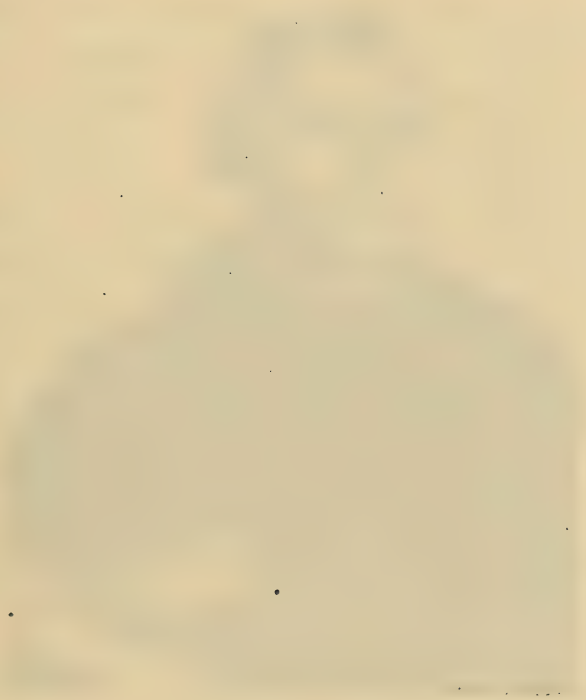
Mary Stuart's outrage of decency led to her exile, and her infant son was made king, with the good Murray as regent. But a foul hand assassinated Murray. This aroused Knox, who addressed three thousand people at St. Giles in a funeral sermon. He loved his nation, and he grieved over the sad plight of the people. He was stricken with apoplexy, and the friends of Mary rejoiced now that his voice was silenced. But after a few months he rallied, and leaning on the arm of a faithful friend, he again addressed the people.

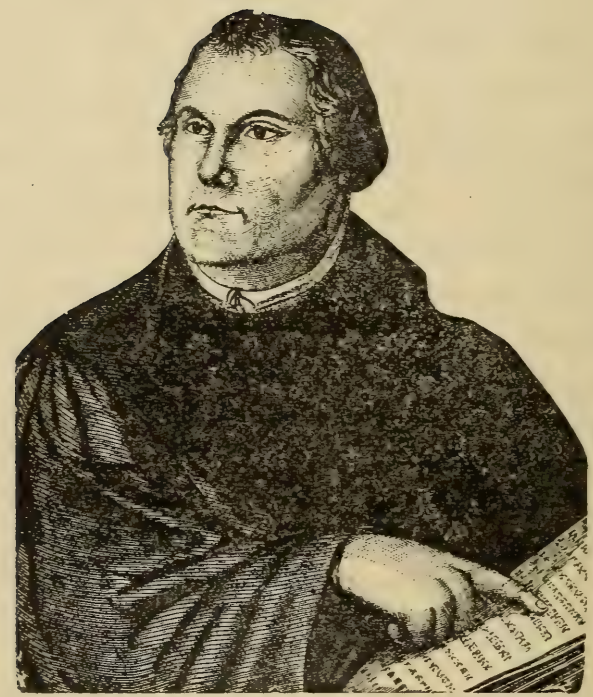
The queen's party became busy, and Knox was shot in his own house. Still he lived. "I am not a man of the law, to sell my tongue for silver or favor of the world. I have plainly and boldly learned to call wickedness by its own name—a fig a fig, and a spade a spade. What I have been to my own country, albeit this unthankful age will not know; yet the ages to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth. It seems a thing most unreasonable that, in my old age, I should be compelled to fight against shadows and owls that dare not abide the light."

"He used to call the students about him, and exhort them to study well to know God, and to stand by the good cause."

"In August, 1572, Knox came back to Edinburgh. There came the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The stairs and halls of the Louvre had been slippery with the blood of the noblest and best. There had been no mercy for babe or gentlewoman or hoary-headed men. The blood had reached the shoe-latchets. The streets of Paris had been piled with the bodies of the dead. One hundred thousand Protestants were slain in France that night. Phillip II of Spain rejoiced. At Rome, the pope and cardinals went in state to church, and sang the Te Deums in honor of the massacre. Knox organized the protest of Scotland against the crime. He was to preach in old St. Giles. Two men lifted the stricken old man into the pulpit. There were tears in his voice, for among the murdered were some of the dearest friends, more than brothers to his soul. The French ambassador came to church clad in all the insignia of his rank and office to intimidate the old man. Knox's voice that day made the very shingles on the roof of St. Giles rattle, like a prophet of old. Fixing his eye on the French ambassador—and they shone out from his wrinkled, wizened face like two balls of fire—he called the king of France a murderer, from whom and from whose posterity the vengeance of God would never depart.

The closing days were near. The day Knox installed his successor the sorrowing congregation saw their decrepit leader going down High Street to his house, and all accompanied him. On Monday night, November 24, 1572, he gave a deep sigh and said, "Now it is come." He was soon speechless. His servant pleaded for one sign that he heard the words of peace (with God). Knox, collecting all his strength, lifted up his hand toward Heaven, and then fell on sleep.





MARTIN LUTHER

MARTIN LUTHER

"COME IN," said the very kindly voice of Ursula Cotta, the Shunamite of Eisenach, Germany. Her welcome words were addressed to a disconsolate youth who, singing in a clear treble from door to door to earn a pittance with which to buy a morsel for an evening meal, had already been repulsed from three homes, and was about to return to his lodging with an empty stomach, and the prospect of having to quit school and return to work in the mines of Mansfeldt. He now gladly accepted the invitation to a tempting meal, delighted his hostess with the music of his charming voice and lute, and when in a few days he was asked by Ursula and her good husband, Conrad Cotta, to make his home with them, his anxieties were over. Ever afterward Martin Luther considered it a gracious Providence that thus opened the way before him. And shall not the hospitable Ursula receive her reward?

Born in 1483 of austerely pious parents, Margaret and John Luther, early sent to school, where severe discipline was maintained by the old-fashioned method of vigorous flogging for minor offenses, trained to hard work in the mines and smelting furnaces with his industrious father, early compelled to earn his own way through school, he acquired a wholesome industry and hardihood of character which, combined with truthfulness, sobriety, and the fear of God, laid the foundation for future usefulness.

He responded readily to the genial cheer of Cotta's home,

became more light-hearted, developed his talents in music, and became very proficient in his studies. The liveliness of his imagination, strength of mind, and gifts of poetry and eloquence distinguished him.

In 1501 he entered the university of Erfurth. His father required him to study law. He began each day with prayer, then went to church; afterward applied himself to his studies, losing not a moment in the whole course of the day.

When he had been at the university two years, and was twenty years old, he discovered among many volumes in the library a Bible. It was a rare book, unknown in those times, and written in Latin. He had heard small portions read by the priest, but had no idea of its many books, volume, depth, unity, beauty, and system of truth. Thereafter he returned frequently to read it. In it lay hid the Reformation.

That year he took his bachelor's degree. The Bible and serious thoughts engrossed his mind more than usual. At another time, in danger of bleeding to death from a serious wound, he cried, "O Mary, help me!"

He received his degree of M. A. in 1505. In the same year there came to his soul a great awakening. His intimate friend, Alexis, met with a sudden and horrible death. Luther himself barely escaped death from a bolt of lightning falling at his feet. With the terrors of death upon him, he vowed that if God delivered him he would abandon the world and devote himself entirely to God.

He had now as great a thirst for holiness as he had formerly for knowledge. But where will he find it? How shall he become holy? He decided to give up his friends and earthly ambitions, to enter a monastery, and by pious works, fasting, afflicting his body by flagellations, coarse fare and a hard bed, to win the salvation of his soul.

His father was deeply grieved and displeased with his son, and his friends were chagrined at his unalterable decision.

The entrance of so distinguished a scholar to the monastery flattered the monks. They resolved to humble Martin by compelling him to carry the bag, begging bread for the convent, through the streets of Erfurth, where he was so well known. Also, he was required to sweep, ring the bell and perform the most menial tasks. But he did it all willingly, hoping by good works to earn salvation and the favor of God! In order to deliver his age from the miserable superstitions under which it groaned, he must first feel all their intolerable weight.

Naturally of very abstemious habits, he became more so in his vain search for holiness. For seven weeks he scarcely closed his eyes in sleep. A little bread and a small herring were often his only food. Even in later life he went as long as four days without eating or drinking. Yet his enemies have accused him of intemperance!

"I tortured myself almost to death," said he, "in order to procure peace for my troubled heart and agitated conscience; but surrounded with thick darkness, I found peace nowhere." To no avail he went to confession each day.

At that time, John Staupitz, vicar-general of the Augustine convents, was making his visitations. He was a good man who, after earnest seeking and vain endeavor, had discovered that true salvation was found in the merits of Jesus. The pale, earnest face of Martin attracted him. The kindly man gave special attention to him, told him that his own works were vain, and pointed him to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Sweet consolation began to steal into his heart, and the Scriptures, instead of unmercifully condemning him, began to glow with a sweet radiance. "If there is an educa-

tion necessary for every man, there is a particular one for those who are destined to act upon their generation."

Staupitz loathed the vices and deceptions of the Romish church, but lacked the courage to boldly denounce them and teach a better way. But with prophetic vision he foresaw that Luther was a chosen instrument to flash the truth of salvation by faith into the thraldom of darkness.

Moreover, Staupitz gave him a Bible, and urged upon him the study of the Scriptures. The soil of his heart had been ploughed deep by conviction and repentance. The good seed of the Word took deep root, and slowly but surely it would come to fruitage, and lead the humble inquirer into light and liberty.

When ill, an aged monk visited him, and to his still restless conscience commended a simple faith in Jesus. Light sprung up in his soul, and he no longer depended on his own works for salvation.

After two years in the cloister, he was ordained priest. In after years he shuddered to recall the words of the ordaining priest when conferring upon him the right to celebrate mass: "Receive the power of sacrificing for the quick and the dead." Said Luther, "If the earth did not then open and swallow us up, it was owing to the great patience and long-suffering of the Lord."

He was relieved of the menial tasks of the convent, and made short preaching tours. Late in 1508 he was invited to become professor at the University of Wittemburg. Accordingly he removed to a cell in the Augustine Convent at Wittemburg, and took up his new duties with delight. He was granted the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and soon devoted all his time to Biblical theology.

The Elector Frederick of Saxony became his warm friend,

and, to the day of his death, the protector of Luther and the Reformation.

In the retirement of his cell, devoting hours to the study of the Scriptures, the great truth that "the just shall live by faith" became more deeply imprinted upon Luther's mind.

At the urgent request of Staupitz, but very reluctantly, he began preaching at the church of the Augustines. Soon the little chapel could not hold the hearers who crowded to it. Accordingly, he was called to preach in the large city church, and became its chaplain. His reputation extended far and wide. Other priests sought to amuse their hearers, rather than to convert them. The serious earnestness of Luther's discourses, the joy which the Gospel imparted to his own soul, the eloquence, the warmth, the authority and unction with which he addressed them, deeply impressed his hearers.

About the year 1510 he was sent to Rome to represent seven monasteries of his order which were at variance with the vicar-general. While some true light of the Gospel had penetrated his soul, yet he was thoroughly loyal to the Romish church. Full of the popular delusions, he had imagined Rome to be the abode of sanctity. Visiting monasteries in Italy, he beheld with astonishment the splendor of their apartments, the richness of their dress, the delicacy of their food, and the impiety of many monks. As he came in sight of Rome he fell upon his knees, exclaiming, "Holy Rome, I salute thee!"

He repeated mass several times at Rome, visited all the churches and chapels, believed all the falsehoods that were told him, performed all the holy practices that were required there, and wished that his father and mother were already dead, so that he might have the joy of delivering them from the fires of purgatory by his masses, prayers, and so many other good works performed in the holy city.

He had found some light, but not all the darkness of Romish superstitions were expelled. The discovery of the scandalous impiety of priests and prelates in Rome horrified his reverent soul. Said he, "No one can imagine what sins and infamous actions were committed in Rome; they must be seen and heard to be believed." The veil was withdrawn, and Luther saw the mockery concealed behind its vain superstitions.

"One day, among others, wishing to obtain an indulgence promised by the Pope to all who should ascend on their knees what is called Pilate's staircase, the Saxon monk was humbly creeping up those steps, which he was told had been miraculously transported from Jerusalem to Rome. But while he was performing this meritorious act he thought he heard a voice of thunder crying from the bottom of his heart, as at Wittemburg and Bologna, "The just shall live by faith!" These words, which twice before had struck him like the voice of an angel from God, resounded unceasingly and powerfully within him. He rises in amazement from the steps up which he was dragging his body; he shudders at himself; he is ashamed of seeing to what a depth superstition had plunged him, and flies far from the scene of his folly."

In 1512 Luther was ordained Doctor of Divinity. His pledge to defend the Holy Scriptures was his call to the Reformation. The infallible authority of the Word of God was the primary and fundamental principle of the Reformation. Rome says the Church is supreme. Protestantism says the Bible is supreme. From this time a new emancipation came to Luther, and step by step he became more bold, clear and fearless in proclaiming the truth.

Public discussions were held, in which some cardinal truths were debated, much to the enlightenment of the people. On

such occasions the reform principles were stated in these or terse statements as subjects for discussion.

At that time a great agitation prevailed in Germany. The markets of indulgence were flourishing grandly. Tetzel, of sonorous voice, elegant dress, and arrogant air, was the trader in the souls of men. To the zeal of an inquisitor he added the skill of a mountebank. Cried he, "Indulgences are the most precious and the most noble of God's gifts. This cross (pointing to the red cross) has as much efficacy as the very cross of Jesus Christ. Come, and I will give you letters, all properly sealed, by which even the sins that you *intend* to commit may be pardoned. I would not change my privileges for those of St. Peter in heaven, for I have saved more souls by my indulgences than the apostle by his sermons. There is no sin so great that an indulgence cannot remit. And now, by means of these letters of indulgence, you can once in your life, in every case except four, which are reserved for the apostolic see, obtain a plenary remission of all your penalties and all your sins!"

"Priests, noble, merchant, wife, youth, maiden! Do you not hear your parents, and your other friends who are dead, and who cry from the bottom of the abyss: 'We are suffering horrible torments! A trifling alms would deliver us. You can give it, and you will not!'

"At the very moment that the money rattles at the bottom of the chest the soul escapes from purgatory, and flies, liberated, to Heaven."

At the conclusion of his speech he would run enthusiastically to the money chest, flinging into it a coin, that it might rattle loudly, crying, "Bring! Bring! Bring!" Thereupon the crowd thronged about the confessors, who regulated the price necessary to be paid according to the extent of the indulgence desired and the size of the pocket-book of the in-

quirer. Much of the gold collected in the heavy chest was squandered by the collectors in taverns, gambling-houses and places of ill-fame.

Generally Tetzel managed the superstitious crowd very well. Rarely did he meet a man enligtened enough or courageous enough to resist him.

"The youthful Myconious was one of Tetzel's hearers. He felt an ardent desire to take advantage of this offer. 'I am a poor sinner,' said he to the commisaries in Latin, 'and I have need of a gratuitous pardon.' 'Those alone can have part in Christ's merits who lend a helping hand to the church—that is to say, who give money,' replied the merchants. 'What is the meaning, then,' asked Myconious, 'of those promises of a free gift posted on the gates and walls of the churches?' 'Give at least a groat,' said Tetzel's people. 'I cannot.' 'Only six deniers.' 'I am not worth so many.' The Dominicans began to fear that he came on purpose to entrap them. 'Listen, we will make you a present of the six deniers,' said they. The young man replied indignantly, 'I will have no bought indulgences. If I desired to buy them I should only have to sell one of my school books. I desire a gratuitous pardon, and for the love of God alone. You will render an account to God for having allowed a soul to be lost for six deniers.' 'Who sent you to entrap us?' exclaimed the vendors. 'Nothing but the desire of receiving God's pardon could have made me appear before such great gentlemen,' replied the young man, and withdrew.

" 'I was very sad at being thus sent away unpitied. But I felt, however, a Comforter within me, who said that there was a God in Heaven who pardons repentant souls without money and without price, for the love of His Son, Jesus Christ. As I took leave of these folks, the Holy Spirit touched my

heart. I burst into tears, and prayed to the Lord with anguish: "O God! since these men have refused to remit my sins, do Thou, Lord, have pity on me, and pardon them of Thy pure grace." I repaired to my chamber, I prayed to my crucifix, which was lying on my desk; I put it on a chair and fell down before it. I cannot describe to you what I experienced. I begged God to be a father to me, and to do with me whatever He pleased. I felt my nature changed, converted, transformed. What had delighted me before now became an object of disgust. To live with God, and to please Him, was my earnest, my sole desire.' "

He became an active Reformer.

Some people who visited the confessional confessed to Luther the vilest sins, but would not promise to reform. He remonstrated that he could not then give them hope of pardon. They then presented their indulgences. Luther was still a loyal papist at that time, but true to the light as it came. "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish," was his reply.

Then to an agitated audience he denounced the whole system of selling indulgences for a price.

In a dream, thrice repeated in the same night, the Elector Frederick of Saxony dreamed that the pen of a Saxon monk, writing in the chapel door at Wittemburg, reached as far as Rome, where it disturbed a lion, until he roared with all his might, his roaring being heard through all the Holy Empire. The same Saxon pen shook the triple crown upon the Pope's head. All the cardinals and princes ran to support it. The monk, being asked how he got that pen, replied that it belonged to a Bohemian goose (Huss) a hundred years old, and that the strength and pith of the pen was quite astonishing. The Elector was much impressed, and there being no Joseph or

Daniel to interpret it for him, he had his own interpretation of it, which fulfillment rapidly came to pass.

Luther felt called upon as a teacher in the University, as pastor in Wittemburg, and as an honest inquirer of truth, to enlighten the deceived people, and to defend the papacy against the scandalous indulgence traffic. His exhortations and sermons had no effect upon Tetzel. He was drawing nearer the city, in all his arrogant pride and greed.

According to an established custom, when one proposed to publicly debate a question of common interest, at noon, October 31, 1517, the day preceding the festival of All-Saints, Luther posted upon the door of the church, to which a crowd of superstitious pilgrims was thronging, ninety-five theses or propositions against the doctrine of indulgences. He proposed to debate the subject on the following day with any who would publicly champion the other side of the subject.

These theses we cannot transcribe in full here. Their terse statement of truth is indicated by the following extracts:

"The Pope cannot remit any condemnation, but only declare and confirm the remission of God, except in the cases that appertain to himself. If he does otherwise, the condemnation remains entirely the same."

"The laws of ecclesiastical penance ought to be imposed solely upon the living, and have no regard to the dead."

"Those who fancy themselves sure of salvation by indulgences will go to perdition along with those who teach them so."

"We should teach Christians that he who gives to the poor, or lends to the needy, does better than he who purchases an indulgence."

The germs of the Reformation were contained in these theses. When he threw down the gauntlet at this time, Luther did not yet see the extent of the battle begun, nor did he yet

comprehend that the doctrine of salvation by faith alone in the merits of Jesus Christ is diametrically opposed to the Romish system of doctrine and superstition, and would yet overthrow it. But the martial spirit of a true warrior is displayed in their bold statement, and a loyalty to truth as revealed in the Word of God, which will carry this herald of light into the thick of the fray, counting not his life dear to himself.

In the most self-abasing and polite language, Luther also wrote to Albert, the Archbishop of Ventz, who had sanctioned the hawking of indulgences. He enclosed these theses, kindly asked consideration of them, and in frankness and humility exhorted him to be true to his responsibility in putting an end to the unbecoming traffic. But to no avail.

No one appeared at the church to attack Luther's theses. But they spread with the rapidity of lightning. A month had not elapsed before they were at Rome. "In a fortnight they were in every part of Germany, and in four weeks they had traversed nearly the whole of Christendom, as if the very angels had been their messengers, and had placed them before the eyes of all men. No one can believe the noise they made." Many travelers to the Feast of All-Saints carried back home with them, instead of indulgences, the theses of the Wittemburg monk. Men conversed about them everywhere, in taverns, convents and universities.

The theses had carried Gospel light to Myconious and many others. On the other hand, Luther had many attacks to endure. Reproaches and accusations were showered upon him. He had expected to see the leading authorities in the church unite with him. He had thought that the most distinguished scholars would stand with him. But after the first outburst of approbation they drew back, foreseeing somewhat how great

and serious and dangerous a combat thus opened with Rome, whose authority the people had blindly obeyed for centuries.

Moreover, it cost Luther dearly to make even so small a breach with the church which he had venerated from his infancy. He entertained most humble views of himself as a weak monk, opposing the majesty of the Pope, before whom kings and the whole earth trembled. If Luther had been led on by human passions or political ambitions, his courage would have sunk, but the travail of his soul proves that his work was inspired of God.

Tetzel replied to Luther in a rather braggadocia way. Luther, in his reply, was not wanting in courage. He styled his adversary's arguments as a house of burrs, his remarks as mere artificial flowers and dry leaves, his bitter invectives as the braying of an ass, which did him more honor than approval from such a source.

An idea of Tetzel's teaching may be gleaned from a few of his statements:

"The Pope, by the greatness of his power, is above the whole universal church, and superior to the councils, and we should implicitly obey his decrees."

"The judgment of the Pope cannot err in matters concerning the Christian faith."

"We should rely and repose more on the Pope's sentiments than on the opinions of all the learned, which are derived *merely* from Scripture."

"There are many things the church (Romish) regards as indisputable articles of universal truth, although they are not to be found in the canon of the Bible or in the writings of the ancient doctors."

Such arguments, combined with threats of excommunication and damnation, were his stock in trade, the usual weapons of a

church which hesitated not to shed the innocent blood of fifty millions who preferred to die for their holy faith than yield a slavish obedience to the dogmas of men.

Luther was not a wild fanatic. As late as 1518 he penned a humble and reverential letter to Pope Leo X, begging him to listen to him while he recounted the facts of the contest, and endeavoring to gain the head of the church to the cause of truth. But already Rome was forming weapons against him.

A message citing him to appear at Rome was intrusted to a legate. Luther's friends, fearful to let him risk his life in that city "drunk with the blood of the saints and of the martyrs of Jesus," interceded for him. The Pope, not even allowing time for the monk to reply, or appear, issued a brief, calling Luther to appear as a heretic before the papal legate, to recant his teachings, and condemning any prince or private person who would shelter him, or aid in spreading his doctrine.

Commanded by the legate, Prierio, to appear before him at Augsburg, where a diet composed of the princes and electors of the Empire was in session to attend to affairs of state, Luther prepared to obey, full of intrepid courage, even while his friends were full of apprehension. Said he, "What I have undretaken to defend I hope to maintain, with the help of Christ. As for violence, we must needs yield to that, but without abandoning the truth. I am like Jeremiah, a man of strife and contention; but the more their threats increase the more my joy is multiplied. They have already destroyed my honor and my reputation. One single thing remains; it is my wretched body. Let them take it. But as for my soul, they cannot take that. He who desires to proclaim the Word of Christ to the world must expect death at every moment."

The courageous Reformer set out from Wittemburg on foot, without a safe-conduct, to answer the summons. On the

way he preached at Weimar. At Augsburg, friends of the truth gathered about him, filled with apprehension as to his safety. Many urged him to preach publicly, but he showed his wisdom, moderation and respect for the Roman legate in holding his peace until his appearing before the latter.

The cardinal, before whom he appeared at the appointed time, was Thomas de Vio, surnamed Cajetan, a man of great learning, loyalty to Rome, and morals purer than could be said of most of his rank.

After prostrating himself before the legate, and arising when bidden, Luther addressed him with all due reverence and humility, acknowledging the theses and doctrines ascribed to him, and declaring himself ready to receive instruction. When informed that he must retract and cease to teach his heretical doctrines, he asked that he be informed wherein he had erred from the truth. Rome is accustomed to obedience without question of its wisdom or justice. It is a case of the blind leading the blind.

The questions in dispute were Luther's teaching against indulgences, and the doctrine of the necessity of faith, even when receiving the sacrament. Luther's reply was: "As for indulgences, if it can be shown that I am mistaken, I am ready to receive instruction. But as to the article of faith, if I made the slightest concession I should renounce Jesus Christ. I cannot —I will not yield on this point, and with God's grace I will never yield."

De Vio: "You must retract that article this very day, or upon that article alone I shall reject and condemn your whole doctrine."

Luther: "I have no will but the Lord's. Let Him do with me as seemeth good to Him. But if I had four hundred

heads, I would rather lose them all than retract the testimony which I have borne to the holy Christian faith."

De Vio: "I did not come here to dispute with you. Retract, or prepare to suffer the penalty you have deserved."

Luther withdrew until another conference. The meeting of the second day was as unavailing as the first, except that De Vio raved, ranted, ridiculed, and assumed the air of a great superior, regarding with pity the vain delusion of an inferior. Luther, having no reasonable opportunity to speak, secured permission to render his answer in writing, believing this would give him a fairer hearing with the legate, and place his reply above the misrepresentations of enemies.

Accordingly he carefully wrote out his doctrines and their Scriptures supporting them on the two disputed points, namely, (1) that indulgences, by reason of a treasure of merit of saints or of Jesus Christ, could not be granted by the Pope; (2) that no man can be justified before God if he has not faith.

The legate scornfully threw the paper aside, saying he had wasted much ink in quoting Scriptures, and stormed as on the previous day, ever crying, "Recant! Recant! If you do not, I shall send you to Rome. I shall excommunicate you, with all your partisans. Think you that your protectors will stop me? The Pope's little finger is stronger than all the German princes put together."

Luther: "Deign to forward to Pope Leo X, with my humble prayers, the answer which I have transmitted to you in writing."

De Vio (in pride and anger): "Retract, or return no more."

Luther bowed and left the hall. He returned no more, for he had no other answer to render. He wrote to a friend: "I have neither hope nor confidence in the legate. I will not re-

tract a syllable. I will publish the reply I gave him, in order that, if he should proceed to violence, he may be covered with shame in all Christendom."

He respectfully waited four days in Augsburg, to do the legate's pleasure. His waiting being useless, and being a poor man, and his time valuable, he notified the legate of his intended departure. (The notice was not delivered until after his departure, his friends fearing greatly for his safety.) He left before daybreak. Also an appeal, drawn up in proper form before a notary and witnesses, was posted upon the Cathedral door, stating that he, Martin Luther, appealed from the Pope, ill-informed, to the Pope, better informed.

The storm clouds were darkening. Luther reached Wittemburg safely, but not knowing when the bolt of the Pope's wrath would fall, he had thoughts of leaving Germany, that he might have liberty to preach and write his convictions.

Spalatin, the Elector Frederick's chaplain; Staupitz, the vicar-general of the Augustines, and Phillip Melancthon were Luther's staunch friends. The latter was a young man of much learning and sound judgment. "We cannot too much admire the goodness and wisdom of God in bringing together two men so different, and yet so necessary to each other. Luther possessed warmth, vigour and strength; Melancthon, clearness, discretion and mildness. Luther gave energy to Melancthon, Melancthon moderated Luther. Melancthon found in Luther a kindness of disposition, a strength of mind, a courage, a discretion, that he had never found till then in any man. They were friends till death."

Another papal legate, Militz, arrived from Rome, armed with seventy briefs, directed against Luther and the Reformation. He was surprised to find public sentiment so much in support of Luther. For every one who was favorable to the

Pope, he found three espousing Luther's cause. Not only was the Reformation gaining ground all over Germany, but its light was spreading to all surrounding countries.

Luther studied the rise, progress and usurpations of the papacy, surprised at his discoveries. In 1520 he published *An Appeal on the Reformation of Christianity*, which was the signal for his complete rapture with the papacy. All hope of reconciliation was gone.

"It is a horrible thing to behold the man who styles himself the Christ's vice-gerent displaying a magnificence that no emperor can equal. (The Pope's personal income is $1,400,000 annually.) He is (say they) the lord of the world! But Christ, whose vicar he boasts of being, has said, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' Can the dominions of a vicar extend beyond those of his superior?"

As to celibacy of the priests, he wrote in the same treatise: "How many priests do we not find burdened with women, and children, and remorse, and yet no one comes to their aid. I assert that, according to the appointment of Christ and His apostles, each city should have a pastor or bishop, and that this pastor may have a wife, as St. Paul writes to Timothy: 'A bishop must be the husband of one wife,' and as still practised in the Greek church. But the devil has persuaded the Pope, as the same apostle says to Timothy (I Timothy 4: 1 to 3), to forbid the clergy to marry. Hence have proceeded miseries that we cannot mention all. How can we save so many pastors, in whom we have no fault to find except that they live with a woman to whom they would, with all their heart, be legitimately married? Let them take this woman as their lawful wife, and let them live virtuously with her, not troubling themselves whether the Pope is pleased or not. The

salvation of your soul is of greater consequence to you than tyrannical laws that do not emanate from the Lord."

"I can very well imagine that I have pitched my song too high, proposed many things that will seem impossible. But what can I do? Let the world be offended with me rather than God. They can but take away my life."

This exhortation soon reached all the German nobility. For clearness of understanding, for energy and enthusiasm, and for lofty reasoning it could not be equaled.

Aroused by the reports of Militz, Eck and De Vio, the Pope issued his famous bull, giving Luther sixty days to retract, commanding him to cease preaching, writing or teaching his heretical doctrines, and to commit his works to the flames. After maledictions, interdicts, and excommunications against him and his partisans, he ordered that he be seized and brought to Rome.

Militz, who labored vainly to persuade Luther to recant, urged him to write to the Pope, assuring him that he had no designs against the pontiff's life. As such designs were far from Luther's mind, and he labored in prayer that he might preserve a right spirit against his adversaries, Luther acquiesced. Conflict had developed his courageous soul. He confidently expected that sooner or later he might lose his life for the cause of truth. So flinging all fear to the wind, he wrote humbly, respectfully, but plainly and faithfully, to the pontiff. We give brief extracts to show the spirit of the missive.

"To the Most holy Father in God, Leo X, Pope at Rome, be all health in Christ Jesus, our Lord. Amen.

"From the midst of the violent battle which for three years I have been fighting against dissolute men, I cannot hinder myself from sometimes looking towards you, O Leo, most holy

Father in God! And although the madness of your impious flatterers has constrained me to appeal from your judgment to a future council, my heart has never been alienated from your holiness, and I have never ceased praying constantly, and with deep groaning, for your prosperity, and for that of your pontificate.

"It is true, I have attacked certain anti-Christian doctrines, and have inflicted a deep wound upon my adversaries, because of their impiety. I do not repent of this, for I have the example of Christ before me. What is the use of salt if it hath lost its pungency, or of the edge of the sword, if it cuts not? I have done but one thing—upheld the Word of God. I am ready to submit to you in everything; but as for this Word, I will not—I cannot, abandon it.

"It is true, I have attacked the court of Rome; but neither you or any man on earth can deny that it is more corrupt than Sodom and Gomorrah, and that the impiety prevailing there is past all hope of cure.

"You are aware that Rome, for many years past, has inundated the world with all that could destroy both body and soul. The Church of Rome, once the foremost in sanctity, is become the most licentious den of robbers, the most shameless of all brothels, the kingdom of sin, of death, and of hell, which Anti-Christ himself, if he were to appear, could not increase in wickedness.

"And yet, O Leo, you sit like a lamb in the midst of wolves. Perhaps there are three or four cardinals who combine learning and virtue. But what are they against so great a number? You would all die of poison before being able to make trial of any remedy. The fate of the court of Rome is decreed; God's wrath is upon it, and will consume it. It hates good advice, dreads reform, will not mitigate the fury of its

impiety, and thus deserves that men should speak of this city as of its mother: "We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed: forsake her."

"I have always regretted that you, who are worthy of better times, should have been raised to the pontificate in such days as these. Rome merits you not. She deserves to have Satan himself for her king. So true it is that he reigns, more than you, in that Babylon. O Leo, Leo, you are the most unhappy of men, and you sit on the most dangerous of thrones! I tell you the truth because I mean you well.

"O Leo! Listen not to those flattering sirens who would persuade you that you are not a mere man, but a demi-god, and can command and require whatever you please. You are the servant of servants, and the place where you are seated is the most dangerous and miserable of all.

"That I may not appear empty-handed before your holiness, I present you a small book which I have dedicated to you, and which will inform you of the subjects on which I should be engaged, if your parasites permitted me. I am poor, and have nothing else to offer you; besides, have you need of any other than spiritual gifts? I commend myself to your holiness, whom may the Lord Jesus preserve forever! Amen!"

The little book was his discourse on *Christian Liberty*.

In some parts of the Empire the Pope's bull against Luther was posted freely. In others, the legate, John Eck, was ill-received, even threatened, and he escaped by night. Germany waited to see if the Reformer would stand firm. To relieve their mind of any suspense, Luther published a terrible discharge of artillery, a treatise, "*Against the Bull of Anti-Christ.*"

Luther's works had been burned by papal representatives in many places. Luther replied by heading a public pro-

cession, which erected a scaffold, set fire to it, and burned the papal Canon Law, the Decretals, the papal Extravagants, and the Pope's bull. War was declared with energy as he flung them to the flames, saying, "Since thou hast vexed the Holy One, may everlasting fire vex and consume thee."

"He is quite alone. Men of power persecute him," said some. Luther replied: "Is it not clear, according to Scripture, that the persecutors are generally wrong, and the persecuted right; that the majority has ever been on the side of falsehood, and the minority with truth? Truth has in every age caused an outcry.

"Moses was alone at the departure from Egypt; Elijah was alone in the reign of King Ahab; Isaiah alone in Jerusalem; Ezekiel alone in Babylon. God never selected as a prophet either the high-priest or any other great personage, but ordinarily he chose low and despised men, once even the shepherd Amos. In every age, the saints have had to reprove the great, kings, princes, priests, and wise men, at the peril of their lives. And was it not the same in the New Testament? Ambrose was alone in his time; after him Jerome was alone; later still, Augustine was alone. I do not say that I am a prophet; but I say that they ought to fear, precisely because I am alone and that they are many. I am sure of this, that the Word of God is with me, and that it is not with them."

Maximilian had died, and Charles V was crowned Emperor of Germany. He and most of the princes of the Empire were subservient to the Pope, though many of them could not help admiring Luther's courage, and admit that he spoke the truth. Rome was demanding the life of the reformer, and they were too timid, servile, and devoid of God's grace to stand unflinchingly for the cause of truth. Only Frederick, the oldest and wisest of the princes, as well as the most pious,

was persuaded that Luther was right. Yet ought he to take a position contrary to the young emperor, the princes, and the Pope himself? He did not yet feel ready to break alliance with the papacy. Luther resided in his dominions, and to him the elector showed many favors, and extended his friendship and confidence. When hard pressed to surrender Luther to the papal vengeance, he refused consent. Though he did not feel called upon to propagate the truth far and wide, his kindliness and forbearance gave opportunity for the prophets of God to scatter the light.

However, Luther did not lean upon the arm of flesh. He said: "If the Gospel was of a nature to be propagated or maintained by the powers of this world, God would not have intrusted it to fishermen. It belongs not to the princes and pontiffs of this age to defend the Word of God. They have enough to do to shelter themselves from the judgments of the Lord and his Anointed. If I speak, it is in order that they may attain a knowledge of the Divine Word, and that by it they may be saved."

The elector came to the conclusion that he would not give way to Rome. He will not stain his hands as did Pilate.

A mighty revolution, of which God Himself was the author, threatened to overthrow the Roman hierarchy.

The first assembly of the empire over which the new emperor presided was a solemn diet, convoked to meet at Worms in January, 1521. Never before had so many princes met together in diet. Electors, dukes archbishops, landgraves, margraves, counts, bishops, barons, lords, deputies of the towns, and ambassadors of the kings of Christendom, with their brilliant trains, thronged to Worms.

Many were the intrigues of papal nuncios, Spaniards and

Belgians, as well as princes, in endeavor to influence the pale young emperor, hardly twenty years of age.

He was between two fires. He desired neither to displease the Pope or the Elector Frederick, concerning Luther, which was one of the questions agitating all minds, and requiring some settlement at this time.

At the same time Rome issued a new bull (a very appropriate name for such a decree), excommunicating the Reformer and all his adherents, and sent plenty of gold for her representatives to carry on their bad business. Priests everywhere were to publish the decrees from their pulpits, lighted tapers were dashed to the ground and extinguished, bells rung, and anathemas pronounced.

The emperor decided that Luther should be summoned to meet the diet, but without a safe-conduct. This the elector and his friends would not consent to, knowing the treachery of Rome. Accordingly the princes, through whose dominions Luther would have to journey, signed a safe-conduct, assuring their protection and his safety.

It was God's will that this light should be set upon a hill, giving the truth not only to men of low estate, but permitting the unadulterated Gospel to penetrate into mansion and palace.

Accompanied by worthy friends—Jonas, Schurff and Amsdorf—Luther proceeded to Worms. His adherents all along the way showed their admiration and solicitation for his safety. Many warned him not to enter Worms, for papal adherents were saying that the safe-conduct of a heretic ought not be respected. Even Spalatin, chaplain of the Elector Frederick, sent messengers to warn him. But Luther, undismayed, turned his eyes upon the messenger and said: "Go and tell your master that, even should there be as many devils in Worms as tiles on the house-tops, still I would enter it."

Several young nobles, knights and others, totaling about one hundred, rode out to meet him. His arrival was announced by trumpets, and two thousand people accompanied him through the streets to his hotel. Of course, many were moved by mere curiosity to see this illustrious man of God who had dared to defy the Pope.

Some urged King Charles to get rid of the Reformer, but he kept his pledge of safety to him.

The next day, accompanied by the imperial herald and the marshal of the empire, Luther was escorted to the diet. The crowd was so dense that progress was impossible, and the marshal commanded private homes to be opened, that he might conduct the man of God through yards and houses to other streets. Roofs, windows, buildings, streets swarmed with spectators. It is said that in the great building where the diet sat in session, five thousand crowded into outer halls and corridors and ante-chambers.

It looked as if the devil had outwitted himself, for this surely was the greatest possible advertisement of the resurrected truths of Scripture.

Luther was brought before the most imposing assembly; the Emperor Charles V, whose domain extended over the greater part of the old and new world; his brother, the arch-duke Ferdinand; six electors of the empire; twenty-four dukes; eight margraves; thirty arch-bishops, bishops and abbots; seven ambassadors; the deputies from ten free cities; princes and counts; in all, two hundred and four persons.

The sight seemed for a moment to dazzle and intimidate the Reformer. All eyes were fixed upon him. After a solemn silence, the chancellor of the Arch-bishop of Treves, John ab Eck, rose and said clearly, first in Latin, then in German: "Martin Luther, his sacred and invincible imperial majesty

has cited you before his throne to require you to answer two questions: First, Do you acknowledge these books to have been written by you?" (pointing to about twenty volumes placed upon a table). "Secondly, Are you prepared to retract these books and their contents?"

His counsel exclaimed, "Let the titles of the books be named."

The titles were read. Some of them were devotional books, having nothing to do with the controversy.

Luther replied in Latin, then in German: "Most gracious Emperor! Gracious princes and lords! His imperial majesty has asked me two questions:

"As to the first, I acknowledge as mine the books that have just been named. I cannot deny them.

"As to the second, seeing that it is a question which concerns faith and the salvation of souls, and in which the Word of God, the greatest and most precious treasure either in Heaven or earth, is interested, I should act imprudently were I to reply without reflection. I might affirm less than the circumstance demands, or more than truth requires, and so sin against this saying of Christ: 'Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.' For this reason I entreat your imperial majesty, with all humility, to allow me time, that I may answer without offending against the Word of God."

This calmness was worthy of the Reformer and his cause. Yet the partisans of Rome began to hope that Luther was dismayed and fearful. Not so. He wished to reply worthily, and without the least suspicion of rashness or passion.

After counselling with his ministers, the emperor granted the request.

The next morning the face of God seemed hidden from

Luther. His soul was tempest-tossed. But a glimpse of the soul life is given in his humble intercession. "O Almighty God! How terrible is this world! Behold, it openeth its mouth to swallow me up. How weak is the flesh, and Satan how strong! * * * O God, do Thou help me against all the wisdom of the world! Do this, for this is not my work, but Thine. I have nothing to do here, nothing to contend for with these great ones of the world! But the cause is Thine, * * * and it is a righteous and eternal one. O Lord, help me! Faithful and unchangeable God! In no man do I place my trust. It would be vain! All that is of man is uncertain. O God, my God, hearest Thou me not? My God, art Thou dead? No! Thou canst not die! Thou hidest Thyself only! Thou hast chosen me for this work. I know it well! Act, then, O God! Stand at my side, for the sake of Thy well-beloved Jesus Christ, who is my defense, my shield, and my strong tower.

"I am ready to lay down my life for Thy truth, patient as a lamb. * * * Though my body, which is still the work of Thy hands, be slain, reduced to ashes, my soul is Thine! Yes, Thy Word is my assurance of it. My soul belongs to Thee! It shall abide forever with Thee. Amen. O God, help me! Amen."

In the secret place, strength and courage were imparted to the humble and despised man. Peace of mind came, and he prepared his reply.

Again he was escorted to the hall, where for two long hours he was compelled to stand among the swaying throng, waiting the diet's pleasure to call him in. A trying ordeal for an ordinary man.

With due ceremony, the questions of the previous day were again asked of the Reformer in the august assembly.

After proper introduction, Luther replied that he was the author of the books named. He then alluded to the general subjects of his writings, their reasonableness, and the fact that all honest men admitted that the grievances against Rome were too true.

"I frankly admit that I may have attacked them with more acrimony than is becoming my ecclesiastical profession. I do not consider myself a saint, but I cannot disavow these writings, for by so doing I should sanction the impiety of my adversaries, and they would seize the opportunity of oppressing the people of God with still greater cruelty.

"Yet I am a mere man, and not God. I shall, therefore, defend myself as Christ did. 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil.' How much more should I, who am but dust and ashes, desire every man to state his objections to my doctrine!

"For this reason * * * I conjure you to prove, from the writings of the apostles and prophets, that I have erred. As soon as I am convinced of this, I will retract every error, and be the first to lay hold of my books and cast them into the fire.

Luther had spoken in German with great modesty, but with warmth and firmness. Commanded to repeat it in Latin, he did so with equal energy.

The Chancellor of Treves, orator of the diet, said indignantly: "You have not answered the question put to you. You are not summoned here to call in question the decisions of the councils. You are required to give a clear and precise answer. Will you, or will you not retract?"

Luther replied without hesitation: "Since your most serene majesty and your high mightinesses require from me a clear, simple and precise answer, I will give you one, and it is

this: *'I cannot and I will not retract, for it is unsafe for a Christian to speak against his conscience. Here I stand, I can do no other. May God help me! Amen.'* "

Many found it difficult to conceal their admiration. Some few ridiculed a greatness of soul which they could not appreciate.

Said the chancellor: "If you do not retract, the emperor will consult what course to adopt against an incorrigible heretic."

Luther: "May God be my helper, for I can retract nothing."

Luther then withdrew, and the princes deliberated. Called in again, he was asked if he would retract a portion.

"I have no other reply to make than that which I have already made," calmly answered the man of God.

The Lord had sustained His servant, and gave him a wisdom which could not be gainsayed.

Luther was commanded to return home, and forbidden to disturb the public peace. We are reminded that the apostles were also chastised, and forbidden to preach any more in the name of Jesus. Their reply had been, "We ought to obey God rather than men."

On the lonely road, near the forest of Thuringia, Luther was seized by masked men, and borne away. For months even his friends knew not what had become of him. Rome rejoiced, and godly men sorrowed. But finally, by the writings published from his pen, it was known that he was still alive, and undaunted.

Charles had signed his condemnation, and forbade anyone to give him shelter, and offered reward for his captivity and surrender.

But Luther's friends had anticipated treachery, captured

him, and concealed him in the Wartburg Castle, where he was disguised as Knight George. The abduction had been conducted so mysteriously that even Frederick did not for a long time know the fate of the Reformer.

Like Moses in the desert, Paul in Arabia, Bunyan in Bedford jail, this seclusion, this absence of excitement, was wholesome for Luther. It gave him time to meditate and pray, to study and to write, and, more than all productions of his pen, *to translate the Bible into the German tongue*, of which he was a master. The Word of God had been a sealed book to the common people, being forbidden them by the papacy, and written in a strange language. Luther's hope of putting it in reach of all was realized. His greatest fault, in Rome's estimation, was valuing the Bible above the decrees of Pope or council.

After ten months' concealment, Luther came again to Wittemburg, quelling a rising fanaticism among some too zealous reformers.

He renounced his monastic vows. Romanism did not cease to threaten and to hate him. Some suffered martyrdom for the faith, but it pleased God to spare Luther, though he lived with his life on the altar of sacrifice.

In June, 1525, Luther married Catharine Bora, a virtuous woman who had received the evangelical teachings, and, with eight others, had left a nunnery. For this act papists reproached him vilely, while all over the country were licentious priests living in open adultery, while under the vows of celibacy. Luther had lived a pure life, and now made a loyal, affectionate husband, home-maker and father. After all the toils he endured, it is pleasant to know that he had the comfort of a noble, true helpmeet after his forty-second year. His strong, tender love of his children was most beautiful.

Even good men have their weaknesses. Luther had his. He was of a very ardent temperament, and sometimes spoke too rashly or immoderately. His disagreement with Zwingle concerning the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, and his seeming inability to abandon his own viewpoint, at least long enough to look at it impartially from the standpoint of another, proves again that even godly people sometimes err.

The great Reformer died at Eisleben, the place of his birth, February 18, 1548. He had gone thither with his sons to visit, preaching four times. He felt ill, but came downstairs, saying, "There is no pleasure in being alone. Nothing frightens the devil so much as when two or three Christians get together and sing, and are happy in the Lord." Retiring, he awoke in the cold of death. "It is warm, Master." "Then this cold is death. How ill I am. I shall die in this house where I was born."

Some of the German states espoused the cause of the Reformation, others steadily opposed it. Internal wars were the result.

"Such terrible paths had the German people to tread towards national freedom and unity. Ten generations of Germans had to bear the curse brought upon them, *not* by the Reformation, but by those who opposed it; not by Luther, nor even by Munzer and his wild associates, but by the Emperor Charles V, and others of the higher powers who sided with him when he sold the interests of Germany, and signed the treaty with the Pope, on that fatal 8th of May, 1521, at the Diet of Worms."

The Gospel liberty which we enjoy has been purchased by bloody sacrifice. Let us then be true to the faith of our fathers, earnestly contending for "the faith once delivered to the saints."

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, THE "PATHFINDER"

GATHERED around their hearth-fire in their humble peasant home in Blantyre, Scotland, the Livingstone bairns listened for the fortieth time to their grandfather's story of the bravery of his sire at Culloden. Their eyes glowed with interest, their hearts warmed with enthusiasm, and a like passion to be brave, daring adventuresome, and true to the right was born in their young breasts.

Honesty, piety, industry, hardihood and brave perseverance were developed by the home life of the happy group. When David was at the tender age of ten, he began to lift the family burden by working from six in the morning until eight at night in the Blantyre cotton mill. His work was to watch the spinning thread, seize the ends of broken threads and tie them together. When he was nineteen he became a spinner, receiving larger wages.

But his busy brain was also spinning plans and ambitions for the future. With his book propped up on the spinning jenny, he used chance opportunities to gather information and study the languages and sciences. He also attended night school from eight to ten o'clock, sitting up until twelve to study if his mother did not arouse and send him off to bed. Science, history and travel, but not novels, were devoured eagerly. With a part of his first earnings in the mill he had bought a Latin grammar.

"Looking back now on that life of toil, I cannot but be

thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education, and, were it possible, I should like to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training.

"Time and travel have not effaced the feelings of respect I imbibed for the humble inhabitants of my native village. For morality, honesty and intelligence, they were, in general, good specimens of the Scottish poor."

Somewhere along in his teens, there came to him a spiritual awakening. He had no difficulty in believing in the atonement and exercising saving faith in the Lord. "The change was like what may be supposed to take place were it possible to cure a case of color blindness. The perfect freeness with which the pardon of all our guilt is offered in God's Book drew forth feelings of affectionate love to Him who bought us with His blood, and a sense of deep obligation to Him for His mercy has influenced my conduct ever since.

"In the glow of love which Christianity inspires, I soon resolved to devote my life to the alleviation of human misery. Turning this idea over in my mind, I felt that, to be a pioneer of Christianity in China, might lead to the material benefit of some portions of that immense empire, and therefore set myself to obtain a medical education, in order to be qualified for that enterprise."

His parents were well pleased with his design. His mother's face glowed with pride. He was permitted to save his money earned in the summer that he might attend medical and Greek classes, and divinity lectures by Dr. Wardlow, in the winter, in Glasgow. Alone for the first time in the metropolis, he felt very lonesome, but said, "I must put a stout heart to a stey brae" (a stiff hill).

He finished his course, and was admitted a Licentiate of

Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. "It was with unfeigned delight I became a member of a profession which is pre-eminently devoted to practical benevolence, and which with unwearied energy pursues from age to age its endeavors to lessen human woe."

He was now qualified to go out as a medical missionary, but the opium war was then on in China, and it was not advisable to go there. So he offered his services to the London Missionary Society. After a more extended theological training, he embarked for Africa November 14, 1840, his father having walked from Blantyre to Glasgow in the early gray of the morning with him to bid him God-speed and a very loving farewell.

After three months' voyage he reached Cape Town. Thence in a wagon, drawn by many oxen, over the mountains and down in the jungle paths, he made a journey of seven hundred miles to Kuruman, on the Congo, the headquarters of Robert Moffat. But here he would not tarry, as a less brave soul would be glad to do. He wished to go at least two hundred and fifty miles further than any missionary had yet gone. Accordingly he traveled to the People of the Crocodile, or Bakwena, as they were called. Here he learned their language perfectly, and all about their lives in their huts. He taught them to build canals for watering their gardens, and improvements in building, as well as the Gospel of the kingdom. Then he traveled on to the Bakaa, a fierce tribe which murdered traders. But fearlessly the man of God went among them, eating and sleeping with them, healing their sick and winning them to better lives.

As he traveled along the edge of the Kalahari desert, his black companions whispered, "He is not strong; he is quite slim, and only looks stout because he puts himself into those

bags. He will soon give out." But they were mistaken. The white man who had scouted over the hills of Scotland, hunting botanical and geological specimens, traveling sixty miles on foot one day, was more than a match for the natives, who marveled and begged to be allowed to go more slowly.

He then made a journey of four-hundred miles, traveling for the first time on the back of a great ox, with loose skin and great horns, which threatened the rider quite frequently. On this trip he broke his finger in a fall, and re-broke it in killing a lion which threatened their camp one night. His sacrifices won the love of the natives.

He then went to live with the Bakhatla, or People of the Monkey, at Mabotsa, a fortnight's journey from Kuruman. The night was made terrible by the roar of lions, which inhabited the densely wooded hills encircling the little village. They attacked the sheep and cattle in open daylight. The natives thought the lions bewitched, but, inspired by Livingstone, they surrounded a hill which was the favorite haunt of the animals. Their shots angered the lions. Three of them brake through the ring of men. The frightened men started to go home. Livingstone went around the end of the hill, and saw one lion sitting on a rock. He fired two barrels into him. While he was ramming another bullet he heard a shout. Turning, he saw the lion springing upon him. The furious beast seized him by the shoulder, shaking him as a cat would a mouse. Leaving him dazed, he turned upon Mebalwe, who fired upon him but missed him. After biting the native in the thigh he attacked another, but just then the bullets he had received took effect and he fell down dead. This death of their leader so frightened the lions that they left the neighborhood.

Livingstone's shoulder was crushed, and eleven tooth-

marks left on his arm. Thereafter it was almost helpless, being raised with difficulty and pain.

While his arm was healing, Livingstone went to Kuruman, and on beyond it, to meet Robert Moffat, who was returning from England to resume his work in the dark continent. At that time he met Mary, the daughter of the great pioneer missionary, Robert Moffat, to whom he was married soon after. She was as devoted as he was to the salvation of the heathen, teaching the natives, laboring among them while her husband was absent months at a time, never complaining or pining for better things. She was a true daughter of her noble, self-sacrificing parents.

Livingstone built his own house, as the natives were so used to building round huts that they did not know how to lay a straight wall. Said he, "My wife is maid of all work and I am Jack of all trades." They had to churn their own butter in a jar, mould their own candles, and make their own soap with the ash of plants, for the nearest store was hundreds of miles away.

At Mabotsa Mrs. Livingstone had one hundred children in her school. After laboring in his garden and assisting the natives in various ways, during the day, after the milking time in the evening, Livingstone preached to the men, women and children who nightly came to the services. His medical training was always very useful, both to his own family and the needy heathen, who often made long journeys to receive the white man's medicine.

Another missionary was sent to Mabotsa, and so Livingstone resigned his house to them, and with Mrs. Livingstone as "Queen of the Wagon", drawn by many oxen, he started out to find a new location. They came to Chonuane, a Bakwana village, of which Sechele was chief. He welcomed the mis-

sionaries and the Gospel, and here they built another house. The little white baby born at this place was a great curiosity, indeed, so different from the chocolate babies of the natives, and fairer than its parents, who were burned brown by the tropical sun. Many times Livingstone bared his breast as evidence that he was a white man, and not an Arab or Portuguese slave-trader.

Livingstone and the whole tribe moved to Kolobeng, by the side of a river, that they might have a supply of water during the long dry season. The country there was full of wild beasts. The missionary, standing in his own front door, shot a rhinoceros and a buffalo.

Livingstone left his wife and child, and with two hunters and some natives, started on his first journey across the desert, seeking a lake which no white man had ever viewed. They traveled midst great herds of swift antelopes, flocks of ostriches, roaring lions, howling jackals, crying hyenas, chattering monkeys, cackling guinea-fowls, and huge hissing snakes. Crocodiles, hippopotami and water snakes inhabited the waters. The elephant and rhinoceros, the zebra and giraffe, were encountered.

Added to these dangers in all the travels of the great pathfinder was the bitter hostility of many tribes, because they feared the slave-driver. Often were droves of slaves met, with yokes upon their necks, tied together by their hands, driven mercilessly on, starving and weary, many falling by the way their bones bleaching in the sun, their villages aflame, their flocks plundered. Livingstone burned with desire to kill the slave trade. He believed that if he could succeed in opening a path through the heart of Africa to the sea, missionaries might penetrate the continent, and government authorities suppress the horrible trade.

One hostile tribe of the desert was the little Bushmen. They threatened the travelers with their poisoned arrows. But Livingstone's plan was not to fire upon them, but by being calm, friendly and fearless, to disarm them of their fears, and God surely protected him and gave him wisdom. After a little time, he usually succeeded in trading beads or cloth for provisions, or if he possessed nothing to trade God opened their hearts to provide his necessities, and he returned their kindness by doctoring their sick, and teaching the Gospel, by using his magic lantern pictures of Gospel scenes. Everywhere his memory was honored, and those poor, benighted heathen looked longingly for his return when he traveled on. Even the slave-driver gained access to tribes by saying, "The missionary is our father". Then he treacherously carried them off to the slave market at Zanzibar or some coast town.

Reaching the Zouga River, he traveled much by canoe, which was much pleasanter than going on foot or in the lumbering ox-cart, cutting their way often. In August, 1849, he discovered Lake Ngami. But he heard of more distant rivers and tribes, and his brave unresting soul yearned to reach them also, but Chief Lechulatebe would help him to go no farther, but desired him to remain with his people.

Livingstone was convinced that not so much of Africa was a great desert as people had generally believed. He made his way back along the edge of the Kalahari desert, and thence to Kolobeng. The next year, with his wife and three children in the wagon, he began the journey again. What a wonderful and adventurous journey for little white children!

The children were attacked by fever, through which their father nursed them, then took them back to their humble home. The next year, however, they all started again. Their guide lost his way, and for over four days they were without water

in the parched desert. The children moaned and cried with the burning thirst. On the fifth day one of the men found a spring of water, and they were saved. They journeyed along the Zouga, and up the Tamunakle, to the home of Sebituane, a warlike chief of the Makalolo, who became Livingstone's warm friend. But in a few weeks the friendly chief died. His daughter ruled in his stead.

Here Livingstone again left his family, and journeyed northeast, finding a broad, beautiful river, which proved to be the Zambezi, flowing into the Indian Ocean.

Feeling that he could not be contented unless he opened a path from the interior, where they now were, to the east or west coast, he again took his wife and children to Kolobeng. But what was their surprise to find that Sechele and his tribe had been driven off by the Boers, their possessions plundered, and the village desolate.

They went on to Kuruman, visiting the Moffats, hence to the Cape of Good Hope, at the extreme southern tip of Africa. There the loving mother and four children sailed away to England, leaving the lonely but resolute father to turn back into the jungles, to fight heathenism and the slave business, and to open, if possible, a path to the coasts.

Said he, "I will go anywhere, provided it be *forward*."

"The Boers have made up their minds to close the country. I am determined to open it. Time will show who will win.

"*I will open up a path through the country or—PERISH*"!

Such a resolution meant accomplishment when made by a man whose life was a succession of deeds which men said were impossible. His resourceful mind found a way through ob-

stacles or around them, when a fainter heart would have given up the effort.

With many difficulties he made his way again to the distant Makalolo tribe, hauling his pontoon in the wagon, then taking the wagon apart to carry it across the Chobe on the boat. Farther on he pioneered, until he reached Linyanti, where dwelt Sekeletu, the son of Sebituane. This kind chief journeyed on farther with the dauntless missionary, exploring the Zambezi.

Returning to Linyanti, he secured twenty-seven Makalolo to carry luggage and help him make a path to the sea. If he had been obliged to pay all his helpers he never could have accomplished much, for he had but little money. But the natives learned to trust him implicitly, and served him faithfully, just for love.

"So Livingstone and his twenty-seven African companions started off on their tremendous pathfinding. He left his wagon in charge of the Makalolo at Linyanti. One man carried a tin box with some spare clothing in it, another bore his case of medicines, a third his books, and a fourth his magic lantern. Others carried his small gypsy tent, a sheepskin mantle, and a horse rug." With the accuracy of a scientist he observed in detail the animals, birds, fish and reptiles; the plants, trees, vines and flowers; the soil and verdure; the surface and geologic structure of the ground; the latitude and longitude, making maps of the country.

"As he sits there in the canoe scanning the banks, nothing seems to escape Livingstone's bright, fearless, blue-gray eyes. He notes everything, from the tall palmyra tree-tops, and the many-colored tangle of creeper and flower, to he kind of soil through which the river runs. He sees from the color of the water in the river, the soil that it has already drained.

He watches the habits of every creature, from the huge hippopotamus down to a curious ant-eating insect that stands on it head to attract the ants, and wags a feathery tail, in which are hidden a pair of tweezers. He reckons the kind of a crop that each part of the country could bear. He finds his directions, and guides his travel on the vast trackless continent by the stars. And, living for a year among men who are by nature filthy-mouthed, quarrelsome, vain and violent, he remains clean, strong, and most powerfully peaceful, guiding his walk and that of his companions by a book which he has consulted for years, and which is, to him, the pathfinder's manual—the Bible."

At nightfall, tired and sleepy, they lie down in their hastily-constructed shelters, surrounding the cattle, and the campfire burning brightly to frighten away wild beasts. After writing up his journal, and alone waiting on God, the missionary also retires, having taken every precaution for the safety of all his men. The faithful head-boatman slept in the doorway of Livingstone's tent. The man or beast who would harm his master must do it over his body.

"Man, ox, gun, or tusk, you must give me," was demanded again and again by hostile tribes, who had learned to hate the white traders for their treachery. But Livingstone would sooner part with his own life than give one of his men into slavery. He could not spare many oxen, as he needed them. His gun he needed to obtain food. He had a few tusks, given to him by Sekeletu to trade at the coast.

At one place, neither part of an ox, a handkerchief, some beads, nor all Livingstone could offer, would gratify the greed of the chief. He insisted that a man be given as a slave before the party would be permitted to pass through his territory. Livingstone sat calmly on his camp-stool, with his gun across

his lap, while the angry natives were brandishing their swords and whispering angrily, then shouting death. "A young man rushed at Livingstone to kill him. Livingstone quickly put the muzzle of his gun to the young man's mouth. The youth ran for his life. Livingstone said, 'We will not strike the first blow. If you do so the guilt of blood is on your head.'

"Livingstone's men, armed with their hunting javelins, quickly surrounded the chief, Njambi. He, seeing that if his own men fired at Livingstone he himself would at once be killed by the Makalolo, decided on peace. Presents were exchanged, and Livingstone and his party went on."

One day, when an ox was demanded, Livingstone offered one whose tail happened to be cut off. "No, we will not have it. Its tail has been cut, and witchcraft medicine put in," said they. Livingstone's men laughed heartily, then cut off the end of the tail of each of the other oxen, and never had another request for an ox.

Often the only place where he could keep his watch dry was under his armpit, for he would be up to his waist in flood and marsh, while the rain came down from above. The fever made Livingstone so weak that he could neither sit on the ox nor walk without support. Sometimes he just staggered on like one in a dream. But the white man who would go on refused to stop or turn back in his quest.

"Your white leader is only taking you to the coast to sell you as slaves," whispered some villagers to the Makalolo. They began to doubt and despair, and threaten to turn back and go home.

"If you go back, still I shall go on," said the patient, persevering man. He went alone to pray. Soon his faithful men repented, and gathered about him, saying, "We will never leave you. We are your children."

"At last, after traveling for over six months by canoe, on ox-back and on foot, through marsh and forest, through river and flood, in fever and hunger, in peril of savage men and wild beasts, for fifteen hundred miles which no white man had ever seen before, Livingstone came out on a high plain in sight of the sea and Loanda—the goal of his journey!

"His companions, who had never before seen the sea, or really believed in its existence, looked with wonder on the limitless blue ocean, sparkling in the sun.

" 'We marched along with our father, believing that the world has no end. But all at once the world said to us, "I am finished." There is no more of me.' "

They were most hospitably received at Loanda, many gifts of clothes, a tent, supplies, etc., being provided for them. Fever-stricken, lonely and weary, Livingstone was begged to go aboard the British steamer in the harbor and sail home to England, to his dear wife and children. But he could not be induced to do so, for he had promised the kind Makalolo to bring them back to their home, over fifteen hundred miles away. In ceaseless trudging, over blistering plain and tangled forest, he was true to his word to those poor ignorant Africans! No wonder they loved him!

He sent his journels, written daily with remarkable detail and accuracy, to England by that outgoing ship. But it was lost at sea! Perhaps the missionary, too, would have perished had he listened to the flesh, and broken his word with the poor black men. The news of the sinking of the ship reached him several days after he left Loanda. Eager to go on, yet the patient man tarried three months, and faithfully re-wrote the account of his travels, for he wished to give to the world the information known only to himself.

"At last they reached Linyanti, the home of the Makalolo, in triumph. Livingstone was amused at the pride of his men as they strutted into the village, dressed in their new clothes, which they had carefully carried all the way from Loanda. He heard them boasting, 'We went on till we had finished the whole world. We only turned when there was no more land.' "

But the great pathfinder did not settle down yet. The path to the west coast was fever-stricken and dangerous. He hoped to find a better way to the east coast. With the aid of Sekeletu, he secured one hundred and twenty men to go with him, and thirteen oxen for riding and for food. They traveled much at night to avoid the tsetse fly, which is fatal to horses and cattle. On this trip he discovered five mighty cataracts, roaring like thunder, rolling over the edge of a precipice a mile wide, dashing down four hundred feet, the spray rising in great columns and hiding the sun. In the spray hung a double rainbow, "a beautiful bridge of quietness over the rage of the tumbling water." He named this Niagara of Africa the Victoria Falls. On a tree trunk, on the island at its brink, Livingstone carved his initials in November, 1855.

On this journey he was exposed to more danger from barbarous tribes through whose lands they must pass. The cruel slave trade had made the natives vicious and suspicious. Burning villages and bleaching bones and troops of savages, bound and being driven to the coast, told the heart-rending story. Moreover, the slavers hated Livingstone with devilish malice, and desired his destruction, for he was sending information to Europe and America that was stirring the hearts of the public to oppose the fearful traffic.

Livingstone used peaceable means to win favor, and usually was successful. He interested the suspicious natives with

his watch, or magnifying lens, or trinkets from his pockets, and won them by gifts.

The story of the journey is a repetition of the dangers and hardships, the fevers and weariness, of the previous travels.

On March 2, 1856, Livingstone was worn with fever, travel and lack of food. He could go no farther, and lay down to rest, about eight miles from Tette, on the Zambezi. Early the next morning his men were frightened by two soldiers, but they were friends, bringing them a fine breakfast. Eagerly they walked the other eight rough miles, then traveled by canoe to Quilimane. Livingstone settled his men on plantations, or at Quilimane, promising to return if he lived to do so, and after an absence of sixteen toilsome years, embarked for England. He had not spoken in English for three and a half years.

He reached his family near Christmas, 1856. What a joyful home-coming it was! One anticipated joy was not his, that was to see his aged father, and recount the events of the recent years. His father had died just before his illustrious son reached home. But his mother was still living, and he visited her.

With his wife and youngest son, he left England in the spring of 1858, landing safely at Cape Town. He left his wife with her parents at Kuruman, while he steamed away in his new ship, the "Pearl", off to the east coast, up the Zambezi, to Quilimane and Tette, where he was widely and profusely welcomed by his Makalolo friends whom he had promised to take back to their country.

True to his word, he took them back, discovering the Morumbwa cataract on the journey. They came also to six foaming cataracts which they named the Murchison Falls. In one great marsh he counted eight hundred elephants, and

captured one small one. They shot two enormous pythons, or serpents, ten feet long. They found the beautiful Lake Shirwa, and in September, 1859, the waters of Lake Nyassa gleamed before them. Livingstone was the first white man to view it. He reached Linyanti again, his promise fulfilled to bring his men home.

His last travels are pathetic, indeed. His feet became blistered. The slave-raiders stole his goats, so he had no milk. He had to eat hard maize, so that his teeth fell out. He drew up his belt three holes to relieve his hunger. He dreamed about splendid dinners, but awoke to find himself more hungry than ever. Then his medicine-chest was stolen. His quinine was gone, which had helped him to fight off many sieges of fever. "This loss gnaws at my heart terribly. I feel as if I had now received sentence of death," wrote he. He was so ill that he tottered as he walked, and fell down insensible. Gaining some strength, he went on, having heard of other rivers, and hoping to find the rise of the Nile. Finally he returned to Ujiji, hoping to find supplies, letters, medicine, and papers from England. But nearly all his supplies had been stolen or burned by the Arab slave-traders, who hated him so bitterly. When he wrote forty letters home, and paid carriers to take them to the coast, the Arabs destroyed every one.

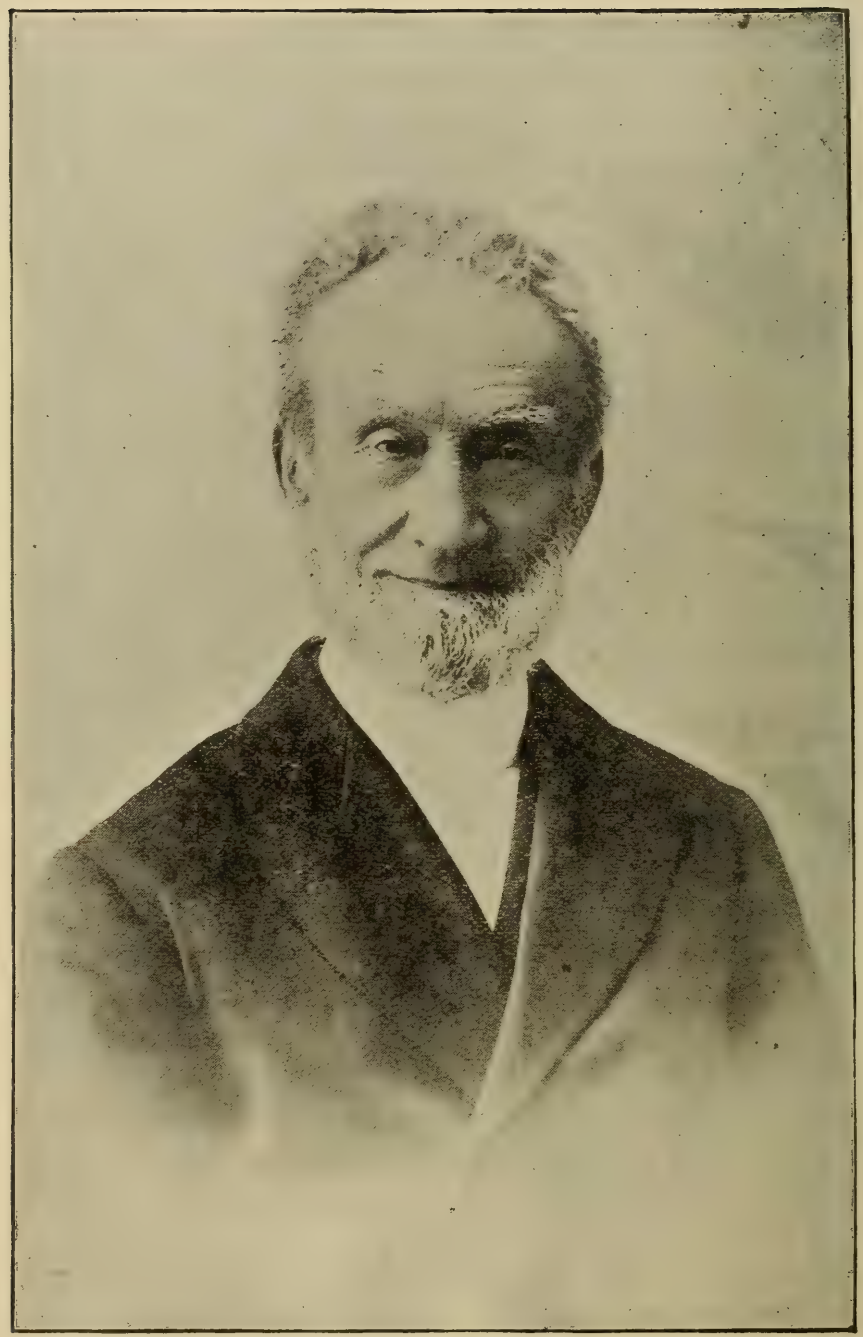
At Ujiji one day there strode up to him a tall, brave American, Henry Morton Stanley, who had traveled many thousands of miles to find the man of God. Never was voice or form more welcome. He handed the pathfinder a bag of letters. Documents of statesmen and scholars were laid aside as he eagerly read loving missives from his children, now motherless, for she had died of fever while visiting her husband two or three years previous.

The visit of Stanley brought new life to Livingstone. Instead of his scant two meals a day, he now enjoyed four hearty meals, for Stanley had brought a plenty of provisions, also medicines, clothes and news. For over four months they were together, Stanley traveling with him farther into the interior. He begged Livingstone to go home with him, but he replied, "I must finish my task."

After Christmas, 1872, he went southward, plunging through the dark and awful marshes round Lake Bangweolo. Livingstone suffered agonies of pain, and grew weaker every day. He could no longer walk, and was carried in a hammock swung on a pole. He became too weak even to bear the gentle jolting, and his noble servants tenderly put him down, while they built a hut for him. His hut was finished, and they carried him in. He wound his watch, then asked, "Is this the Luapula?" "No." "How many days is it to the Laupula?" "Three days." He sighed.

They helped him to select some medicine, then he bade them go to rest. The one left with him called to Susi just before dawn. They entered the hut, and by the flickering candle they saw his motionless form, kneeling by his bedside, with his head buried in his hands. His last act had been to commend himself to God, and perhaps breathe a prayer for Africa, shrouded in heathen darkness. The prayer was ended. He had found the Path to the Celestial City.

Tenderly his five faithful natives wrapped his embalmed body, tying it securely to a pole, and through three thousand miles of wilderness, jungle, marsh and desert, facing dangers from wild beasts, savage men, hunger and thirst, they bore the precious dust to the sea, whence it was taken by ship to England, and amid the honors of the nation and all the world it was laid in Westminster Abbey, with the most illustrious dead.



GEORGE MÜLLER.

GEORGE MÜLLER

TO effectually apply the test of prayer to the unseen God, in such a way as to leave no doubt that, in these very days in which we live, it is perfectly safe to cut loose from every human dependence and cast ourselves in faith upon the promises of a faithful Jehovah, was the unusual aim and life purpose to which the subject of this sketch, George Müller, devoted his long, useful life.

He was born near Halberstadt, Prussia, September 27, 1805. While in training for the ministry, he was dissipated in his habits, and at sixteen was sent to prison for defrauding a hotel-keeper. He went to Halle as a student of divinity. A visit to a private meeting for prayer and praise proved the turning point in his life. He was soundly converted.

In 1826 he began to preach and teach. In his pastorate at Ebenezer Chapel, of Teignmouth, England, he abolished collections, and depended on voluntary gifts.

He undertook to demonstrate to the unbelieving world that God is a living, present God, and that He proves it by answering prayer; and that the test of this fact might be definite and conclusive, he undertook to gather, feed, house, clothe, and also to teach and to train, all available orphans who were legitimate children, but deprived of both parents by death, and destitute.

He began in a small way by giving to a few children, gathered out of the streets, a bit of bread for breakfast, and

then teaching them for about an hour and a half to read the Scriptures. This work he carried on for sixty-five years, until there were under his care, and in the orphan houses which he built, twenty-two hundred orphans, with their helpers.

In all that time his sole dependence was on Jehovah, the Living, Present God. He appealed to no man for help, and did not even allow any need to be known before it had been supplied, even his intimate co-workers being forbidden to mention any existing want outside the walls of the institution.

Things spiritual and unseen are, to the average man, distant and indistinct. By using the key of faith and prayer, we may unlock the hidden treasuries of God, and furnish to our fellow-men a concrete proof that "God is, and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." "When a man's chief business is to serve and please the Lord, all his circumstances become his servants."

This one poor man, in his labors of over three-score years, built five large orphan houses on Ashley Down, Bristol, England, and took under his care over ten thousand orphans, spending for them almost a million dollars. He gave aid to day schools and Sunday-schools, in Britain and other lands, where nearly one hundred and fifty thousand children have been taught. He circulated nearly two million Bibles, or parts of it, at a cost of $200,000; also three million books and tracts at a cost of about $200,000 more. In addition to this, he spent about $1,300,000 to aid missionary labors in various lands. The aggregate of money he thus handled for the Lord in answer to private prayer was *seven million, five hundred thousand dollars!*

Of money given to him for his own use, or bequeathed to him personally, he gave over $400,000 to the work so dear to his heart.

He did not die rich. The total value of his books and earthly possessions at his death was less than eight hundred dollars! His object had not been to lay up earthly treasure, and, like John Wesley, he would have felt guilty of not practising what he preached had he hoarded wealth.

Since his death, in 1898, the work has been carried on by his successors and helpers on the same principles, and with the same results. The same God honors the same mode of doing His work.

The institutions dependent upon the gifts of the rich and philanthropic advertise widely, build up a constituency, and make such public note of gifts that it is very honorable to be listed among the contributors.

But the work of George Müller was conducted on a different plan. Hundreds of cases occurred when there was not sufficient for the next meal, yet only God was appealed to, and never but twice was it necessary to postpone a meal, and then only for half an hour.

The supplies always kept pace with the growing needs. As the institutions enlarged, the amounts necessary for the increased running expenses were supplied by the Lord.

Once, in a crisis, all available funds were gathered. A single penny was lacking to make up the necessary amount. That lonely penny was found in the contribution box.

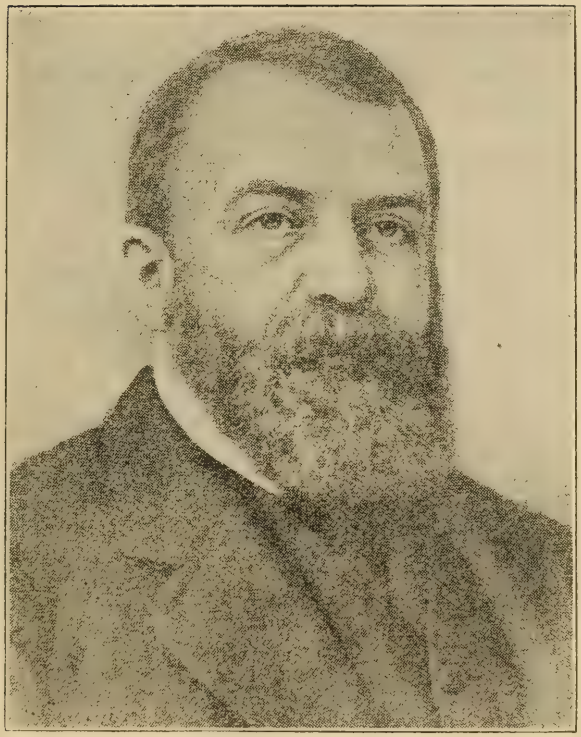
Often the exact amount needed for some repairs or supplies was received in the mail from a donor who knew absolutely nothing of the need.

In order that even the yearly reports might not be regarded as a sly appeal for money, the reports were withheld for over two years, yet the supplying of every need continued without interruption.

DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY

MENTION of the name of D. L. Moody conjures to the mind's eye a vivacious and supremely earnest preacher of righteousness, addressing vast audiences of ten or fifteen thousands of eager listeners, while multitudes turn to God in repentance and faith. His was the call of broad, general evangelism; like John the Baptist, he called in rugged language to the throngs to repent, and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

The bustling, wilful, rollicking boy, who was the sixth child in the family of nine children, reared by their widowed mother, gave promise of being most anything but a preacher. The father died when Dwight was just four years old, but the brave, strong mother kept her numerous brood together, aided by the counsel and meager help of the parson and her brothers. The little home on the mountain side at Northfield, Mass., with its couple acres of land and some debts, was all she had, but patiently and hopefully she lifted her burden of toil and care until her little ones grew able to fill her hands with plenty and her heart with joy and comfort. "When God wants to make a great man, he begins by making a great woman." All who met Mrs. Moody were not at a loss to know where he got his vim, courage, and hard common sense. "In the shadow of every great man walks his mother." Her heroism, pluck and courage to attack hard propositions were transmitted to her son.



DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY

Her husband had died suddenly, on his knees in prayer. She, too, lived a life of devotion and practical piety, and was her children's chief instructor in religion.

Until he was about seventeen this vigorous, ambitious, strong-willed youth attended the district school. But whatever information he received was mostly by accident, as he voluntarily gave his attention to most anything rather than books. About the time he had to quit school that he might more largely aid in the support of the family, he awakened to the realization of his lost opportunity, and often in later life regretted the waste of his school days. But, as always, his pluck helped him out, and his ready wit saved him from despair.

He started out to find his fortune, but at first fortune did not seem to favor him. There was more of the country in his appearance and manners than Boston was accustomed to. A big boil on his neck did not improve his prospects. He was too independent to ask employment of a relative until, for a week or more, he had sought elsewhere in vain. Finally, taking some good advice, he went to his uncle, Samuel Holton, who gave him employment in his store on condition that he board at a place of his uncle's selection, stay in at nights, and regularly attend Sunday-school. This he agreed to do, and faithfully kept his promise, though obedience to his elders had been a rare grace in him. He did not feel at home among the well-dressed, well-bred city folks, but his pride and tenacity of purpose kept him at the task of conquering a place for himself in their respect.

The pastor of the Congregational church captivated this spirited youth. No ordinary preacher would have secured his respect. He would have spent the time in criticising and mimicry. But at last he found a man who he believed was wiser than himself!

The Sunday-school teacher failed to interest him for a long time. But one day the unpromising pupil ventured a remark, upon which the tactful teacher seized and enlarged. His jealousy of the good clothes and manners of the other church-goers made him revengeful and scornful. But the Lord softened his heart, and when the Sunday-school teacher asked him kindly to surrender to God, he yielded, and in answer to earnest seeking, he found the definite assurance of pardon. He at once took opportunity to testify, and add a little exhortation, much to the discomfort of the polished believers around him. Some wished his uncle to counsel him to keep still until he could tell in more elegant language the story of his salvation. But the uncle wisely said nothing to his fearless and enthusiastic nephew.

He applied for church-membership, and went before the deacons for examination. He knew very little theology. Like the blind man, there was but one thing he knew, that was the fact of his salvation. So he was placed on a kind of probation with two elders to look after him.

Six months later he applied again for admission, and this time was received, though with some misgivings. Moody paid his debt of gratitude to the Sunday-school teacher by later bringing his son to the Lord. The rest of the time he spent in Boston he seemed to feel like a caged bird. But no one directed his activities. They seemed more concerned to put an occasional extinguisher upon his ardent zeal. And so he planned to go to the great, broad, new west, where he would be sure to find room.

In 1856 he landed in Chicago, and found a position as salesman in the boot and shoe store of Mr. Wisall. His bluff, hearty style made him popular with the rough class of customers coming into the growing town. Cranky, unmanageable

customers were turned over to him, who took great delight in convincing them that he had just the article they wanted. Moody's duties were partly outdoors, also. He used to visit hotels, depots and public places, to discover prospective purchasers and drum up trade. Or if there were no customers in the store, he would stand outside the door, button-hole strangers, and sell them a bill of goods. He literally compelled them to come in.

He hated billiards, theaters, cards, and all such amusements as enticements of the devil. Coming into the store from a meeting one night, he found some of his fellow-clerks engaged in a game of checkers. He seized the board, dashed it to pieces, and dropped on his knees to pray.

He joined the Plymouth Congregational church, and at once hired four pews, and kept them full of young men every Sabbath. But he also testified and exhorted in a way the brethren did not relish. He told the Lord some things in prayer which were not very complimentary to them. Accordingly he was advised to hold his peace, but keep his pews full of youths. The speaking and praying could be better done by some more pleasing tongue.

Partly because no one church could furnish him with enough to do, he attended the Methodist church on Sabbath mornings, at an hour when there were no services in his own. Outside the door he would stand, giving printed and verbal invitations to passers-by. Also he discovered a little mission Sunday-school, where he offered to teach a class, but the superintendent replied that he had more teachers than classes, but that if he brought in his own scholars he might teach them! Here is a good example for all ardent candidates for a job in the service of the Lord! The next Sunday Moody

appeared, followed by eighteen bare-headed, bare-footed street gamins and gutter-snipes, ragged and dirty.

In one of his visiting bouts he met Mr. J. B. Stillson, doing the same thing. The two gladly joined company, visiting ships in the river, giving out tracts and testaments to the sailors, and holding little meetings on deck or at street corners. That summer they helped to recruit twenty Sunday-schools. Then Moody rented a deserted saloon near the North Side Market, where he started a Sunday-school of his own, made up of the offscouring of society. Two hundred drinking places were within range of his voice in the open-air services held on the steps of the Mission. The district in which he located was known as the Sands, a moral lazaretto, whither bad women and worse men swarmed and committed such crimes that it was dangerous for a decent person to walk the street after nightfall. But it was Moody's delight to bring the worst of sinners to Christ. They were people to whom he could talk without worrying over the defects of his education. He spent hours reading his Bible, spelling out the hard words, or cheerfully skipping the impossible ones, but always finding the Lord in His Word.

Mr. Reynolds happened to drop in at a meeting in the old shanty ex-saloon. There he saw young Moody, surrounded by a few tallow candles, holding a negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the prodigal son. Many of the words in the simple story he could not make out and had to skip. The spectator soliloquized, "If the Lord can ever use such an instrument as that for His honor and glory, it will astonish me."

None of the ideal modern equipment of a Sunday-school was his; no organ, blackboard, charts, lesson leaves, banners and rewards. But he had an almost womanly love for chil-

dren. He won their confidence. He romped with them in the jolliest fashion, but was always in control. He carried "Missionary Sugar" in his pockets, and won many a fleeing candidate for his school by a generous lump. Soon he was the most popular man in that region. Yet he sometimes had to flee for his life when some angry parent attacked him for inviting his children to the school. But Moody invariably returned again and again, until he found the parent in an approachable frame of mind, and generally won the whole family. Neither was he satisfied with mere routine meetings. His passion was to get souls saved from sin, and reclaimed from their vile lives. He persuaded some of his friends to help him. The order was sometimes rather hilarious, but Moody didn't mind noise, and if any youngster was too irrepressibly troublesome he generally found a way to subdue him.

Their hall became too small for the Sunday attendance, so he secured the use of a great hall over the market. It was used for a dance on Saturday night, and it was necessary to employ most of Sabbath morning in sweeping and washing out the tobacco juice and beer. There were no chairs, so the scholars had to stand or sit on the floor! Such a fact would be fatal to any other school, but not so in this case. Moody had taken an interest never shown before in the rag-tag and bob-tail society of the Sands, and they reciprocated his large-hearted kindness. He solicited money from friends and business men, and seated the room. One person whom he interested was Mr. J. V. Farwell, who visited the school. He found them a riotous bunch, leaning up against the walls in ever varying forms, jumping, whistling, etc. But Moody nominated Farwell as Superintendent, and before he had time to object, the school elected him with a deafening "hurrah". Accordingly, for more than six years he conducted the inter-

nal affairs of the school, for which work he was well fitted, while Moody continued unabated his scout work of recruiting. It is estimated that annually two thousand children attended the school, many of them staying only a brief time. But it changed the whole course of many lives.

Moody used all his spare money, as well as some begged from his friends, not only in the Sunday-school enterprise, but in buying clothes and provisions for the poor or sick whom he found in his visiting. His school increased in vigor and numbers, and gradually improved in order and spiritual life. For the seventy or more classes there was no lack of teachers, for Christian people all over the city visited this curiosity of grace and volunteered assistance. The International Sunday-school Lessons, all nicely arranged and systematically taught, were not to be had then, and the task of keeping anything like unity in teaching was no small one.

The revival in 1857 was followed by the organization of the Y. M. C. A. and the beginning of the Noon Prayer-meetings. For a time the prayer-meetings were kept up with interest, but then waned, until there were only about three faithful ones. Moody was one of those three, and through his zeal and energy it was wonderfully revived. Fifteen minutes before twelve he would take his post in front of the building and hail passers-by, inviting them to the noon meeting, and persuading them that, if they were Christians, it was their duty to go. If not converted, there would be the best possible opportunity. It grew to enormous size and interest. Many written requests were sent in for prayers, and the direct answers were marvelous.

Moody was so engrossed in the Lord's work that he decided to give all his time to it. However, he had not shirked his business duties. It was said of him that he never sat down

in the store to chat, like the other clerks. If he had no customer, he went out on the street to find one, and the clerks would say, "There is the spider again, watching for a fly." One of his old employers said, "Moody might have saved money if he had not spent so much on his mission. I have seen as many as twenty children come into the store at once to be fitted out with shoes."

Soon after he quit business life, Mr. Hill met him and asked, "Moody, what are you doing?" "I am at work for Jesus Christ," was the reply.

"How are you going to live?" asked a friend. "God will provide for me if He wishes me to keep on," was Moody's reply. He was supremely happy, giving most of his time to his mission and visiting in the slums, and giving a part of his time to his second love, the Y. M. C. A., of whose visiting committee he was chairman. For his labors he received no salary, and often lodged in the mission, sleeping on a hard bench and dining on the coarsest fare. He was not ordained, nor recognized on an equality with the regular ministers of the city. But in labors he was more abundant than them all. The report of the Committee of Visitation, of which Moody was the chairman, shows in one year the number of families visited to be 554, and the amount of money bestowed in charity, $2,350. The record of spiritual results is written in Heaven.

Moody found a new line of work at hand during the war. Great camps for the soldiers near Chicago furnished the opportunity. Public worship on the Sabbath, and prayer-meetings during the week, were established within easy reach. Every evening eight or ten services were held, and on Sabbath an almost continual service. This work led him out to other camps over the country, and he began to be more widely

known. Having so many sinners to pray with at the point of death, the workers developed a marvelous readiness of faith. Heaven seemed near, and often before they reached the "Amen" the dying soldier had found peace with God.

The Chicago noon prayer-meeting became the center of this movement, and requests for prayer were received by the thousands, and often, and in quick succession, came the glorious tidings of blessed answers. Gifts of money and supplies were sent in to help on the work.

Also his Sunday-school work grew with such rapidity that the hall over the old market became too small. Accordingly a commodious chapel was erected at the cost of about $20,000. The school numbered about one thousand. Among the school and their parents were about three hundred converts. Mr. Moody had not planned to have a church. His converts had, by his advice, joined churches of their choice. But not all of them felt at home in the great churches. They came from a depth of heathenism unknown to those polished, self-righteous congregations. Their fellowship of suffering, poverty, ignorance, and new-found faith bound them to each other and to the mission. Accordingly, Moody was practically compelled after some years to organize them into a church, with doctrines and polity stated to suit their needs and comprehension.

About this time he married, and set up housekeeping in a little cottage on the North Side. Some years later a friend gave him a free lease of a nice home, which was furnished throughout by Christian friends.

The noon prayer-meeting had grown so large that the Y. M. C. A. quarters were too small, people being turned away for want of room. Accordingly Moody was placed at the head of a committee to raise funds. $101,000 were raised

for the project, and Farwell Hall was erected, its large auditorium seating three thousand, and its prayer room seating one thousand. In addition, there were library, reading-room, tract and publishing departments, relief department, and a private prayer-closet. In those days the Y. M. C. A. was not fitted up for pool, billiards and kindergarten gambling. The fine building was dedicated in September, 1868, but burned down shortly after. Before the fire was entirely out, plans were under way for a new hall, and a year later it was completed on the same site. Large sums of money were given Moody by wealthy persons who made no profession of religion, but who admired his youthful heartiness and boundless faith.

"As a platform speaker and a manager of crowds, this man, with none of the graces of oratory, but with a soul on fire with love and zeal, came to be a master of men." His soul-saving work in those Sunday-school gatherings led out into evangelistic work which became nation-wide, and finally took him across the sea more than once.

He gathered about him a body of workers, well trained to aid seekers in the inquiry meetings held in neighboring halls or churches. Thither flocked hundreds of anxious souls after his stirring sermons and persuasive appeal.

It is said that, during his ministry, he addressed over 50,000,000 people. He was also the author of several religious publications.

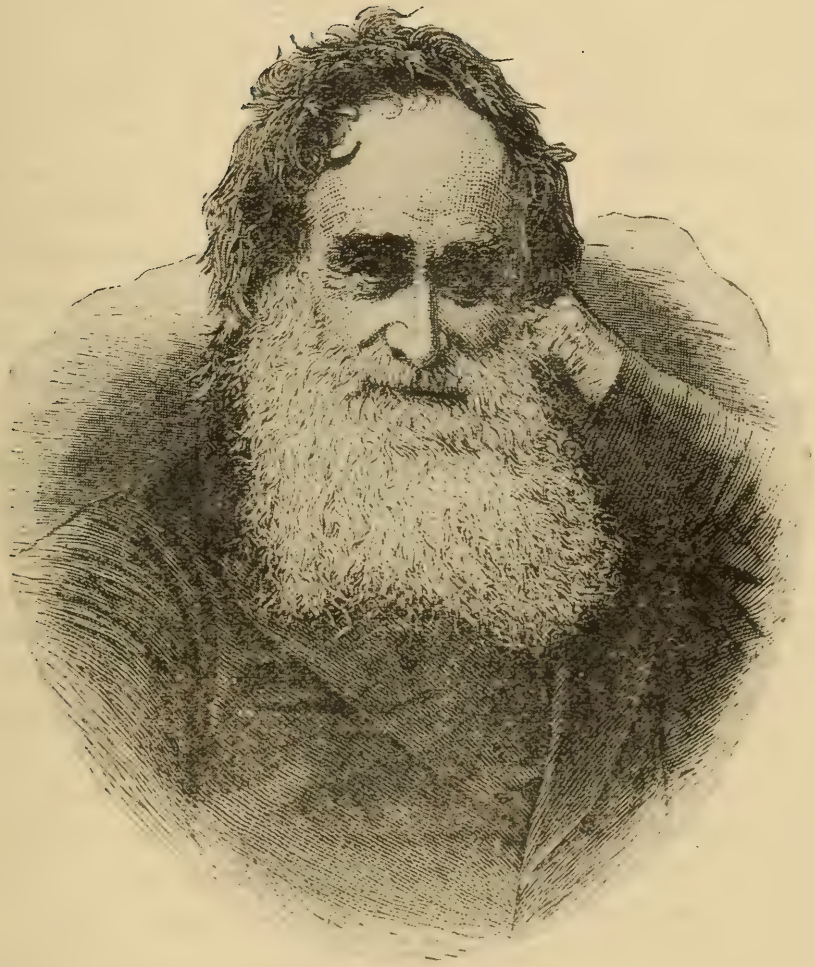
In 1879 he founded a school for poor girls at Northfield, Mass., which later grew into the celebrated Northfield and Mt. Hermon institutions.

Having been rich in labors, he went to his reward December 22, 1899.

ROBERT MOFFAT

ROBERT MOFFAT and his great son-in-law, David Livingstone, were to Africa what William Carey was to India, and J. Hudson Taylor was to China. In those days missionary effort was but in its infancy. Missionary societies were just beginning to come into existence. The heathen world lay shrouded in darkness, removed from Christendom and civilization by lonely weeks and months of dangerous travel by sail upon an unknown sea. It was a venturesome undertaking, and messengers of the Gospel to those strange regions bade farewell to loved ones, having scarcely any hope of seeing them again. Hence missionaries were martyr material, and none but brave, heroic souls, who counted not their lives dear to themselves, would undertake such hazardous toil. Added to the gross ignorance, degradation, and satanic superstitions of the natives, was the terror of wild beasts—the elephant, tiger, hyena, rhinoceros, lion, alligator, etc.

But Mary the wife of Robert Moffat, was no less brave than was he. For six or eight months she would remain at the mission station at Kuruman, the only white woman within hundreds of miles, while her husband was visiting other tribes, aiding the natives in settling tribal quarrels, or establishing new stations, and aiding young workers in getting adjusted and started in the laborious work of teaching the heathen mind their duty to God and their fellow-men. As their numerous family grew up about them, and it became necessary to part with their lovely children in order that they might receive a



ROBERT MOFFAT

proper education, Mary Moffat, accompanied by a heathen maid and five or six trusty natives, several times made the tedious journey of seven or eight hundred miles by ox-cart to the Cape, finding suitable guardianship for her darlings, and sending them back to England, tearing herself away from her treasures, and turning back again into the heathen wilderness to go on with the self-sacrificing work of teaching the long-neglected natives to read, write, sew, cook, keep house, and live decently.

Hebrews, ch. 11, gives us the secret of the endurance of these heroes of faith. When they had labored in the face of all kinds of hindrances, also personal bereavement (several of their children died in Africa), and after seven years could not boast one convert, Moffat and his helpers were becoming disheartened, and questioning whether it really paid to bestow so much labor and money to better a people who seemed very ready to receive help and favors constantly from the missionaries, but who turned away with such cold-hearted indifference from the message of salvation offered to them at every opportunity. To labor on, year after year, with this message burning in their hearts, and see none finding Jesus, was indeed a sore trial. But Mary Moffat never wavered. She would fall back on the promises of the unchangeable God and say, "We may not live to see it, but the awakening *will* come, as surely as the sun will rise tomorrow." A letter was received from her friend, Mrs. Greaves, asking if there was anything of use which could be sent. The answer of Mary Moffat was, "Send us a communion service; we shall want it some day." At that time there was no glimmer of light through the gloom, and not until the tenth year of their laborious, patient toil did the shadows break away. Then suddenly, without any apparent or unusual reason, a great concern came upon the na-

tives. They thronged the little chapel, they listened attentively, a sense of sin and guilt seized them, and the missionaries would be called any time in the day or night to instruct seekers and to pray with them. They evidenced their sincerity by giving up polygamy, one man sending away nine of his ten wives; by wanting cloth to make clothes and cover their nakedness, thus shaming American Christian (?) women who boldly walk the streets with arms, bosoms and lower limbs exposed to the curious gaze of men; and by settling down to industrious home-life, farming small sections of ground, and improving the condition of their large families; and by aiding in the arduous task of erecting more substantial and imposing mission buildings. The Kuruman community attained a far-reaching reputation for industry, honesty, peaceableness and godliness, and the white man, Moffat, was more truly the sovereign of that interior part of Africa than the good Queen Victoria or her representatives at the distant coast.

It was more than three years since Mary Moffat had written for the communion set, her faith anticipating the glorious victories of the Gospel. A Sabbath was appointed for the celebration of the Lord's Supper with the native converts. Just the day before the appointed Sabbath the long-delayed communion set arrived! How marvelously God's providences fit together!

Toward the end of 1838 the Moffats started for Cape Town, hoping to be able there to print the New Testament, which, by years of patient toil amidst many other and varied duties, Robert Moffat had translated into the Sechwana, after having reduced the native language to writing. But the facilities at the coast for printing on so large a scale were not sufficient, and so passage was taken for England. On the jour-

ny, a little daughter was born, and a promising little son, Jamie, died at sea.

After an absence of about twenty-two years, they were welcomed back home with great missionary enthusiasm.

Returning to Africa, they labored steadily on, seeing the work expand and deepen. Their eldest daughter, Mary, was married to David Livingstone.

It was about fifty-four years since they first landed in Africa. The leaving of the patriarchal pair was a most touching occasion. "In one sense it was not a question of going home, but of leaving it. More than forty years had been spent in the mission house in Kuruman, where most of their children had been born.

"For weeks the messages of farewell had been coming from the more distant towns and villages, and from those who were unable to come themselves. The final scene was one that could scarcely be described in words. As the old missionary and his wife came out of their door and walked to their wagon, they were beset by the crowds, each longing for one more touch of the hand and one more word, and as the wagon drove away it was followed by all who could walk, and a long and pitiful wail arose, enough to melt the hardest heart."

With great joy they were welcomed to England by their daughter Helen, who had not seen them for twenty-seven years. The following Christmas time Mary Moffat went to her heavenly home.

Robert Moffat busied himself in the Lord's work as long as strength would permit, traveling in his native land and in France. He ended his earthly pilgrimage August 10, 1883, in his eighty-eighth year.

JOHN NEWTON

JOHN NEWTON was an English clergyman, born in London, England, July 24, 1725. He had little schooling, and as his father was master of a trading ship, the boy joined him at eleven, and sailed under him for six years. He was next impressed on board a man-of-war, made midshipman, but was degraded and cruelly treated for attempting to escape. At Madeira he was allowed to exchange into an African trader, at Sierra Leone he joined an African slaver, and finally was sold to a negress. He sank so low that he fed on the crumbs from her table and on the raw yams he stole at night. He washed his single shirt in the ocean, hiding among the trees while it dried. When he escaped from his misery he went with the natives, fell in with their superstitions, and lived their degraded life.

"He engaged in the slave trade on the coast of Africa, and was perhaps as hopelessly abandoned as any pirate who ever trod the deck of a slave-trader. But at last, when all hopes had nearly expired, his mother's ceaseless prayers were answered. He was converted, and finally he became one of the most eminent ministers in London. That man was the celebrated John Newton.

"John Newton, in turn, was the instrument in opening the eyes of that moralist and skeptic, Thomas Scott, afterwards the distinguished author of the commentary on the Bible. Thomas Scott had in his parish a young man of the most delicate sensibilities, and whose soul was 'touched with the finest issues, but he was a dyspeptic, and sorrowful and despairing.'

At times he believed there was no hope for him. After long and repeated efforts, Dr. Scott persuaded him to change his course of life. That young man was William Cowper, the household Christian poet, whose sweet, delightful hymns have allured hundreds of wanderers, and the most polluted, to the 'Fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins.'

"Among others whom he influenced to turn from the 'broad road' was William Wilberforce, a distinguished member of the British Parliament, who gave the deathblow to the slave trade in Great Britain. Wilberforce brought Leigh Richmond to see the 'better way', who wrote the '*Dairyman's Daughter*', which has been read with the devoutest gratitude, through blinding tears, in many languages all over the earth. All this indescribable amount of good, which will be redoubled and reduplicated through all time, can be traced back to the fidelity of John Newton's mother, that humble, unheralded woman, whose history is almost unknown."

But all Christendom sings his immortal hymns, some of which are "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds"; "Quiet, Lord, My Froward Heart"; "Approach, My Soul, the Mercy Seat"; "One There is Above All Others"; "Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare"; "Safely Through Another Week"; "Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound, that Saved a Wretch Like Me".

He died in London, December 21, 1807. He wrote his own epitaph, which may be read on the wall of his church in London:

"Sacred to the memory of JOHN NEWTON;
once a libertine and blasphemer, and slave of slaves in Africa,
but *purified*, *renewed*, *pardoned*,
and appointed to preach that Gospel which he labored
to destroy."

FLORENCE NIGHTENGALE

FLORENCE NIGHTENGALE, an English noblewoman, was through all her life the friend of the poor, the weak, the sick, or unfortunate. She was of most delicate sensibilities, highly-trained intellect, purity of character, untiring patience and whole-hearted devotion to what she considered her life calling.

When a little child, she might have been seen distributing alms among the poor, or providing comforts for the sick in humble cottages. Many a heavy heart was lightened, and aching brow soothed, by the touch of her gentle hand and sympathetic nature.

She was born in Florence, Italy, in 1820. Her father was a wealthy Englishman, Squire of Embly Park, Hampshire, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. Her education was quite complete in science, mathematics, literature and music. She acquired proficiency in using the English, German, French and Italian languages.

Unwilling to abandon her life to the mere pursuit of her own happiness, and the flattering attentions of admiring friends, she early withdrew herself from the luxuries her wealth afforded. A great unrest possessed her. Life had a broader, deeper, nobler purpose to this fair and frail young woman. Her heart yearned to smooth the pillow of the suffering, and relieve the miseries of the sick. Gradually she found her true calling.

She visited the best hospitals in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Kaiserwerth, Berlin, Paris, Lyons, Rome, Alexandria, Constantinople and Brussels, examining their structures, management, treatments of diseases, their perfections and defects. She enrolled as a nurse in Pastor Fliedner's Deaconess Hospital at Kaiserwerth, Germany, learning the whole system of nursing.

In England, up to that time, nursing was done either by men or the most vulgar class of women, who doped their patients with medicine and themselves with rum. They were not respected as a class, and their calling was despised. Hence it was considered a very unworthy and indelicate task to which Florence Nightengale devoted her young life.

In a painting of Abraham Lincoln, he is represented as a tall, lank lad, pausing a while from his task of rail-splitting to study a few brief minutes in a book, and thinking to himself, "I'll get ready. The opportunity may come."

Florence Nightengale felt confident that, in the providence of God, the opportunity would come to benefit mankind by her practical knowledge. So she spared no pains to prepare herself.

From Kaiserwerth she went in training at Paris among the sisters. Love, not money, was the motive power in her labors. For Christ's sake she sacrificed herself to others. Those who consume all upon themselves miss true happiness in its very pursuit. Those who lose their lives for Christ's sake find it again.

In 1853 war, terrible, bloody, heart-rending, was waged by England and France against Russia. The Crimea became the scene of great horror, pestilence and blood-shed. The army hospitals were unsanitary, the nurses were unskilled men, and the appliances meager, so that many died from lack of proper care and food. The plea was sent home for trained

minds and hands. Recuperating in her beautiful home, Florence Nightengale heard the call, and answered, "Here am I, send me."

Never had such a thing occurred before! Gentle-women nursing hundreds and thousands of wounded and dying! Many unjust jibes were hurled at Miss Nightengale and her thirty-eight picked nurses who went with her to the seat of war. They faithfully labored for two weary years. Sanitary conditions were improved; linen, food and medicines well provided, and the rate of mortality steadily decreased, now that medical wisdom had skilled hands to execute its orders. Reinforcements were sent as more nurses were needed, and the entire force was organized and governed by Miss Nightengale. From early morning until late at night she passed noiselessly from one cot to another, giving needed aid and a cheering smile, pointing by word and example to her Savior, and closing daily the eyes of the dead.

Loved and respected by the soldiers far from home, her name became honored in every household in the homeland. Since that time, this sphere of usefulness for women has been unassailed and respected. When, after the war, she returned home to the loving bosom of her mother and friends, she was ever afterward an invalid. But even from her sick couch she directed institutions for the training of nurses.

Queen Victoria publicly honored her. Everywhere the reliefs of the Red Cross associations testify to the patriotism, devotion and constancy of Christian womanhood. "It is still worth while to be a woman."

ORIGEN

"ORIGEN was the profoundest scholar of the early Church. He was a learned critic, a diligent exegete, one of the ablest apologists, the first great theologian. With a breadth of thought unsurpassed in the ages since, he laid the foundations for those definitions afterward formulated by the councils into creeds."

He was born in Alexandria, A. D. 185. His parents were both Christians. His father, Leonidas, was a man of wealth and liberal education, who delighted to instruct his eager son in secular and sacred learning. When the lad was but seventeen years old, his father was apprehended during the Septimian persecutions and martyred for his faith. Origen strove to reach his father and die with him, and was only prevented by his mother hiding his clothes. Their property was all confiscated, and Origen now became the support of his widowed mother and his six brothers. He opened a school in philosophy, and instructed many young men, eight of whom were martyred. He zealously visited the martyrs in prison, and kissed them when led away to die. When but eighteen years old he was made sole instructor in a school opened by the Christians.

He was a strenuous ascetic, denying himself by severe fasts; lived on twelve cents a day, an annuity received for selling his copies of classical writings; refused voluntary contributions of his friends; cut short his sleep, and even the brief

period of sleep he grudgingly gave himself he spent on the bare ground. He literally observed the instruction not to have two coats. He suffered poverty, cold, and all but nakedness. He devoted himself untiringly to study, acquiring the learning of the Greeks, also the Hebrew, in which his mother was his fellow-student.

He visited Rome. He made two missionary journeys to Arabia. At the age of forty-three he visited Palestine; later, Ephesus, Athens and Cæsarea. At Cæsarea he was ordained, and for this was excommunicated by the Bishop of Alexandria. But his excommunication was disregarded by other bishops; also by the great and learned of his day, among whom he had many loyal friends and converts. Even emperors and empresses received instructions from his lips or pen. His fame spread far and wide. He employed seven amanuenses, who relieved each other as they became wearied by the indefatigable Origen. He also kept seven copyists of his own work. What remains of his *Commentaries on the Scriptures* form sixteen volumes. "All commentators have dug from his mine, and a very considerable part of what is valuable in them they owe to Origen." He was the greatest of Christian apologists, his "*Contra Celsus*" being unrivalled, and a masterly defense of the faith. His recension of the Greek version of the Old Testament was the greatest work of his life. It consists of six, and sometimes eight or nine, columns of parallel versions, with critical notes on each. His "*De Principiis*" is the first independent attempt of a Christian thinker to form a system of theology. He was a very penetrating thinker, and no theological writer can escape dealing with the subjects he handles. There were two or three features of his theology which are not accepted now as orthodox. But he rendered the infant Church an enduring service in defending her against

false doctrines, and in aiding in the establishing of the canon of the New Testament.

His purity of life, his ease and sweetness of spirit in the midst of unfavorable and frightful surroundings, his great thinking abilities, and his herculean labors as teacher and writer, have given him a pre-eminent place among the church fathers.

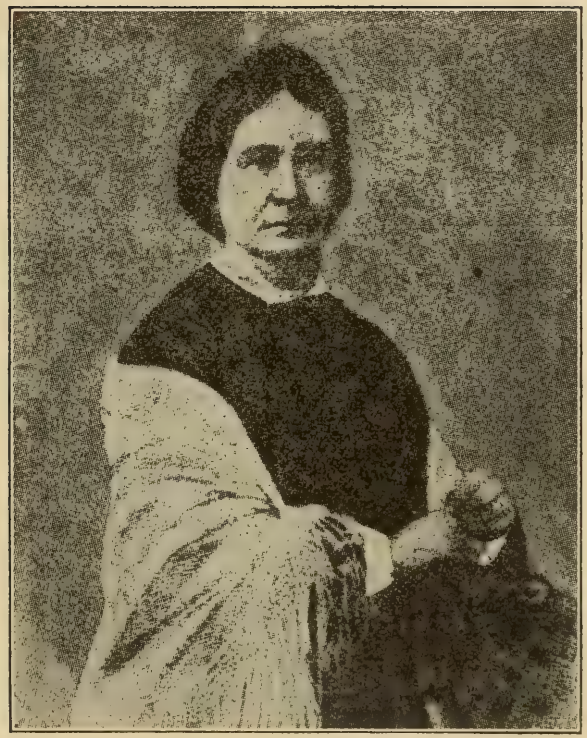
He had removed to Cæsarea before the Maximinian persecution broke out. He at once published an oration concerning martyrdom to comfort the afflicted church. Eighteen years later the Decian persecution was raging. How Origen had escaped so long was a miracle of Divine protection. He was now an old man, full of labors and widely honored. His fame drew the attention of the persecutors, and he was apprehended. He was tortured by the iron collar, immured in the deepest recesses of the prison, stretched for days upon the rack, and threatened with the burning stake, but he never faltered. His constancy would inspire hundreds of others to endure patiently the sufferings they were to undergo for Jesus' sake. The fury of the persecution spent itself, and the old man was released, but he never rallied from the extreme tortures he had endured. He received the martyr's crown in the year 254.

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER and her husband, Dr. Palmer, are revered in the memory of many as pioneer teachers in the modern Holiness Movement in this country. For years their home in New York city was the assembly place of the Tuesday Holiness Meeting, where many from that city and all over the country inquired more perfectly of the way of full salvation. It is reported by living witnesses that the power of God was very manifest, and to a degree seldom realized in modern holiness services. That old-time, high-class anointing of the Holy Ghost, giving marked unction in testimony, and burden of soul in travail for others, may still be had by those who pay the price of radical separation from the world, and unbroken, prayer communion with the Lord.

For a long time after her conversion Mrs. Palmer found her heart hungering for a deeper work of grace. Searching the Scriptures for light, she became convinced that "This is the will of God, even your sanctification" (1 Thess. 4: 3), and that "God hath not called us unto uncleanness but unto holiness" (1 Thess. 4: 7). She began to seek earnestly for the experience. When she finally saw that it was obtainable not by struggling, but by simply putting herself into the hands of the Lord, and believing His promises, she entered into that second rest which remains for the people of God.

Concerning herself she writes: "Over and over again, previous to the time mentioned, she had endeavored to give her-



MRS. PHOEBE PALMER

self away in covenant to God, but she had never, till this hour, deliberately resolved on counting the cost, with the solemn intention to 'reckon herself dead indeed to sin, but alive to God through Jesus Christ, our Lord' (Rom. 6: 11); to account herself permanently the Lord's, and, in truth, no more at her own disposal, but *irrevocably the Lord's property*, for time and eternity. Now, in the name of the Lord Jehovah, after having deliberately counted the cost, she resolved to enter into the bonds of an everlasting covenant, with the fixed purpose *to count all things but loss* for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus, that she might know Him and the power of His resurrection, by being made conformable to His death, and raised to an entire newness of life." It became clear to her mind that, in thus putting her all upon Jesus Christ, her altar of sacrifice and atonement, the gift was accepted. A hallowed sense of acceptance and purity of heart took possession of her, and thereafter she was marvelously used of God in teaching others the way into the holiest.

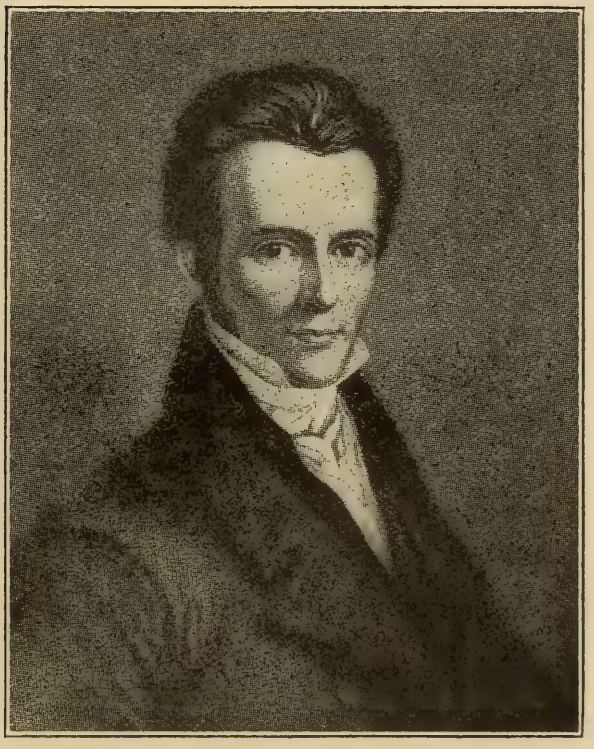
Her dependence upon the Scriptures, and confidence in their safe guidance, are seen in these words: "Were I to live to be as old as Methuselah, and to be brought into the most perplexing circumstances anyone could be brought into, I should ever find the light and guidance I need in the Bible."

ROBERT POLLOK

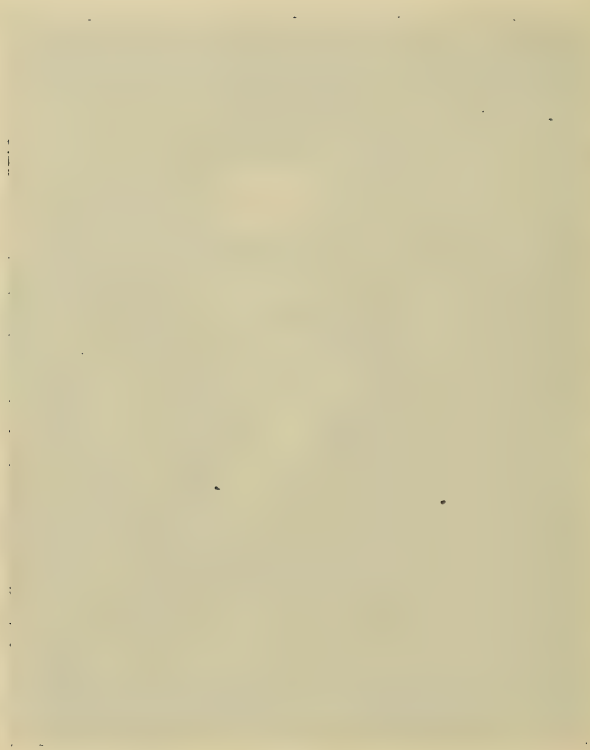
ROBERT POLLOK is a name dear to Scotland and all the Christian world. Amid the sacred evergreens of Scottish muse his holy canticle holds an unrivaled place as a national religious poem. Indeed, his immortal poem belongs not alone to Scotland. Its subject, the *Destiny of Man*, is fraught with the liveliest interest for all people of every clime. His poem is worthy of at least equal honor with Milton's immortal poem, *Paradise Lost.* His theme is Divine, and his style is independent of the usual bondage of epic writers to pagan gods and heathen customs. Pollok, too, was learned in all the ancient classics, but this is not the paramount impression produced by "*The Course of Time.*"

"Pollok essayed to wake the harp of holy men of old, and the music of his song has been felt through the Christian world. As we follow him through his literary course, we find him either in company with the great departed master-minds of time, or standing amid the martyr haunts of Scotland, communing with Heaven. He seems like an angel in the pursuit of knowledge."

The Rev. Robert Pollok was born at Muirhouse, parish of Eaglesham, Scotland, October 19, 1798, and died September 18, 1827, near Southampton, in his twenty-ninth year. He assisted in the work of the farm and attended the village school. From the parish school of Fenwick, he was admitted



ROBERT POLLOK



to the University of Glasgow, where he attended five years and received the degree of Master of Arts at the age of twenty-two. He was a diligent and exemplary student, and obtained several prizes. A fall in an athletic race injured his chest, and likely produced the consumption from which he died at so early a date.

Educated minds become a moral center of wide influence. They give birth to thoughts which otherwise would never have an existence. Their thoughts are as stars illuminating the realm of thought for their fellows and succeeding generations. Pollok's mind teemed with brilliant thoughts. He brought forth intellectual fruitage every day. His discourses are described as profound, eloquent, brilliant with poetical imagery, combined with metaphysical acuteness and admirable reasoning. His theological studies were pursued at Divinity Hall, in the seminary of the United Secession church, in Glasgow. After finishing his course, receiving license to preach, and addressing the public four times, his voice on earth was hushed. But he still speaks by his immortal poem.

Its theme had been maturing in his mind for many years. He declared it embodied the theology of his sainted mother. Its writing occupied nineteen months of close application, such as only hard brain workers are able to appreciate. For five weeks he wrote about five hundred lines daily. His health was failing; fever was consuming his wasting strength. But he pressed on toward the goal. His years of schooling left him in close financial straits. He had no funds with which to publish his poem, but gave it into the hands of the publisher on condition that he receive the copyright and one-half of the profits. Its happy reception by the public was a cause of gratification, and immediately many noted and wealthy persons came forward to do him honor and service. A trip to Italy

for the recovery of his health was proposed, planned, and the money furnished. He went as far as Southampton with his sister, but was unable to proceed further.

The time of his departure was at hand. The shadow of death was falling. Soon he would be singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. The Bible was the only book of which he spoke or read. Standing on the brink of time, the grave had no terrors for him. He spent much of the time in prayer and communion with God. The mystic drapery hanging between time and eternity seemed almost transparent. "There is some great mystery connected with the soul's unrobing which the living have never fathomed." Shortly before his soul flitted away he sat up and prayed audibly in bed. "He died with great assurance and serenity of soul."

Following is his description of hell, the abode of lost spirits:

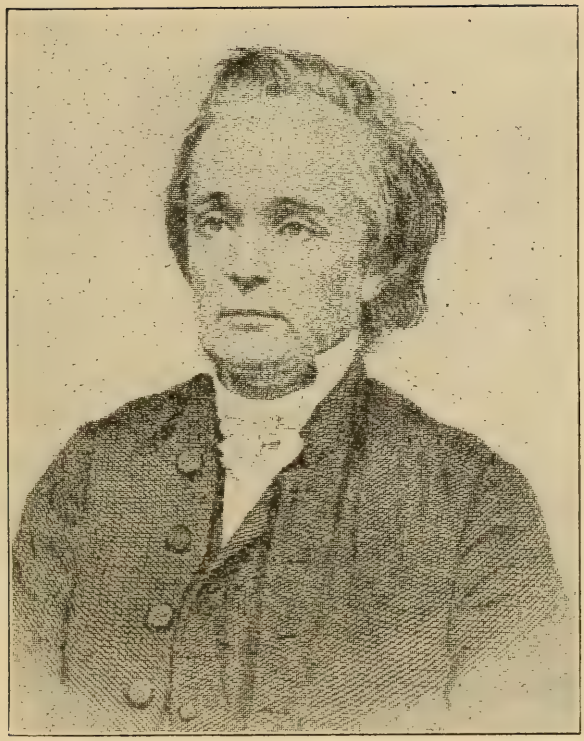
"Wide was the place,
And deep as wide, and ruinous as deep.
Beneath, I saw a lake of burning fire,
With tempest tost perpetually; and still
The waves of fiery darkness 'gainst the rocks
Of dark damnation broke, and music made
Of melancholy sort; and overhead,
And all around, wind warred with wind, storm howled
To storm, and lightning, forked lightning crossed,
And thunder answered thunder, muttering sounds
Of sullen wrath; and far as sight could pierce,
Or down descend in caves of hopeless depth,
Through all that dungeon of unfading fire,
I saw most miserable beings walk,
Burning continually, yet unconsumed;
Forever wasting, yet enduring still;
Dying perpetually, yet never dead.
Some wandered lonely in the desert flames,

And some in fell encounter fiercely met,
With curses loud, and blasphemies that made
The cheek of Darkness pale; and as they fought,
And cursed, and gnashed their teeth, and wished to die,
Their hollow eyes did utter streams of woe.
And there were groans that ended not, and sighs
That always sighed, and tears that ever wept,
And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight.
And Sorrow, and Repentance, and Despair,
Among them walked, and to their thirsty lips
Presented frequent cups of burning gall.
And as I listened, I heard these beings curse
Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse
The earth, the resurrection morn, and seek
And ever vainly seek for utter death.
And to their everlasting anguish still
The thunders from above responding spoke
These words, which, through the caravans of perdition
Forlornly echoing, fell on every ear:
'Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not.'"

JOHN REDFIELD

AMONG those engaged in the Lord's service in a public way are (1) those who esteem the office very highly, and gladly obey the call when first given. The work grows on their hands and engrosses all their being. (2) Those who are reluctant, either from an overwhelming sense of unfitness or a secret rebellion, so that they do not swing out without the lash of conviction and Providence almost compelling them to do so. Redfield was of the latter class. From his childhood up, John Wesley Redfield was strongly impressed that the Lord called him to the ministry. He studiously contended against the conviction. He concealed his feelings, and avoided conversation on the subject.

When between the ages of thirteen and fourteen, alarming conviction of sin took possession of him. He thought there was no hope. He became a seeker at a nearby camp-meeting of the old style. In his heart he rebelled against loud and vociferous praying, and intended to get through without it. But he noticed that those who went at it heart and soul, and prayed as loud as their feelings of conviction would warrant, were getting the victory, while his own soul was unblest. So at last he decided to lay aside his fastidious tastes, and cried aloud, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." His pride was humbled, and he determined to take the narrow way at any cost. Then he went to the woods. Here he made the necessary venture of faith, and before he realized what he was do-



JOHN REDFIELD

ing, he was on his feet shouting, "Glory to God!" On the way home he prayed with relatives and friends. Later he was rejoiced to learn that one whole family had been converted. He set up the family altar in his father's home, and was blest in visiting from house to house.

A minister and Redfield's mother desired him to attend an academy, and he discerned that they were intending him for the ministry. All his old abhorrence came back upon him. The responsibility of the calling seemed to overwhelm him. Even in the days of his later great success, he lost his appetite when the burden of preaching was upon him, and he underwent the keenest mental suffering.

He took up work with an artist; he also fitted himself for the medical profession. Whenever he obeyed God, and followed his clearest leading, the Holy Spirit put His seal upon the young man in a remarkable way, and revivals attended his labors. Some man of God or woman of prayer would providentially cross his path and interrogate him as to God's purpose in his life. His saintly mother prayed, and pined to see her son out in God's service, and died without her desire being gratified.

Finally, in his rebellion, he married very unhappily. His wife was as incapable as a child to cook or keep house, and would make no effort to learn. She was a spendthrift in her habits, and so impetuous and full of notions as to indicate that she was mentally unbalanced. Her conduct with other men was so scandalous that they could not get boarding for longer than one or two weeks at a place, and so had to move about from town to town. Again and again she left him to return to her parents, forging some scandal about him. Neither her parents nor Mr. Redfield could manage her. His re-

morse and shame were indescribable. After several years of this miserable life he refused to receive her back to him.

His fears of losing his soul reached such a pitch that he promised to obey the Divine call. Immediately rest came to his troubled soul. He preached a few times, and again shrank from the responsibility. Also the constant fear of his wife's return, and the scandal of her life shadowing him, restrained him. Finally a severe illness brought him to the verge of the grave. He seemed to be in the last stages of consumption. In turning to the Lord for help, the Spirit seemed to say, "Live while you preach." He again renewed his vows, and rest of mind and health of body returned. Soon he was asked to supply pulpits, calls for revival work multiplied, and everywhere he went God manifested His presence in a marvelous way. Frequently he would groan as if in the throes of death as he wrestled in prayer; then victory would come, people shouted and shrieked, prayed and confessed; many lost their strength, and did not regain it until they promised obedience to God.

He earnestly sought and obtained the experience of holiness. Thereafter he preached holiness explicitly and forcibly everywhere he went. This aroused great opposition, but it also brought results. Dead churches were revived, new ones were built, the sick were healed, and the holiness movement in the M. E. church gained good headway. It had been a dead letter in the discipline. Now heralds of the truth arose, and many eager souls, under their direction, came and satisfied their long-standing thirst for the living water. In many places the lifting up of the standard against card-playing, dancing, worldly dress, and the wearing of jewelry cut right and left. Preachers' wives and families were not spared.

Opposition waxed strong against these flaming evangels

who dared to denounce slavery in no uncertain way, to arouse professing Christians from their lukewarmness and backsliding, and to put the standards of Christian living where the Bible does, and call the people to come up to it or lose their souls. Several preachers—notably B. T. Roberts and others—were censured by their conferences, not for any wrongdoing, but through the malicious efforts of opposers to holiness. They were expelled, and the reproach left upon them. This left them to their own resources and the Divine leading. Accordingly, the Free Methodist Church was organized in 1860, with B. T. Roberts and John Redfield as its leading spirits. It still lives up to its initial calling of spreading Scriptural holiness over these lands.

His sensitive soul suffered much from the harsh criticisms and unreasonable opposition of carnal men receiving fat salaries in their man-pleasing ministry. Add to this natural shrinking from the responsibilities of the ministry, the crosses brought upon him by preaching holiness to gainsaying people, and his keen family sorrows, and we see in him one who, under the discipline of the Lord, became a matured, well-mellowed saint, and a man mighty in the pulpit.

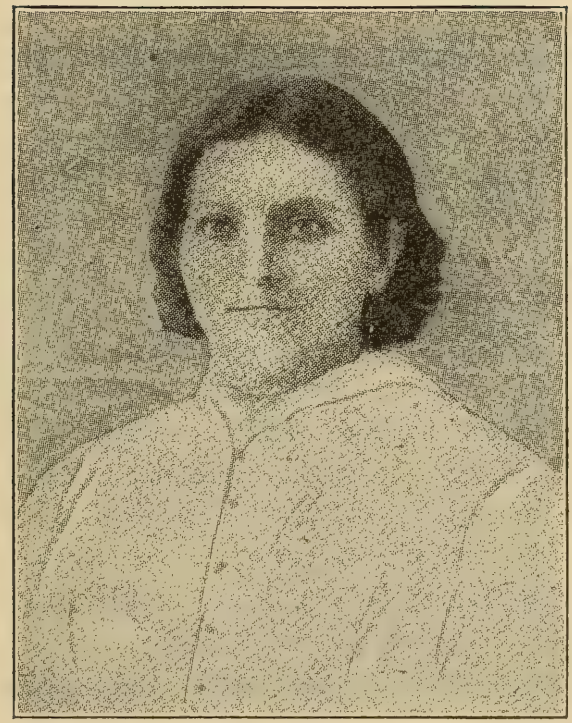
Shortly afterward Mr. Redfield was stricken with paralysis, probably brought on by over-exertion in the work of the Lord and the strain of the recent anxieties. Gradually he regained enough strength to take up the work he now loved so dearly. But the Divine plan was that the work so nobly begun should be continued in other hands, and three years later, in 1863, at Marengo, Ill., the second stroke of paralysis came. He lay unconscious until the next day, when he joined the Church triumphant.

PUNDITA RAMABAI

WE marvel at the executive ability, the brilliant intellect, the spiritual power, the blessed achievements of this noble Christian woman, when we consider that she was born in the jungles of western India, within sound of the cry of the tiger, in a land where womanhood is degraded and despised, uneducated and unloved, living in seclusion and suffering, the innocent and helpless victim of her lords and masters, the other sex.

Her father was wealthy, wise, and religious. He wished to educate his child wife of nine years. Hence he removed to the jungle, where he could pursue his plans unmolested. Here his wife grew to maturity, and was educated, and here Ramabai was born. Soon after, the family started traveling from one shrine to another, worshiping heathen gods, and for a living reading aloud the sacred Puranas. In the cool of the early mornings, before the wanderings of the day began, the loving mother taught her children, so that when Ramabai was but twelve years old she could repeat eighteen thousand verses of the Purans, and almost unconsciously had acquired Marathi, Kanarese, Hindustani and Bengali.

Famine was abroad in the land. The little family suffered for food and water, and finally the father, mother, and sister died of hardship and starvation. Bare-footed, poorly-clad, often without food for several days, Ramabai and her brother continued their weary journeying, sometimes shielding them-



PUNDITA RAMABAI

selves from the night's cold by digging in the sand and covering their bodies. They devoted themselves to worshiping idols, hoping to win reward and wealth, but in vain.

Where they could, they lectured, espousing the cause of women and child-widows. A slender girl of twenty-two, she spoke fluently in seven languages, and acquired a reputation for her learning. In Calcutta she married. Her husband died after nineteen months, leaving her a little girl.

She determined to devote herself to the rescue of child-widows. In preparation for this work, she went to England, then to America. All this time she had hungered for the true God, but found Him not. But when she saw the blessedness of Christian lives, and their love for others, she yielded to the only true God, was baptized and confirmed. "Her keen wit, and pathos, her intellectual brilliancy, her enthusiastic devotion, aroused all hearts and kindled enthusiasm."

Her first home for child-widows was opened in Bombay in 1889, and opened with two pupils. It was called Sharada Sadan—abode of widows. Soon it enlarged to one hundred and seventy-eight widows, ranging in age from five years to forty. Rescued from lives of hardship, shame and abuse, their hearts were responsive to the warm, sympathetic atmosphere of the Christian school. They were allowed to retain their Hindu customs and religion if they desired. Of course, most of them as they became enlightened, and learned what Christianity does for womanhood, found their inheritance in Jesus Christ. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Praise the Lord!

"To increase the revenue of the school, she bought one hundred acres of land at Kedgaon, planting half with fruit trees and half with fruitful crops. While her outward activities were increasing, her spiritual life was deepening and grow-

ing richer. She longed to do more for Christ. The famine of 1897 gave her the coveted opportunity. Going herself to the famine district, she gathered three hundred, whom she established at Kedgaon in tents, calling the settlement Mukti, and giving up her own salary for its support.

"The famine of 1899-1900 offered means of reaching still more; gaunt, enfeebled, afflicted with loathsome disease, the result of starvation, they were nursed back to health with tenderest care. Ramabai did not rest until one thousand five hundred were brought into the compound." The other home was transfered to Kedgaon.

"In all that great community of two-thousand souls, Ramabai is the center of life, the power-house. Her head plans it all, her hand is on every wheel, her heart reaches out in love to encompass each one in that throng." She plans farm-work and fruit raising, makes contracts, superintends the building, arranges the school-room classes, translates kindergarten songs, writes church hymns and does evangelistic work.

"When she entered the room—that little white-robed figure—one could feel a thrill of consciousness pass through all that assembly as it recognized the presence of a great personality. A single word from her, a single syllable, could set the room ablaze, or hush it into silence. She is really one of the most commanding and extraordinary women of her time."

Her devotion to Christ, her life of communion in the heavenlies, her deepening knowledge of things Divine, her passion for the uplift and true salvation of the neglected, saddened, ignorant and pitiful child-widows, make her personality and life-work throb with Divine energy, and she has her reward in seeing them become happy, beautiful, educated and useful Christian women. And think of the eternal reward awaiting her journey's end.

HESTER ANN ROGERS

HESTER ANN ROGERS

AN old-fashioned name, you say, for a sweet baby girl, born January 31, 1756, in Macclesfield, Cheshire, England.

Well trained by a pious father, a clergyman in the Church of England, and by an exacting mother, Hester Ann Roe grew to greatly reverence the Lord, to be scrupulous in her conduct, and to pray earnestly. Family prayer daily, and a strict observance of the Sabbath, were the rules in their home. When she was nine years old her father called her to his bedside, commended her to God's tender care, warned her against ever participating in dancing, novel-reading, and other popular sins of the day. A few days later he died of a malignant fever.

After this, as she grew into beautiful womanhood, she was greatly admired. Her mother now let her be taught to dance, attend plays, read novels, and give herself up to vanities and pleasure-seeking.

She entered the church by confirmation when she was thirteen years old, was serious for a time, would fast and pray, take the Lord's Supper, resolve, and break resolutions, and again be found in her old sins. "Dress, novels, plays, cards, assemblies and balls took up most of my time, so that my mother began to fear the consequences of my living so much above my station in life. But I would not now listen to her admonitions. I loved pleasures, and after them I would go.

What increased my vanity and pride was, that I was much beloved by my god-mother, a lady of very considerable fortune, and often spent most of the summer months with her at Adlington, where I was treated as if she intended to bestow a handsome fortune on me. She introduced me into the company of those in high life, and enabled me by large presents to dress in a manner suitable to such company. Oh, how fatal in general are such prospects to a young mind! Yet, in all this, I still wished to preserve a religious appearance. I still frequented church and sacraments, still prayed night and morning, fasted sometimes, especially in Lent, and because I did these things, esteemed myself a far better Christian than my neighbors."

Rumors were afloat concernng the new sect—Methodists—and the most odious dislike for them possessed her mind. She believed Methodist preachers were false prophets, of which Scripture told. As in these days, people formed their opinions not by candid investigation, but by mere hearsay. Upon her return home, she found Mr. Simpson, their new curate, to be a so-called Methodist, and she resolved he should not convert her. He preached against dancing. So she deliberately found what arguments she could to favor dancing. The examples of dancing in the Scriptures were Miriam, David and Herod's daughter. But, to her dismay, the first two danced singly, and in expression of holy joy. Herod's daughter was a heathen, and her obscene dance resulted in the death of John the Baptist. So she could find in Scripture no precedent for the modern sexual debauchery called the dance. Neither could she prove it to be a healthful exercise, but quite the contrary. She saw that those who relish such pleasures lose all relish for spiritual things. Yet she resolved to run all risks, rather than give up dancing. She stifled all convictions,

and ran more eagerly than ever after all pleasurable follies. However, she began reading histories instead of novels. Mr. Simpson's sermons sank with deeper weight into her heart, as he spoke of the loss of the soul, the necessity of the new birth, etc. In addition to worldly pleasures, a strong affection for a young man prevented her giving up to the Divine will. She fought conviction for a long time. The last assembly she attended she hid her misery of soul by gaiety of manner, and danced, without once sitting down, until four o'clock in the morning.

One Sabbath, as the preacher spoke from John 6:44, "No man can come to me except the Father draw him," she wept aloud in her anguish of soul, and no longer concealed her heavy weight of conviction. "I went home, ran upstairs, and fell on my knees, and made a solemn vow to renounce and forsake all my sinful pleasures and trifling companions. I slept none that night, but rose early next morning, and, without telling my mother, took all my finery, high-dressed caps, etc., and ripped them all up, so that I could wear them no more; then cut my hair short, that it might not be in my own power to have it dressed, and in the most solemn manner vowed never to dance again! I could do nothing now but bewail my own sinfulness and cry for mercy. I could not eat or sleep or take any comfort. The curses throughout the whole Bible seemed pointed all at me. I could not claim a single promise."

Oh, for more of this old-time, arousing conviction, with its hearty and absolute abandonment of sin, its turning to the Lord so completely that the bridges are burned behind, leaving no provision for retreat. Notice her disgust with her pride of heart, and her thorough obedience to the Spirit by ceasing to adorn herself with fancy or costly array, and combing her hair in a modest fashion. See the injunctions of Scripture on

this important matter: "In like manner that women adorn themselves in *modest* apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair and gold or pearls and costly array; but which becometh women professing godliness, with good works." I Timothy 2: 9, 10. "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." I Peter 3: 3, 4.

She continued seeking God. Her mother and friends thought she was losing her mind, and vainly tried to comfort her. She received some relief in taking communion, but feared to be presumptious, and did not assert her faith. She had not yet attended a strictly Methodist meeting, so now she went at five in the morning to a Methodist preaching service. She was convinced they were truly the Lord's people. From that time she resolved to attend Methodist services, though her mother was horrified and disgusted. The intervention of an uncle prevented the irate mother from turning her daughter out of doors. "Yet what I suffered, sometimes through her tears and entreaties, and at other times her severity, is known only to God. But He strengthened a feeble worm, and enabled me, with all meekness, to endure as seeing Him who is invisible. For eight weeks I was closely confined. My godmother came to me; so did my mother's brother, and my father's sister; also a clergyman, and several others, but the Lord gave me a mouth and wisdom. In August my mother took me with her to Adlington, on our usual summer visit, though now quite contrary to my inclination. Though I believe she hoped to wean me from what she called my melancholy and enthusiasm, yet the Lord kept me steadfast and immovable. I left all

company many times a day to retire in secret. I refused to conform in dress, or anything my conscience disapproved. In a little time, finding all their efforts vain, they began to leave me to myself. Only I was made to understand I had now nothing to expect from my godmother as to temporal things. This, however, weighed nothing with me, as all my language was:

"None but Christ to me be given,
None but Christ in earth or Heaven."

"In October we returned home, and I now reasoned with my mother, telling her, in humility yet plainness, I must seek the salvation of my soul, whatever the consequences. I am therefore determined to leave you, and go to be a servant, rather than be kept from the Methodists. Yet, if you will consent to it, I should greatly prefer continuing in your house, though it should be as your servant, and I am willing to undertake all the work of the house if you will only suffer me to attend preaching." She listened to her daughter's proposals, fully believing the heavy housework, to which her delicate frame was unaccustomed, would soon outdo her zeal, and she would give up all her resolutions. But not so. She entered upon her work joyfully, and hope revived that soon she would enter into God's clear favor. How few professors of a high state of grace would endure half so much for Jesus' sake!

She continued groaning and praying for salvation. Arising one morning at four, she wrestled again. Though Satan buffeted, she pressed through to believing ground, crying, "O, show me how to believe. O, teach me; help me or I am lost." Such promises as "Cast all thy care upon him for he careth for thee," "Fear not, only believe," and "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," came with sweet help to her heart, and she ventured her all

into a Savior's tender keeping. "My sins were gone, my soul was happy, and I longed to depart and be with Christ. I was truly a new creature, and seemed to be in a new world. I could do nothing but love and praise my God. My mother was astonished at the change which appeared in my countenance and whole deportment. Now, said I, I am repaid a thousand times for all I have suffered. My words and flowing tears made her weep, but she said little, being all wonder."

With joy Hester performed the most servile duties, though she could neither eat nor drink for many days and nights. The Word of God was sweeter than honey or the honeycomb.

Six months later her cousin, Robert Roe, stopped on his way to college. He beheld her with astonishment, always happy and rejoicing, toiling hard, her pride in the dust, her soul sunk in humility. He passed on, with his own heart so hungry that he wrote to her, inquired the way of salvation, and found blessed peace. His father disowned him because he would not return to his former worldly life. However, the father repented on his death-bed, and likely found salvation. The young man remained true to his Lord, and also received his share of the estate. It always pays to take the way of the cross. After a few beautiful years in the Methodist ministry, Robert Roe passed on to his reward, and heaven's records will show that the holy life and good counsel of his cousin, Hester Ann Roe, was the happy instrument of his salvation and sanctification.

About seven months after she undertook to be servant to her mother the latter took a fever, and, when recovering, took a relapse which threatened to be fatal. The six weeks of heavy strain was too much for Hester's frail body, and for a long time she herself seemed walking on the rim of a consumptive's

grave. Upon the intercession of friends, she was relieved from her work. Having stood the furnace flame, outward opposition began to abate.

Conviction for entire sanctification now began to dawn upon her. Remains of anger, pride, self-will, and unbelief brought heaviness and sorrow, and she began to cry for deliverance. The witness of the Spirit was still hers, and blessed answers to prayers were given. She hoped by fasting and prayer to mortify the carnal nature. Though the process reduces the body, it does not destroy the old man. She seemed far gone in consumption, and an early grave near. The prospect of heaven was very delightful, and she did not care to get well. But she found that entire renunciation meant to have no choice of her own, leaving every change to Divine management. When able to attend preaching again, she learned that sanctification, like justification, was an instantaneous work wrought by the Holy Ghost, in answer to faith in the Savior's merits. Good reading also helped to enlighten her. The Scripture promises, in all their fulness, opened to her.

We transcribe from her diary: "On the morning of February 22, I awoke poorly in body, and felt a strange hardness on my heart, and a great backwardness to private prayer. Satan told me if I prayed it would be only a solemn mockery. But I cried, 'Lord, help me!' and fell instantly on my knees. My intercourse was now opened with my Beloved, and various promises presented to my believing view. Shall I ask now *small blessings* only of my God? 'Lord, make this the moment of my full salvation. Baptize me now with the Holy Ghost and fire of pure love. Now enter Thy temple, and cast out sin forever.' But here Satan raised all his force of temptations to oppose me. But I cried, 'Lord, I cannot stand those

trials without it. Lord, Thou art faithful, and this is Thy word. I cast my whole soul upon Thy promise. I venture my soul upon Thy veracity. *Thou can'st not deny.* I do believe this moment Thou dost save. My soul is delivered of her burden. I am emptied of all. I take hold of Thee as my fulness! Everything that I want, Thou art! Thou art wisdom, strength, love, holiness; yes, Thou art mine! I am conquered and subdued by love. Thy love sinks me into nothing; it overflows my soul. O my Jesus, Thou art all in all! In Thee I behold and feel all the fulness of the Godhead mine. I am now one with God. Sin,—inbred sin—no longer hinders the close communion, and God is all my own.' O, the depth of solid peace my soul now felt! It was

> "The sacred awe that dares not move,
> And all the silent Heaven of love."

She now walked in the unclouded light of His countenance. Her victory had not been obtained without earnest seeking, contention for the faith, confession of carnality and prevailing prayer.

Insight into her daily walk with the Lord is given by her spiritual diary:

"Sun. 25. Glory be to God for the best Sabbath I ever knew! My body was so very weak and poorly I could not go to preaching, but the Lord was with me, and gave me fresh discoveries of my own emptiness and poverty, and of His abundant fulness.

"Thur. 29. I was so happy that I could not sleep in the night. O, what deep communion did my soul enjoy with God! It was a foretaste of heaven itself. O, my blessed Lord, I rejoice that I am Thy purchased property, and not my own; and to Thee I gladly yield body, soul and spirit.

"March 5. For some days it has been a season of outward trials with me. But I have enjoyed fellowship with God and great inward comforts. I have ever found, *when He gives peculiar grace, He permits it to be tried;* but I prove, 'as my day, so is my strength.' Yes, glory to His name alone, I am more than conqueror! I feel it the constant language of my heart:

> "No cross, no suffering I decline,
> Only let all my heart be Thine."

August 19, 1784, she was married to Mr. James Rogers, a Methodist preacher, whose first wife had been her most intimate friend. She became to him a very efficient helpmeet, a most excellent class-leader, a tactful and successful personal worker in the vineyard of the Lord. Wherever they went, the churches were built up in numbers and spirituality. She was indeed a mother in Israel. The old-fashioned, close class-meeting was one of the mighty instruments of early Methodism, blest of the Lord to lead many inquiring souls into salvation, and in guiding converts on to holiness and into most fruitful lives of prayer and devotion. Cards of admission were given to such as were saved or showed a serious concern for their souls. The class-leader took a personal interest in each soul under his care, guiding and counseling them faithfully. A church-membership would be divided into classes of about thirty each. Each class was met weekly by the leader, who questioned them personally of their state of victory, and admonished each one fittingly. It was Mr. Rogers' custom to give his wife a run-down class, let her labor until it was too large to do the best, then divide them, and give them to other leaders, letting his wife start over again. In this way she became a blessing to many souls.

Her maternal care and affection shone equally bright.

Though she devoted much of her time to religious duties in public and private, yet nothing seemed to be left undone which could make her children comfortable and happy. She even prevented all their wants, and was equally—nay, if it were possible, more—attentive to Mr. Rogers' children by his former wife than to her own.

Her married life was beautiful, and her husband felt indeed stricken when, October 10, 1794, shortly after giving birth to a baby boy, she departed to receive her reward in a land where sorrow, sighing and parting are no more. Seven children lamented their loss. She died in her thirty-ninth year.

Her diary is the account of twenty years of unbroken walk with God. Her intimacy with the Lord may be seen from the following transcriptions:

"At preaching this morning I was so overcome with the love and exceeding glory of my triune God that I sunk down, unable to support it! It was long before I could stand or speak! All this day I have been lost in depths of love unutterable! At the love feast I was again overwhelmed with His immediate presence! All around me is God!

"At the prayer-meeting my body was quite overcome for half an hour, so did my Lord unfold His fulness of love to my soul. I seemed as in the presence of His glory, confounded and overwhelmed with a sense of His purity and justice, His grace and love, and was constrained to lie at His feet in speechless adoration and humblest praise. My body was covered with a cold sweat, and all around thought I was dying. Well mightest Thou say, O most adorable Savior, "No man can see my face and live," for when Thou displayest only one faint ray, one glimpse of Thy glorious presence, this frail tabernacle is ready to crumble into dust before Thee! But O, I shall one day be capable of beholding Thee face to face.

These eyes shall see Thy glory, and gaze forever in ecstatic bliss! Now this corruptible clay cannot support itself under the weight of Thy love; but then it shall have put on incorruption, and be able to enjoy the full and eternal fruition of Thy glory.

"Afterward I passed through scenes of close trial (for which the Lord had thus been preparing me), and for a season had not those peculiar manifestations. But His grace was sufficient, and He brought me through waves and clouds and storms unhurt. To Him be glory forever and forever."

The following is a poem found among her papers, most likely written in premonition of her near death:

"My hour is come, and angels round me wait,
To take me to their glorious, happy state;
Where, free from sickness, death, and every pain,
I shall with God in endless glory reign.

"Transporting thought! Thou dearest man, adieu!
I feel no sorrow but in leaving you;
O thou, my comfort, thought and only care,
In these last words thy kindness I'll declare.

"In truth, in constancy, in faithful love,
Few could you equal, none superior prove;
Compelled by frequent sickness to complain,
You strove to lessen and to assuage my pain.

"More I would say my gratitude to own,
But breath forsakes me, and my pulse is gone.
Adieu, dear man! O, spare
This flood of grief, and of thy health take care.

"My blessing to my babes; thou wilt be kind
To the dear infants whom I leave behind;
Train them to virtue, piety and truth,
And form their manners early in their youth.

"Farewell to all who now on me attend,
The faithful servant, and the weeping friend;
The time is short till we shall meet again,
With Christ, to share the glories of His reign."

AMANDA SMITH

AMANDA BERRY, born at Long Green, Maryland, January 23, 1837, was the oldest of nine children, five of whom were born in slavery. Her father, mother and grandmother were good Christians, and not so ignorant or degraded by their servile state as the most of the black race were.

Miss Celie, the daughter of Mr. Berry's mistress, became soundly converted. Soon after, she was on her death-bed. At her request, Mr. Berry was granted the privilege of buying himself and family free. To do this he labored hard, working in fields until two o'clock at night, or making brooms. Being trustworthy, he was allowed meager wages by his mistress. In time he redeemed all his family. Amanda in later years used to say she had more reason to shout than other folks, because she was bought twice and set free twice. The excellent qualities of character seen in her father re-appeared in his oldest daughter.

The Bible was read every Sunday in their cabin, and the voice of prayer was often heard. Amanda's education began when she was eight years old, but her continuance at school was very limited. Hard work from childhood up was her unvaried lot. At a revival meeting she was blessedly converted. But she was timid, and her faith weak. Moreover, because of her color, the class-leader made her wait until last to testify. This made her too late to prepare her mistress'

AMANDA SMITH

dinner, so she had to give up about the only means of grace there was to help her, and the result was she backslid.

Reading a book of infidel arguments was poison to her young mind, and her heart was hardened.

Through the unfaithfulness of an aunt, Amanda's sister Frances was sold into slavery. Though earning only six dollars per month, Amanda undertook the redemption of her sister. Having found $300 and returned it to the owner, she was given a reward of $50. So the debt was paid, and her sister set free.

When not yet eighteen years old she was married to Mr. Devine. One of their two children lived. He was a drinking man, who made life quite unpleasant. He went away to the war, and never returned.

When upon a sick-bed, a dream or vision was the cause of her again turning to the Lord. She went to an altar, but did not find peace. Strong willed, she clung to her own pride and plans. After long fasting and praying, in desperation she one day did her work well, then went to the cellar to pray. Weary, tossed and buffeted by the enemy, she looked to the Lord and said: "Oh, Lord, if Thou wilt help me, I will believe Thee." And in the act of telling God she would believe, she *did* believe. "Oh, the peace and joy that flooded my soul! The burden rolled away, and a flood of light and joy swept through my soul. I sprang to my feet; all around was light. I was new. I looked at my hands, they looked new. I took hold of myself and said, 'Why, I am new; I am new all over.' I ran out of the cellar. I walked up and down the kitchen floor. There seemed to be a halo of light all over me. I went into the dining-room and looked into the mirror to see if anything had transpired in my color. I cried, 'Hallelujah, I have got religion! I have got religion! Glory to

God!' This witness of God's Spirit to my conversion has been what has held me amid all the storms of temptation and trial that I have passed through."

She felt the Lord's work upon her heart. When James Smith, a local preacher, asked her to become his wife, she accepted, thinking he would become a pastor, and thus a useful life be opened to her. But some profess much religion over little or no grace and a life of inconsistencies. So it was in his case. Amanda hoped for a home for herself and daughter, but her faithless and usually idle husband deceived her, and had no intention of living the unselfish life of a Christian. She worked out, taking her children with her. She washed, cooked, baked, and ironed, working far into the night to earn a scant living for the family. Rent was high, wages low. Working at times when she should not have worked, or taking her nursing babes with her, resulted directly or indirectly in the death of her five babes. She would move to accommodate her husband if he would get a bit of work, but *she* usually had to pay the rent, as well as build up patronage for her washing at each new place.

Her husband was a Mason and an Odd-fellow, and under his persuasion she joined three secret societies in New York. This was intended as a substitute for the good church-fellowship she had enjoyed in Philadelphia. But as it only drew her into worldly society, and taxed her little income to pay her dues, it was little satisfaction. When God opened her eyes to see the folly of it all she came out of them, though many friends now became her enemies.

Seeking and Finding Holiness

One morning a friend found her weeping, nearly broken-hearted, over her wash-tub. Her husband had been so un-

kind, so hard to please. "Well, get sanctified, and then you will have enduring grace," said her friend. "My, is that what sanctification means? Enduring grace! That is just what I need. I have always been planning to get out of trials, instead of asking God for enduring grace," was Amanda's reflection. From that time on she struggled, wept and prayed, "Oh, Lord, sanctify my soul, and give me enduring grace."

Added to the ill-temper of her husband was the meanness and quarrelsomeness of her neighbors, in the flats or cellars, where they rented. One or two poorly-furnished rooms was what they called home. But Amanda was neat and saving, and the grace of God enabled her to go through much. When a new job was offered Mr. Smith, she refused to move again, for she knew she would have to pay expenses, and it was so hard to get work in a new community. He went alone, returning occasionally to see her, but did not help pay the expenses. The public whipping-post is not an injustice to such husbands.

She continued praying for holiness. She had heard of some people being greatly blest when they were immersed. So she decided to be baptized by immersion, and at that time the Lord would sanctify her she thought. But her plans were frustrated, and the immersion never occurred. Then she and two or three others, who met together to pray, decided to wash each other's feet. Then, thought she, the Lord would sanctify her. But no, the feet-washing did not occur, and her broken reed was gone. On Sabbath she wanted to hear John Inskip preach. But it was so far; her husband would be home for dinner, would want a fine meal, and not a minute late. Also, the baby must be cared for. But she left the child with her daughter Mazie, prepared dinner as best she could

beforehand, and went. Satan went also, tormenting her unceasingly about her home cares, and trying to induce her to go to a nearby church, where holiness would not be preached. With spirit almost fainting, and body weary, she entered the church and listened to that flaming evangel preach from the text, "That ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." With the simple illustration of how we breathe without pain or effort, he showed how one need not fix any way for God. The simplicity of faith dawned upon Amanda's mind, and in a moment she was trusting the Lord for the great work. She writes, "I seemed to go two ways at once—up and down. Such a wave came over me, and such a welling up in my heart. Oh, what glory filled my soul! The great vacuum in my soul began to fill up. I wanted to shout: 'Glory to Jesus,' but Satan said, 'Now, if you make a noise, they will put you out.' "

As the sermon continued, wave after wave swept through her soul. On account of being a colored person in a white people's church, she was very careful, and almost quenched the Spirit. During the singing of the last hymn, as the congregation sang of the cleansing of the blood, she arose and shouted, "Glory to Jesus!" The power of the Lord came mightily upon her, prostrating her under its weight three times on her way home. Of course she was a gazing stock, but it mattered not to her. She testified to God's work in her soul to some friends she passed on the way, and continued telling it at home, to church officials and others.

The simplicity of her faith thereafter was beautiful. She learned to distinguish the voice of the Lord and to walk in the Spirit. Her flaming testimony was blest to many. She saw good fruitage from her personal work of passing tracts, exhorting people and ministering to the sick, though her time

was so fully occupied with providing for the family. Many in like circumstances would have excused themselves from any active soul-winning service, saying they had too much to do. She had a strong, rich voice, and could sing as only the colored people can.

Her baby died, also her husband, leaving only her daughter Mazie. To educate this daughter, then about fifteen years old, became her ambition. Amanda thought that she herself was too poor and ignorant to be of much service to the Lord. So she hoped to train her child that she might become an efficient laborer in the Lord's vineyard. But "God hath chosen the foolish to confound the wise", and He chose this colored wash-woman to minister to many in holy things. The daughter received a good college education, taught school, then married, and though a good Christian woman, she never became a missionary, as her mother had fondly hoped.

Amanda was first called of the Lord to go to the town of Salem. A pair of shoes and the necessary train fare were providentially given her. At first she was looked upon with suspicion and prejudice, but the Divine seal was so upon her humble efforts that in afternoon prayer-meetings, and evening talks and Bible readings, salvation broke out, many cried for mercy, and the tide of victory rolled on. Her early evangelistic efforts were interspersed with doing washings and working out by the day. When a request came to assist in a meeting, she would pray over it, and if it were Divine order, means would be provided to pay her way and furnish lodging. One to whom she passed tracts on a train gave her two dollars. At camp-meetings she would be asked to lodge with someone whose heart the Lord had touched. Calls to camp and revival services multiplied. The humble, earnest colored woman was owned of God in prayer, song and testimony.

Still she did not become puffed up, but enjoyed serving others, carrying water, cleaning up tents, and sleeping in inconvenient and most humble quarters. Then the Lord would most signally anoint her, and all declared the blessedness of her presence.

She bore many trials on account of her color. Some white folks would be afraid she would hinder the meeting; some were too prejudiced to receive her in their homes or at their table. She had to ride on top of an omnibus, and wait until all the folks had alighted. She was invited *out* of a meeting conducted by two ladies. At another time she was warned not to attend services being held among the wealthy in a certain place. These ostracisms were endured, not only among white folks, but sometimes among those of her own race, for she labored very much in the African M. E. church. She attended the A. M. E. General Conference at Nashville. Her plain bonnet and dress contrasted strongly with the elegant attire of the ministers' wives. Colored people like gorgeous colors and pompous styles, and evidently some of those professors of religion had not yet died out to the "vain pomp and glory of the world". Of course, they let her strictly alone. Some whispered that she was there to advocate the ordination of women. She paid her own train fare and hotel expenses, and yet could scarcely get a lodging. In many ways she was shown that her company was not desired. The entire Conference was invited to the Fiske Conservatory. Amanda went. The Famous Jubilee Singers occupied the choir, and were to lead the singing. The leader, who knew Amanda and her spiritual singing, spied her back in the audience, sought her, and leading her forward, introduced her to the great and astounded audience. Then he requested her to sing, while the Jubilee Singers joined in the chorus, as only they could! The

Spirit of the Lord came down, and thereafter Amanda had plenty of friends. "Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. God is the judge; he putteth down one and setteth up another."

When asked if she would not rather be white, she replied: "No, no; as the Lord lives, I would rather be black, and *fully* saved, than to be white and *not* saved. I was bad enough, black as I am, and I would have been ten times worse if I had been white." It's the blood that makes whiteness.

In hundreds of meetings she labored in America, twelve years in England among the Keswick people and others, one and one-half years in India, preaching the baptism of the Holy Ghost to the missionaries, and eight years in Liberia and Sierre Leone, Africa. Part of these years she was called from place to place, and supported by the people. Part of the time she rented her own house, paid her own expenses, labored among the natives, and assisted the missionaries in their meetings and other work.

In England she was royally received in the homes of the wealthy, and though cherished by so many friends, and every human need supplied, she kept the same simplicity, humility and plainness. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

The fact that she was a woman, and moreover, a black woman, often served as a big advertisement to her meetings, bringing out great numbers of people, curious at first, then repentance and believing. She said she was the Lord's billboard.

Her last years were spent in a comfortable home in Sebring, Florida, provided for her by the kind Mr. George Sebring.

SAVONAROLA

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA was born at Ferrara, Italy, September 21, 1452. He was a quiet, pensive child, serious almost to melancholy. He was well educated by his grandfather and his parents. The grandfather was a physician of great influence at the court, and for that profession was the youth designed. The parents were not religious, but respectable. Girolamo was their third son. He was a very apt pupil, studious and gentle. He loved retirement and hated publicity.

His determination to become a monk was brought about by a variety of causes. The sins of the times weighed heavily upon his mind. People were given up to gross sensuality. Vital godliness seemed almost extinct. Rapine and murder were common sins of the day. Astrology was taught in the school, and was accepted by prelates and people who rejected the Bible. Vice was everywhere held in honor, and virtue disdained. Some of the most vicious characters known in history were popes exalted upon the throne of spiritual and temporal power at Rome. Such a revulsion against the wickedness of his times took possession of young Savonarola that he determined to extricate himself from the human filthiness about him by fleeing from home on the day of the festival of St. George, 1475, and made application to enter the brotherhood of St. Dominic at Bologna. He offered to do the most menial kind of service, but his unusual qualities of mind soon dis-

tinguished him above his fellows, and he was made lecturer on philosophy. He fasted and prayed much; also wrote against the corruptions of the church.

His influence steadily increased, in spite of the opposition of the aristocrats. The prevailing amusements and vices came in for their share of denunciation. The lewd fashions, so indecent and degrading, and a sure sign of the degeneracy of any nation, were classed with debauchery and drunkenness. Men and women, as they left the church, tore off their ornaments, and gave them as an offering to God or the state.

Like his Master, his death cast its long shadow before it. Such scalding denunciations of the foul popes of his day, and the proclaiming that Christendom needed to reform, could not fail to bring wrath down upon his head in due time. The Arbraitai at Florence, the friends of the fallen Medici, and the Pope at Rome combined against him. Open opposition was not safe at first. He was misrepresented as a seditious citizen, a disloyal priest, and an enemy of all authority and good government. The Pope first sent him a request to appear at Rome. Savonarola was too well informed of the deception and political wire-pulling that had been going on to be deceived by soft flatteries. He was just recovering from a severe illness, and could not go. He desisted from preaching for a time, and another addressed the people in his place.

A violent uproar, started by his enemies, broke up his preaching on Ascension Day. Next the Pope's excommunication arrived.

After the reading of the excommunication, announced by bells, and accompanied by the extinguishing of lighted tapers, there was no restraint upon the mob, now under control of his enemies. By the payment of five thousand scudi the excommunication would be withdrawn—this as a proof of the venal-

ity of Rome. Even after the excommunication, Savonarola appeared in the cathedral pulpit, and voiced the truth that, in matters of conscience, we ought to obey God rather than men. The Pope was more furious than ever. Savonarola discussed the fallibility of the Pope, and declared that a man who said the Pope could not err because he was Pope might as well say that a Christian could not err because he was a Christian. Then he penned his famous "*Letter to the Princes of Europe*", telling them that the church was full of abominations, so that the Lord was grievously displeased. "I testify now to you that this Alexander is not Pope, nor can he be retained as such; for leaving alone his most wicked sin of simony, by which he obtained the papal chair, and the fact that every day he sells the ecclesiastical benefices to whosoever will buy them, and apart from his other manifest vices, I affirm that he is not a Christian, and that he does not believe there is a God."

The arrest and death of the prophet remind one forcibly of the closing scenes of the life of his Lord. The mob, incited by his political and religious enemies, besieged the sanctuary of the convent, where he and about thirty had taken refuge. Doors were battered and burned down, missiles hurled, and in the wild confusion Savonarola and some adherents were hurried away. Several times he was examined by torture. His body was racked by inhuman sufferings to extract from him a confession of heresy, or an agreement to desist from his denunciations of the sins of priests and people. His hands were bound behind him by the strongest chains. They were then tied to a rope attached to the roof of the building, by which he was first drawn up to a great height, and then let fall with great violence, so that his feet did not quite touch the ground, his body remaining suspended in the air, sprang upwards again, so that his shoulders were put out of joint, and his muscles

strained and torn. Insults were heaped upon him; he was struck and spit upon. Burning coals were applied to his feet, so that the flesh and nerves were half burned. Still he would not recant. The torture was repeated several times. Returning to his cell, he would kneel and ask God to forgive his enemies. The scribe who recorded his answers distorted them to make them appear like recantation, and this report was given to his followers. He and his two companions, Benedetto and Salvestro, were brought forth, and in the presence of jeering thousands were first hanged, then burned. Before his execution, Savonarola was divested of his clerical garb, and the bishop stammered these words, "*Separo te ab Ecclesia militante atque triumphante.*" (I separate you from the church militant and the church triumphant.) "*Militante*, yes," replied Savonarola, "but *triumphante*, no; for this does not belong to you." They were words heard by many, and not soon forgotten. A priest asked him with what mind he endured his sufferings, and he replied, "Should I not die willingly for Him who suffered as much for me?" He was so absorbed in devotion that he scarcely seemed aware of what was going on about him. An awful silence reigned, broken by a coarse voice crying, "Now, prophet, is the time to work a miracle."

Miseries were in store for Florence, and as the blood of the Savior called down Divine wrath upon Jerusalem, so Florence lived to regret the day when she shed the blood of the holy prophet of God, who feared not to warn them with tears. He was not entirely delivered from Romish superstitions, but he was far in advance of his times in the reforms he advocated, and no doubt was one of the most saintly prophets ever given to the Church.

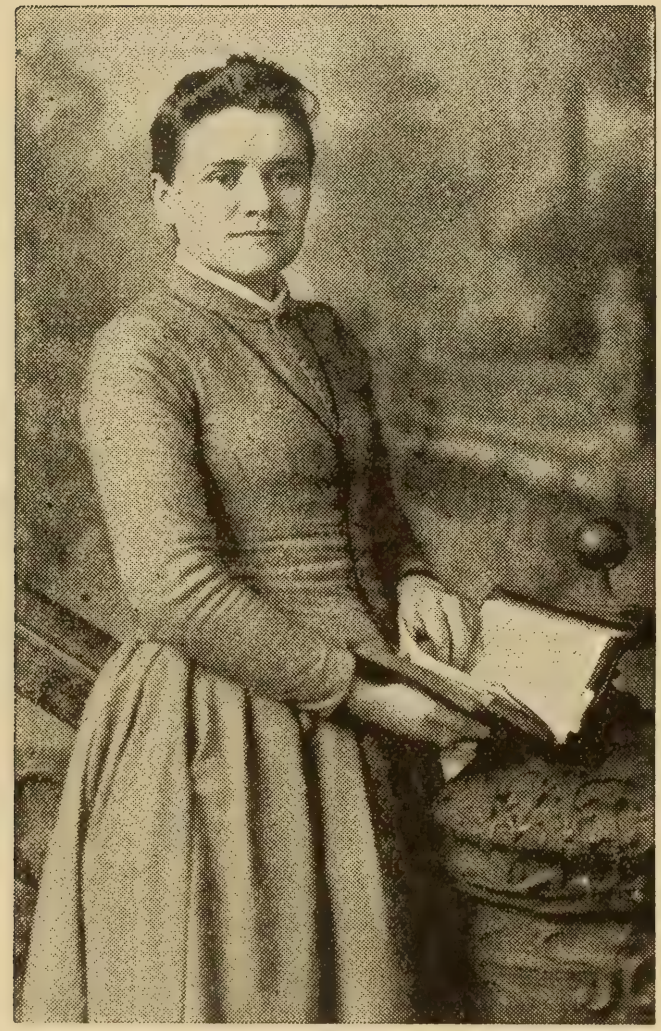
MINNIE B. SHELHAMER

MINNIE BALDWIN was the tenth child of a pious rural family living near Euclid, Ohio. Five-sixths of our preachers and six-tenths of our college professors are from the country. Country-bred men have shaped our national life. Environment is considered by many authorities of greater importance in character building than heredity. The beautiful home-life of the large family governed by the parents, Daniel and Sarah Baldwin, was decidedly Christian. The holy fire of the family altar was kept brightly burning, and their hospitable home often sheltered Christian workers.

Minnie was a bright, vivacious, strong-willed child. As she developed into young womanhood she became studious, of independent mind, and a general favorite among her girl friends. She loved the world, and conformed to it, although the family discipline prevented her from dipping deeply into its follies.

The loved mother slipped off to Heaven when Minnie was sixteen. Conviction settled down upon her lonely, crushed heart, yet she defiantly fought it off for one year. Her praying friends became discouraged by her light or irritable disdain of all their attempts to win her to the Lord.

"At night, while others slept, she often walked the floor, wept and wrung her hands. The time came for the annual camp-meeting a few miles away. Left nearly alone, she went to the woods for a ramble, as was often her custom. Though



MRS. MINNIE B. SHELHAMER

usually fearless, today she was frightened. Every snapping twig terrified her, and an impression seized her, 'You must yield to God now or never.' She began to pray with all her might, and told the Lord that if He would spare her life to get home, and go to the camp-meeting, she would get saved.

"She kept the promise. Though the struggle was terrible, yet she presented herself at the altar as a seeker, and continued during the rest of the meeting. Her conviction was so powerful that often, as she was walking over the grounds, she stepped back suddenly, feeling as if she was about to plunge into hell. Relief did not come till after returning home. She walked her bedroom for three days and nights, gave up her bright prospects and ambitions, died out to the world and her young friends, submitted her strong will to God, and received the peace that passeth understanding. To the surprise of many she laid aside all worldly adorning, and identified herself with the unpopular and peculiar people.

"The first Sabbath night after her conversion the little church was crowded. Her young friends and schoolmates had heard of her being saved, and had come for the express purpose of seeing how she would look, and what she would say. When the opportunity was given for testimony, she arose and, facing the people, she told of the struggle she had been through, and the wonderful peace in her soul since she had surrendered her life to God. Instead of laughter and ridicule, there was seriousness and conviction on all countenances.

"The change in this young girl was wonderful and complete. She was out and out for Christ as she had been before for the world. She loved the prayer-meeting and all the services of the house of God, and was often blest in prayer and testimony. Though in the past she shrank from being peculiar, she was frequently so filled with the power of the Spirit that

she fell prostrate on the floor in the prayer-meeting or the love-feast. It was understood by all who knew her that it was fully settled by her to obey the Lord at any cost.

"Her call to give her life for souls was also very clear. Many times during the year after her conversion, while at school studying, at night trying to sleep, or in prayer, she would see hands stretched out to her, and a voice saying, 'Come and save us.' At first she supposed it was a call to be a missionary, as she knew of no young people who were actively engaged in the Lord's work at home. She became acquainted with some missionaries who were on their way to Africa, and offered herself to God for that field if it were His will.

"At this time Rev. V. A. Dake, a holy man of God, felt led to organize for active evangelistic work young people who he had cause to believe would be useful soul-winners if the door was opened for them. Minnie and her sister were invited to join one of these bands. Some good people opposed, and it was hard for the family to see these inexperienced girls start out in the big world thus. "But the Lord made His will plain to all ere the camp-meeting closed. The elder asked Minnie to lead a morning love-feast, and the power of the Lord came on her and the service so wonderfully that the spiritually-minded people could not fail to see that it was the seal of the Spirit to the call. How many young people fail to move out in God's work as quickly as He leads. They wait a year or two for more school, or the well-meant arguments of friends hinder them. They become entangled in business, or some premature love affair, and all the designs of God in their cases are frustrated.

"These young people never thought of *preaching*, and would have been frightened at the suggestion. After singing and prayer, one of their number would lead by reading a por-

tion of Scripture, commenting on particular passages as led, and telling some of her personal experience. The others would follow with testimony, exhortation or song, and the blessing of God would come upon them. They were just simple enough to follow the Spirit. Minnie was especially powerful in prayer. An old brother who used to get wonderfully blest in the meetings said of her that when Miss Minnie prayed it brought Heaven and earth together. She also had great simplicity of faith. Since God had saved her, she was very sure He could save anybody else, or do anything.

"In the Hanover meeting, a certain infidel was so interested that he did not miss a meeting for five weeks. They besieged the throne of grace in his behalf. "The workers were frequently invited to his house, and were all there to supper one night, when Minnie was taken very sick. She fainted away, and then, as cold water was used to bring her to consciousness, she had a chill. And thus it was for some time, fainting and chilling alternately. The room was filled with anxious friends, who thought she was dying. At this critical time her sister and the others resorted, as usual, to prayer. The infidel, who, with his wife, was very much concerned, thought: 'Now I'll see if this praying does any good.' He sat with his hand on the sick one's pulse which, as the praying commenced, was very feeble, and soon seemed to stop entirely. 'She is gone,' he said. But presently the pulse commenced to beat again, stronger and regularly, the symptoms disappeared, and she settled back quietly and went to sleep. The man was amazed, renounced his infidelity publicly, and soon after was gloriously converted. He later became a preacher of the Gospel."

In their meeting at Gardner, Ills., some one tried to set the tent on fire, missiles were thrown, etc. "After a few weeks the meetings were moved to a hall. Some were converted, but

the real break did not come for two months or more, while Satan's agents kept working. They threw things in the windows, pounded on tin cans, put matches on the floor for people to step on, and one night when the congregation was ready to go home, they found the door was locked. The key had accidentally been left on the outside, and some mischievous person had turned it and run away. If the workers had been easily discouraged, they might have fled from the field, but an inward assurance of victory held them up. They rented some rooms for a band home, and sometimes had only bread to eat. One Sabbath their dinner consisted of three slices of bread for the four of them. One of the young ladies felt led to fast, and the others ate their slice of bread and were thankful.

"Their faith was not disappointed. There came a time when the altar was nightly filled with seekers, and there were some wonderful conversions." A wicked, beer-drinking, carousing family, the terror of the place, was gloriously saved. They made restitutions, gave up their bad habits, and became respected Christian citizens.

At Braceville many souls were saved, and some of the vilest of the vile were transformed into clean, upright children of God. The enemy was enraged, and the little band was arrested when holding a street meeting. "The blessing of God fell so wonderfully on the band that they were shouting and praising Him till the officers had more than their hands full." Minnie used the opportunity to talk salvation to the officer leading her off. He trembled and shook, opened the prison door, showed her the way, and hurried shamefacedly away. "They were locked in the engine house, as there was not room for all in the cells, and for an hour and a half had a testimony and praise meeting. But in the meantime the whole town was stirred up, and an angry crowd surrounded the jail,

threatened to tear it down if the workers were not released. When given their liberty, they marched to the hall singing, and had a glorious meeting. Many others were saved during the few weeks that the meetings were still continued."

Minnie was not as strong as she looked, and often was not physically able to carry so great burdens. Sometimes she was misunderstood, sometimes misjudged. Her clothing was patched and worn. Her patience and faith were sorely tested, but she continued faithfully plodding on in the path of duty, and in due time sufficient money was handed her to supply all her needs.

In the Ottawa meeting she was very ill with typhoid-malaria. At the crisis of her fever, she had a vision of death coming to claim her. "No, you cannot do it. I am too young. You *dare* not do it. *My work* is not yet done," she defiantly said to death. She recovered rapidly, and resumed her place in the meeting. "The street meetings were a great annoyance to the saloonists and Catholic authorities, till finally the workers were told that if they came out on the street any more to hold services they would be arrested. Not feeling clear to discontinue the open-air services, they were arrested one night and marched to jail, singing as they went.

"This was the vilest jail of its kind—dirty, and smelling as if gas was escaping, while vermin of all kinds abounded. The four young ladies were assigned to the women's department, which happily had no other inmates. The beds were too filthy to think of using, so after singing and prayer, they spread some newspapers on the floor, and spent the night as best they could.

"The next day they were tried, and since they would not promise to hold no more street-meetings, they were sentenced to ten days, and carried back to their vile quarters. The turn-

key was kind to them, and brought in clean beds for them. They asked the Lord to send the vermin away, and never saw any after the first night. They were kept seven days, during which time a number of prisoners were brought in, often disturbing their rest with clamor and noise. They talked and prayed with all who came, through the grating that separated them, and some were much affected. Some said, 'What a shame! We are brought here for being drunk, and you for telling us not to drink.'

"The magistrates visited them, and said they should be released at once if they would promise to hold no more street meetings, but they did not feel clear to promise. The health officers came to see them, and demanded that they be allowed some out-door exercise daily or they would all be sick. Therefore the last part of their stay they were permitted to walk around the grounds some every day. When they were released, they were warned not to go back on the street to hold a service, or they would be brought back.

"After two or three days rest they again felt led to go on the street. They were promptly arrested, and carried back to jail. When tried, they were sentenced to thirty days, but they were given their liberty, with the understanding that at the next offense they would be taken to the prison for thirty days without further trial.

"Minnie and the band prayed earnestly over the matter for several days. In the meantime, some hard cases were getting converted in the meetings. At length they felt they must go back to the street and warn the ungodly crowds, let the results be what they would. They went, and were promptly taken back to jail, with the prospect of staying thirty days in that loathsome place unless the Lord undertook for them.

"The better class of citizens were becoming indignant. A lawyer of his own accord visited them, and said the whole thing was unjust, and he would himself commence proceedings against the city. The authorities were becoming alarmed. They thought they were contending with some young people whose enthusiasm could be worn out with a few days in their filthy prison. But, since they had commenced the fight, they were unwilling to give in.

"The workers felt that it was a matter of principle and souls, and, like Daniel of old, they knew the Lord could deliver them, but, if not, they were prepared to suffer for His sake.

"They remained three or four days, when, just as the lawyer referred to, had prepared his writs of *habeas corpus*, the mayor, marshal, and other officers came in and, after an attempt to make them promise not to hold street meetings, which failed as usual, they let them go, and gave them the best corner in the city for their street services, and a policeman to keep order for them.

"This was a complete victory, and now the little band praised the Lord for undertaking for them.

"At Tuscola, Ill., great victories were won. Again they were arrested on the charge of disturbing the peace of formal church-members and such as did not believe in religion in earnest. They were fined one dollar and costs. As they had done nothing wrong, they refused to pay the charges, and were again remanded to prison. However, they were well treated, and everything possible was done for their comfort. "Excitement ran high on the outside, while within there was calmness and praises to God. Early the next morning streams of visitors came, and all alike said it was a disgrace to the town, an unheard of thing, to thus incarcerate young ladies for worshiping

God according to the dictates of their own consciences in their own hired hall. The authorities were glad to release them at 2:30 the next day. The converts had gathered, and they marched all the way to the afternoon prayer-meeting, singing as they went. The work, of course, went better than ever."

After a wonderful meeting at Charleston, Minnie was at home sick with nervous prostration. Once more the Lord undertook; she was marvelously healed, and two days later went two hundred miles to a camp-meeting at Urbana, Ills. At this camp she met a tall, slender young man, called out of college into the Lord's good service. "Brother Dake introduced him as 'Brother Elmer Shelhamer, a graduate from straw college,' referring to his recent struggle in the straw at the altar. He was a blessed young man, who had the matter fully settled to give his life for the salvation of souls." At the close of one year's engagement Minnie Baldwin and E. E. Shelhamer were happily married. She was a true helpmeet, and for ten beautiful years they labored together, snatching souls from the eternal burnings and edifying the "body of Christ."

A very fruitful meeting was held at Blairsville, Pa. Some time later they retired for some weeks from public labors, and in a country place in Virginia, away from all company, they gave themselves up to prayer in a very special way. It marked an epoch in their lives; special anointing was given, and clearer Divine leadings in personal matters. They were now decided to labor in the South. This meant the breaking of the ties of kinship, separation from loved co-workers, and going into a new field—strangers in a strange land. After quite a chain of providential dealings, we find them attending a Holiness Convention in Atlanta, Ga. Here, after some days, they were pressed into service. A profound impression was made by a powerful sermon delivered by Mrs. Shelhamer. We tran-

scribe a small part of the article in the daily press at the time:

"CREATING A SENSATION

"A woman preacher talks to hundreds in a tent.

"Goes for the Social Evils.

"Caustic words of Mrs. Shelhamer, a transient Female Evangelist."

"The church-going element of East Atlanta is somewhat stirred over the preaching from the pulpit of St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church of a female evangelist.

* * * * * * *

"Although Mrs. Shelhamer has conducted the services on several occasions during the past ten days, her theme and consequent comments, in the course of her sermon Sunday night last, seems to have elicited more criticisms in that neighborhood than all else.

"On Sunday night last there were by conservative estimate about one thousand people under and around the tent to hear the lady preacher. Her text was, 'The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life.' The universal verdict of all present, without denominational prejudice or bias, was that she handled her subject in an exceptionally masterful, forceful and lucid manner.

"Her most delicate reference was in relation to the married young among the higher classes. While her subjects were fraught with danger, in language that few ministers would have dared to embrace, Mrs. S—— succeeded in a unique way to use only such high language as belongs to propriety, yet her explanations were wonderfully lucid, and the chain of argument connected with phenomenal grace.

"Mrs. S——is profoundly in earnest in her efforts to re-

form society. She and her husband seem to have held meetings in nearly every important center in the United States."

After an evangelistic trip north, they returned to Atlanta. In spite of misunderstandings, prejudice, false reports and opposition from various sources, there were some hearts hungry enough to die out to carnality and obtain real holiness. After two or three years of privations and tests of faith, a good, strong holiness work was established, an orphanage opened, and the wholesome monthly evangel, "*The Repairer*," was started on its mission of spreading the Bible truths of full salvation. For this paper Mrs. S—— often wrote pointed, helpful articles.

In order that this brief sketch may be a clear, definite testimony to the blessed experience of holiness as a second, instantaneous work of grace, wrought in the heart of the believer subsequent to justification, we transcribe her testimony as given by herself:

"In my early experience I was convicted of inward depravity, and began seeking holiness. The minister said, 'Now, consecrate yourself, and give up all to Him.' I answered, 'I did that when I was saved. God knows I would go to the darkest corner of Africa if He wanted me to.' He then said, 'Can't you believe that He sanctifies you?' I answered, 'But there is something wrong in my heart.' I tried to follow his teaching and believe I was sanctified, but in a few days the same old trouble came up again. For months I was almost in despair of finding deliverance. Finally I was permitted to hear a man preach real death to carnality who had experienced the same. I said, 'That is just what I need.' I confessed the depravity of my heart to God, and He cleansed me of all unrighteousness. Praise His name! Thank God, we can be so clean that the devil cannot find anything in us to claim as his

own, nor the omniscient gaze of the Almighty find anything more to be removed. Hallelujah!"

She was one to whom many came for counsel and went away not disappointed. She managed her large household of Christian workers, and orphans, with grace and efficiency. Her public addresses were ably delivered, and showed most careful, prayerful preparation. She bore disappointments cheerfully, and sought to glorify God in faithfully carrying every burden of her lot.

She looked forward to the pleasure and responsibility of motherhood with joy. But when that time came, the little waxen form lay cold and lifeless, and the mother very low and unconscious. Though unconscious of the presence of friends and loved ones weeping around her, she caught a glimpse of the things prepared for them that love Him, and her eyes lit up with glad surprise and heavenly glory, then her pure spirit took its flight about 5:30 a. m. on the 28th of March, 1902.

Her Christian walk was without break or failure, her devotion to her Lord intense, her married life sweet and beautiful. Our usefulness is not measured by years, but by improving every opportunity to be a blessing to others, and compelling every circumstance in life to yield a rich increase in the grace of God.

Much more could be said, but if any desire to read her life, entitled, "*A Remarkable Woman*", it can be had at "*Repairer*" Office, Atlanta, Ga.

DOROTHEA TRUDEL

A FEW years ago, many travelers visited a beautiful little Swiss village, nestled among the hills, and bordering the Lake of Zurich. This was the quiet home of Dorothea Trudel, the subject of this sketch. Modest and unassuming, she found the simplicity of faith for soul and body, and contrary to any design of her own, was led into great usefulness in praying the prayer of faith for the recovery of hundreds of sick, diseased and lunatic. In this day, when men who profess healing gifts, put on a professional display, and topple from the pinnacle where sentimental religionists place them, it is very refreshing to pure faith to find one who, discarding all honor and self-seeking, in child-like simplicity prayed for afflicted ones, and saw marvelous results to the glory of her King.

In a tract, entitled "*Eine Mutter*", Dorothea pays a beautiful tribute to her sainted mother. When one notes the unusual piety of the mother, it is not a surprise to see her faith reappear in her children.

Dorothea's mother had married unhappily. Her husband was profligate, away from home much of the time, and only a trouble-maker when at home. Yet her children never heard from her lips a murmur, nor saw in her conduct toward her unworthy husband aught but true wifely respect. She concealed his faults and lauded his few redeeming virtues—a lesson we all need better to learn. With her hands she earned

the meager living, training up her children to contentment in midst of hardship, and teaching each one to help maintain the family at an early age.

"We were eleven children in family, and as our means of livelihood were extremely limited, we were brought up in very plain manner. However, by the influence of our dear mother's example, and powerfully affected by her prayerful life, we learned to be so contented with our lot that our youth was really a happy time. Notwithstanding our father's frequent painful outbursts of impatience, peace might be justly said to dwell under our roof, and the order and quietude of our home were a standing evidence of the influence of unceasing prayer.

"When any of us were ill, we were brought in prayer before the feet of the heavenly Physician. Our mother had no cure except prayer. Even when I had small-pox, and became blind, no doctor was sent for, and no one was told of it. Our father was not at home, and when our mother asked him to come, telling him how ill I was, he would not believe it, and preferred to remain with his friends. Our mother was not in the least vexed or excited; she prayed for him, for all of us—especially for her sick child. Before my father came home my eyes were opened.

"One of my brothers had a fit, brought on through fright. Mother said to us, 'Jesus, who cured the lunatic boy, can heal our child. Do not speak of the attack to anyone. We will go only to Jesus about it,' and then she prayed with us." (He had three attacks, but in answer to prayer was delivered, and the disease never reappeared until thirty-four years later, after the mother had died.)

"I could narrate numberless facts of this kind if I had not, with them, almost always to make unpleasant allusions to my father. I am sorry to say he it was who caused many of

our troubles; but at last even he was brought to the knowledge of the truth, and after our mother's death he himself, in old age, fell peacefully asleep in Jesus; so this portion also of our mother's prayers was answered."

Ought not the answers to prayer which this mother received, in the conversion of husband and children, be a great encouragement to all mothers who labor under like difficulties?

Dorothea resembled her father in features and violent temper. She struggled to conquer herself, and in young womanhood was looked up to as a good Christian. But she still loved the dance, and in her own heart did not enjoy real peace with God until twenty-two years old. She was twenty-seven when her mother died, leaving eleven children, all grown up.

Defending herself against the ill-mannered approach of a young man, she strained her back. The result was the retaining of a good name, but bringing curvature of the spine for the remainder of her life.

"The spinal disease remained, my fine figure vanished, and I became a crooked, dwarfed, withered being, so that those to whom I had formerly been known, and who had not seen me for the last two years, could not recognize me. Although at this time utterly unable to stoop, I performed my various duties as usual."

In the following manner, her faith was led out for the healing of others. Four of her work-people fell sick, and though attended by physicians, they became worse afflicted. "The necessity became so pressing that I went as a worm to the Lord, and laid our distress before Him. I told Him how willingly I would send for an elder, as is commanded in James, v. But as there was none, I must go to my sick ones and, without trusting to any virtue in my hand, I would lay

it upon them. I did so, and by the Lord's blessing all four recovered.

She began visiting among unsaved people after her daily work was done. Every day she prayed with some children who came to her. A sickness broke out in the village. Dorothea went in and out among them. Many recovered in answer to her prayers. The rumor spread, and people from the neighborhood thronged to her or sent for her. Her leisure was all taken. Some came from a distance. In her kindness she lodged some of the sick over night, etc. After many solicitations of her friends, she gave up her flower work, and devoted herself entirely to nursing the sick and praying for their recovery. Healings continued, and the reports spread. Another house was purchased to help accommodate the applicants. There came to be practically a hospital at Mannedorf—a hospital without physician or surgeon, medicine or knife! Patients came from France and Germany, and even Great Britain.

Usually patients were lodged in the home, sometimes elsewhere in the town. No charges whatever were required of the poor. Those who were able paid from five to eight shillings per week. All boarded at the hall, on a very plain, simple diet. Their number averaged about one hundred and fifty daily. Dorothea conducted three services a day, giving instructions, aiming at the salvation of each, and then what volumes of prayers went up for deliverance of lunatic, idiotic, sick, lame and diseased. Healing not always came immediately. It was often the case that God did not answer until the patient confessed his spiritual illness and yielded to God.

No advertising was done, no promises flaunted that all who came would be immediately healed, the workers did not swell to great proportions of conceit, doctors were not decried,

but if any patient desired a physician he was allowed to employ one at his own expense. As many as the two houses would accommodate were received, most tenderly nursed, instructed, and prayed with. Often the healings were gradual. Consequently, many remained weeks and months in their care.

Very remarkable were her patience and ability to control insane persons. With greatest pity she studied each case and its cause, unraveling the difficulties. Choice sacred music was often the means of quieting them and securing desires for Divine help. Blessed were the deliverances.

Deaths in the home stirred envious physicians to activity. Opposition was set on foot, and the suppression of the institution was commanded by the town council of Zurich. Dorothea appealed from court to court, and finally the decision was reversed, and she was allowed to continue her good work.

A second storm broke upon them in 1861. She was fined one hundred and fifty francs, and ordered to dismiss the sick. This she could not do. Again she flew to her Refuge. Daniel 6: 26, 27, was given her: "I make a decree, that in every dominion of my kingdom, men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel. For he is the living God, and steadfast forever." Lawyer Spondlin undertook her defense gratuitously. The magistrates gave this decision: "Inasmuch as this institution was carried on quite differently to any other, employing no medicine, and having as a primary object benefit to the souls of the patients, Dorothea Trudel was not guilty of transgressing against the laws of physic, and was at liberty to carry on her work."

As a result of this trial, the demand for admittance became so great that only a small proportion of the applicants could be received. A third structure was built to meet the need.

"Her chief anxiety was that a spirit of prayer should rule and govern the home. She considered the Word of God, when it is not only learned, but firmly maintained, to be the true medicine. She had Bible lessons, attended by most of the patients; nor did she neglect proper discipline and firmness; so that notwithstanding all the love she manifested to the mentally disordered, she never suffered their wills to rise in opposition to hers.

A lady had so injured her knee by a fall that for weeks she lay in greatest agony. The doctor declared that dropsy would supervene, but the heavenly Physician fulfilled those promises which will abide until the end of the world, and by prayer the knee was cured in twenty-four hours, and the swelling vanished.

Before the third building was completed this frail woman, of multiplied labors and ministrations to others, went down with fever, contracted by visiting among those ill with a prevalent fever in the village. She had once said that she believed the Lord would take her quickly when her work on earth was done. During her sickness of almost two weeks, her fervent spirit was constantly praying. Powers of darkness closed in about her. Against this pressure she bravely battled, and before her death she broke out in triumph over every spirit foe. She literally prayed herself into Heaven. Her works do follow her.

In the same simplicity and humble trust, with no pretensions to greatness, nor courting publicity, the work was continued by Samuel Zeller, to whom she had willed the property.

She died in her forty-eighth year, having "diligently followed every good work," and having proven in behalf of hundreds that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick."

JAMES HUDSON TAYLOR

J. HUDSON TAYLOR, son of James Taylor, was born in Yorkshire, England, May 21, 1832. The father was a Spirit-filled evangelist. He had felt the sad condition of the millions of heathen China, and being himself unable to go to that far-away people, he was led to pray that God would give him a son devoted to that blessed but difficult task. However, they said nothing of this particular desire to the son of their faith and prayers. Hudson made no profession of religion, and was becoming skeptical, looking at the inconsistencies of professing Christians. One day when his holy mother was absent from home he took up a tract to read to while away the time, intending to lay it down when he reached the serious application. The "finished work of Christ" seemed in a special way opened to his spiritual understanding. Then came the thought, "If the whole work was finished, and the whole debt paid, what is there left for me to do?" Then the joyful conviction dawned upon his soul that there was nothing to be done but to fall down on one's knees, and accepting this Savior and His salvation, to praise Him forever more. Thus he became a joyful Christian. After a few days he confided his happy secret to his sister, who promised not to tell any one. Two weeks later, when his dear mother returned home, he was the first to meet her at the door and tell her the good news. She replied, "I know, my boy. I have been rejoicing for a fortnight in the glad tidings you have to tell me." "Why, has

JAMES HUDSON TAYLOR

Amelia broken her promise?" asked Hudson. "She said she would tell no one." The dear mother then told him that she heard the tidings not from man, but from Heaven. On the very afternoon when he found his Savior, his mother, eighty miles away, went alone to her room, feeling that her leisure gave her special opportunity to prevail for her boy, yet unsaved. She turned the key in the door, resolving not to leave the spot until her prayers were answered. Hour after hour she held on, until she could pray no longer. Her petitions were turned to praise, and the Spirit taught her that her petition was already granted.

"Saved under circumstances like these, it was, perhaps, natural that, from the commencement of my Christian life, I was led to feel that the promises were very real, and that prayer was in sober, matter-of-fact transacting business with God.

"Not many months after my conversion, having a leisure afternoon, I retired to my own chamber to spend it largely in communion with God. In the gladness of my heart, I poured out my soul before God, and again confessing my grateful love to Him who had done everything for me, I besought Him to give me some work to do for Him, as an outlet for love and gratitude—some self-denying work, no matter what it might be, however trying or trivial; something with which He would be pleased, and that I might do directly for Him who had done so much for me. Well do I remember, as in unreserved consecration I put myself, my life, my friends, my all, upon the altar, the deep solemnity that came over my soul, with the assurance that my offering was accepted. The presence of God became unutterably real and blessed; and though but a child of fifteen, I remember stretching myself on the ground, and ly-

ing there silent before Him with unspeakable awe and unspeakable joy.

"For what service I was accepted I knew not, but a deep consciousness that I was no longer my own took possession of me, which has never since been effaced. It became a very practical consciousness. Two or three years later propositions of an unusually favorable nature were made to me with regard to medical study, on the condition of my becoming apprenticed to the medical man who was my friend and teacher. But I felt I dared not accept any binding engagement. I was not my own to give myself away; for I knew not when or how He whose alone I was might call for service.

"Within a few months of this time of consecration the impression was wrought into my soul that it was in China the Lord wanted me. It seemed highly probable the work to which I was thus called might cost my life, for China was not then open as it is now. I learned that the Congregational minister of my native town possessed a copy of Medhurst's *China*, and I called upon him to ask a loan of the book. This he kindly granted, asking me why I wished to read it. 'And how do you propose to go there?' he inquired. I answered that I did not at all know; that it seemed probable that I should need to do as the Twelve and the Seventy had done—go without purse or scrip, relying on Him who had called me to supply all my need. Kindly placing his hand upon my shoulder, the minister replied, 'Ah, my boy, as you grow older you will get wiser than that.'

"I have grown older since then, but not wiser. I am more than ever convinced that if we were to take the directions of our Master, and the assurances He gave to His first disciples more fully as our guide, we should find them just as suited to our times as to those in which they were originally given."

Again we see the importance and blessedness of early conversion. When God can control young life, shape its purposes, and mould the character, He can make a vessel more fitted to honor and fruitfulness.

We also note an unusual thing. How rare for a youth to *ask* the Lord for a Divine commission for service, no matter how trivial or difficult! Perhaps more would find a place of usefulness in the great harvest field if they thus whole-heartedly volunteered for service.

His Divine call became the controlling and shaping force in his life. It became a simple, solemn, engrossing fact, that his life-work was to be in China, and to fit himself for that great responsibility became his sole concern. After preparatory study at home, he went to Hull for medical and surgical training, becoming assistant to a surgeon of wide practice. "This one thing I do," impresses the student of his life. To be a missionary in China was the absorbing theme of his thought, prayers and effort. No other ambition ever gained a foothold. To acquire earthly gain, or the esteem of men, never tainted his pure soul.

He proved his fitness for labor in dark China by going into the highways and hedges, giving out literature, talking and praying with needy souls, and dividing with the hungry or needy his little earnings. One who is not a soul-winner at home will never be a soul-winner when surrounded by gross heathen darkness. One who is lazy, idle, indifferent, selfish, at home will never make a successful missionary abroad, no matter how much religion he may profess. The best way to prepare for a greater work is to be faithful in that which is least. The best way to convince the church that you have a heavenly commission is to do with your might what your hands

find to do. Don't wait for another to give you a job. Find one.

Moreover, he trained his faith, so that when he should have no other resource but God, in China, the promises of God would be his unfailing bulwark of defense, his store-house of supply, his guide in untried paths.

The preliminary training of his faith is most interesting. He settled the question that he ought to give at least one-tenth of his income. In order to do so, he took less comfortable quarters, in the suburbs, walking the extra distance to his work, and boarding himself. Plain gruel of rice or oatmeal was his usual morning and evening meal, while for dinner he ate some apples. In this way he not only tithed, but found that he could give about two-thirds of his income to the Lord's work. He gave up butter and milk as luxuries.

"The effect of the blessed hope of the Lord appearing at any time led me to look carefully through my little library to see if there were any books there that were not needed or likely to be of further service, and to examine my small wardrobe, to be quite sure that it contained nothing that I should be sorry to give account of should the Master come at once. The result was that the library was considerably diminished, to the benefit of some poor neighbors, and to the far greater benefit of my own soul, and that I found I had articles of clothing also which might be put to better advantage in other directions.

"It has been very helpful to me, from time to time through life, to act again in a similar way; and I have never gone through my house, from basement to attic, with this object in view, without receiving a great accession of spiritual joy and blessing. I believe we are in danger of accumulating things which would be useful to others, while not needed by ourselves, and the retention of which entails loss of blessing. If

the whole resources of the Church of God were well utilized, how much more might be accomplished. How many poor might be fed, and naked clothed, and to how many of those as yet unreached the Gospel might be preached. Let me advise this line of things as a constant habit of mind, and a profitable course to be practically adopted whenever circumstances permit. "My experience was, that the less I spent on myself, and the more I gave away, the fuller of happiness and blessing did my soul become. Unspeakable joy all the day long, and every day, was my happy possession. God, even my God, was a living, bright reality, and all I had to do was joyful service."

On one occasion, when called late one Sabbath night, after a strenuous day, to visit a destitute family in a poor tenement, he tried to talk to them of salvation, but he felt choked. Then he tried to pray. But, contrary to his usual liberty, he could scarcely pray. He had only half a crown left in his pocket, almost no food in his humble lodgings, and his employer was behind in paying him his salary. To part with his last coin in such circumstances was not an easy step of faith. But the poor woman and new-born babe were almost expiring, and the entire family was suffering from hunger. Taylor gained the victory, gave the man his last coin, and at once the tides of blessing flooded his happy soul. The very next morning he received in the mail an envelope containing a pair of gloves and half a sovereign, with no indication of the owner's name. "Praise the Lord!" he exclaimed. "Four hundred percent for twelve hours' investment; that is good interest. How glad the merchants of Hull would be if they could lend their money at such a rate!"

While taking a medical course in London, in dissecting a dead body, he became infected with a malignant fever. Oth-

ers entertained no hope of his recovery, but he himself was confident he had a work to do in China, and therefore the Lord would deliver him. And so it proved to be. In marvelous ways the Lord provided for him and raised him up. All these things encouraged his faith and improved his spiritual equipment for his life work.

In 1853 he sailed from Liverpool for Shanghai. Many years later, writing of the occasion, Mr. Taylor said: "Thirty years ago, when I was leaving the shores of England for China, my beloved (now sainted) mother came to see me off from Liverpool. Never shall I forget that day, nor how she went with me into the little cabin that was to be my home for nearly six long months. With a mother's loving hand she smoothed the little bed. She sat by my side, and joined me in the last hymn we should sing together before the long parting. We knelt down, and she prayed—the last mother's prayer I was to hear before starting for China. Then notice was given that we must separate, and we had to say 'good-bye,' never expecting to meet on earth again. We parted, and she went on shore, giving me her blessing. I stood alone on deck, and she followed the ship as we moved toward the dock gates. As we passed through the gates, and the separation really commenced, I shall never forget the cry of anguish wrung from that mother's heart. It went through me like a knife. I never knew so fully, until then, what 'God *so* loved the world' meant. And I am quite sure that my precious mother learned more of the love of God to the perishing in that hour than in all her life before."

The voyage occupied almost six months. Of the latter part of the voyage he writes: "We lost a good deal of time on the equator from calms; and when we finally reached the Eastern Archipelago we were again detained from the same

cause. Usually a breeze would spring up soon after sunset, and last until about dawn. The utmost use was made of it, but during the day we would lie still with flapping sails, often drifting back and losing a good deal of the advantage we had gained during the night.

"This happened notably on one occasion, when in dangerous proximity to the north of New Guinea. Saturday night had brought us to a point some thirty miles off land, but during the Sunday morning service, which was held on deck, I could not fail to notice that the captain looked troubled, and frequently went over to the side of the ship. When the service was ended I learned from him the cause—a four-knot current was carrying us rapidly towards some sunken reefs, and we were already so near some that it seemed improbable that we should get through the afternoon in safety. After dinner the life-boat was put out, and all hands endeavored, without success, to turn the ship's head from the shore. As we drifted nearer we could plainly see the natives rushing about the sands and lighting fires every here and there. The captain's hornbook informed him that these people were cannibals, and that our position was not a little alarming.

After standing together on the deck some time in silence, the captain said to me, 'Well, we have done everything that can be done; we can only await the result.' A thought occurred to me, and I replied, 'No, there is one thing we have not done yet.' 'What is it?' he queried. 'Four of us on board are Christians,' I answered. 'Let us each retire to his own cabin, and in agreed prayer ask the Lord to give us immediately a breeze. He can as easily send it now as at sunset.'

"The captain agreed to this proposal. I went and spoke to the other two men, and after prayer with the carpenter we

all four retired to wait upon God. I had a good but very brief season in prayer, and then felt so satisfied that our request was granted that I could not continue asking, and very soon went up again on deck. The first officer—a godless man —was in charge. I went over and asked him to let down the clews or corners of the mainsail. He answered, 'What would be the good of that?' I told him we had been asking a wind from God, that it was coming immediately, and we were so near the reef by this time that there was not a minute to lose. With a look of incredulity and contempt, he said with an oath that he would rather *see* a wind than *hear* of it. But while he was speaking I watched his eye, and followed it up to the royal (the topmost sail), and there, sure enough, the corner of the sail was beginning to tremble in the coming breeze. 'Don't you see the wind is coming? Look at the royal!' I exclaimed. 'No, it's only a cat's-paw,' he rejoined (a mere puff of wind). 'Cat's-paw or not,' I cried, 'pray let down the mainsail, and let us have the benefit!'

"This he was not slow to do. In another minute the heavy tread of the men on deck brought up the captain from his cabin to see what was the matter; and sure enough the breeze had come. In a few minutes we were ploughing our way at six or seven knots an hour through the water, and the multitude of naked savages whom we had seen on the beach had no wreckage that night.

China was at that time in a very unsettled condition, and in every native uprising or disturbance the lives of foreigners were in danger. The roof of Taylor's house was torn up by a ball. He soon had to abandon it. The cold, the hunger, the watchings and sleepless nights of danger, and the feeling at times of utter isolation and helplessness, were patiently borne, and his faith remained anchored in his heavenly Father,

who works all things together for good to those who love Him.

In 1856 he resigned his connection with the Missionary Society which had sent him out, retaining friendly relations with them, and still reporting his work. But it was a conviction with him that we should owe no man anything, and knowing that their pay was often from borrowed money, he and his friend, Mr. Jones, severed relations with the society, choosing to simply trust God to supply all their needs.

In 1858 he married Miss Dyer, who had spent several years in China, and was in every way well fitted to be a spiritual helpmeet. In 1860 they returned to England for the recuperation of Mr. Taylor's health. It proved to be an important link in the founding of the China Inland Mission. The unevangelized millions of China lay upon his heart, and he groaned beneath the burden. God showed him that for the asking he could have men and money to send laborers into every unevangelized province of China. Mr. Taylor could believe God for the volunteers, and for the supply of funds, but the breadth and responsibility of such an undertaking almost staggered him. He pondered and prayed, but discussed it with no one. His wife did not know the cause of his delayed recovery. But after four or five months, one Sabbath, alone by the seaside, for hours he wrestled in agony before the Lord, until his faith compassed the task, and he could then believe that God, who would give the workers and means to send them, would manage also on the field, keeping the workers in victory, harmony and contentment, ordering each step of the way, and proving Himself sufficient for every emergency. The great burden was lifted from his mind, and his health at once improved.

He was called here and there to address the people concerning China. This he did, on condition that no collection

be taken. He made no personal appeals for money. From a full heart he stated China's crying need, and the Lord's parting injunction to preach the Gospel to every creature. Then he bade the people go alone before God, and let Him show them what to do. He did not want them to ease themselves by giving a pittance, and then go home comforting themselves that they had done their duty. He wanted Christian people to really get the great cause upon their hearts, and, in fact, if not in person, to become foreign missionaries to their dying day. Moreover, as he was not going out under a denomination, he did not want to detract funds from any former missionary channel. The result was that in a few months seven men, ten women, and four children were ready to sail in the good ship "Lammermuir" to the far-away land. None were promised a salary. They simply relied upon God to supply all their needs. As the time approached for the sailing, during a period of one month and six days, one hundred and seventy pounds (about $850) were received. But at least two thousand pounds (about $10,000) were needed. The workers agreed to make it a private subject of prayer every day for one month, telling no one but the Lord. And during the next month and six days nineteen hundred and seventy pounds were received. They had a time of thanksgiving and rejoicing in the Lord. During the third month and six days more than five hundred pounds additional was received, totaling two thousand, six hundred and seventy-three pounds (over $13,000)!

We could not take space to detail the growth of the work. Through many difficulties, losses and suffering, they plodded on in their great task of carrying the Gospel to the eleven provinces yet unevangelized. They wore the native dress, ate with chop-sticks, and adapted themselves to Chinese customs, in order to get nearer to them to do them good. True, their

lives were in peril more than once, their houses almost torn down, or their bodies bruised with stoning, but the love of Jesus prevailed. Death claimed the faithful mother, Mrs. Taylor, after twelve beautiful years of co-laboring with her self-sacrificing husband. She and three of her children found their graves in China. Three lived to bless their father's life and join with him in his great task of spreading the Gospel.

The China Inland Mission, "with no financial backing except the promises of God, has steadily progressed until to-day there are connected with it more than one thousand missionaries, with one thousand paid native helpers, and two thousand self-supporting helpers, working in two hundred stations and one thousand out-stations. There are more than thirty-five thousand native converts now in fellowship, and more than fifty thousand have been baptized since the mission was opened. And the remarkable thing is that no backward step has ever been taken for lack of funds."

In 1900 his health completely broke down. It was noticed as he addressed the Ecumenical Conference, held in Boston, U.S.A., that he repeated twenty times or more these words:

"You may trust the Lord too little, but you can never trust Him too much."

There was something poetic and memorable about the old veteran of Jesus Christ repeating so often what had been the secret of his fruitfulness and bulwark of his power. After five years' absence from the field, and comparative rest, he felt revived enough to visit the land of his adoption once more. At Chang-sha, the capital of the Hu-nan province, his call to eternal rest and reward came. He held a service for the Chinese the very day that he fell asleep in Jesus. His works do follow him.

SUSANNA WESLEY

SUSANNA WESLEY was the talented daughter of a dissenting minister, of ripe learning and good character. Her bent for learning is seen in the fact that, while yet in her teens, she knew Latin, Greek, French, and her native English. Her ability for sober thinking is seen in that when only thirteen years old she weighed her father's theology and dissenting views in the balance of her own judgment, and seriously decided that he was wrong. Modern girls would more likely be planning for good times and fashionable gowns. Devout, thoughtful, amiable and beautiful, Susanna was the favorite child of her father, and her religious choice made no breach between them.

Abel Stevens, LL. D., writes: "She showed a discriminative judgment of books and men, and, without any unique traits of genius, presents perhaps one of the completest characters, moral and intellectual, to be found in the history of her sex. She has left us no proof of poetical talent, and the genius of her children in this respect seems to have been inherited from their father, whose passionate love of the art and unwearied attempts at rhythm, if not poetry, may also account for the hereditary talent of the family in music. Her features were slight, but almost classical in their regularity. They were thoroughly Wesleyan, affording proof that John Wesley inherited from his mother not only his best moral and intellectual traits, but those of his physiognomy.

Susanna Wesley

She devoted one hour every morning and evening to meditation and prayer. She wrote: "If comparatively to despise and undervalue all the world contains, which is esteemed great, fair or good; if earnestly to desire Thee, Thy favor, Thy acceptance, Thyself, rather than any or all things Thou hast created, be to love Thee, I do love Thee."

She was married at the age of nineteen to Samuel Wesley, a little, hot-headed, strong-willed preacher of the Church of England. His ministerial ancestors had also been dissenters, and suffered much for their faith. He was a well-meaning but impracticable man, never learning how to bring his expenses within his income, going away to ministerial conventions at great expense, or being imprisoned for debt, and leaving his brave, overburdened wife to look after her home, and the parish, and to secure bread for their too numerous family.

She bore nineteen children in twenty-one years. Almost one-half of them died in infancy, probably due to the fact of the mother's ill-health and their births being too close together. In a letter to his archbishop Samuel Wesley wrote: "Last night my wife brought me a few children. There are but two yet, a boy and a girl. We have had four in two years and a day, three of whom are living." He remarks that his cash in hand at the time was six shillings, or about seventy-five cents.

Consider the obstacles against which Mrs. Wesley struggled, and her abilities rise higher in one's estimation. When asked if she ever was without bread, she replied: "My lord, strictly speaking, I never did want bread. But then I had so much care to get it before it was eaten, and to pay for it after, as has often made it very unpleasant to me; and I think to have bread under such terms is the next degree of wretch-

edness to having none at all." One of the daughters spoke of the intolerable want which afflicted them:

"She was an ideal wife, incomparably superior to her husband, and yet herself lovingly blind to the fact. She might have talked philosophy with Hypatia, or discussed Latin and Greek with Lady Jane Grey. They were a strong-willed couple, accustomed to think for themselves. It may be taken for granted, however, that when they differed, the wife was usually in the right. Yet she practised towards her husband the sweetest wifely obedience. In his home he was practically a despot, his wife calling him "My Master," and his children, when writing to him, addressing him, "Honored Sir." This model wife managed her large responsibilities with method—one secret of her success. Rising, meals, household duties, all were done like clock-work. To her other numerous cares she added that of school-mistress, daily and systematically instructing her children. Religion and system marked the habitual life of the household.

The children, naturally strong-willed, were taught to obey. To be governed is the best way to learn to govern one's self. One unchangeable rule was that *no* child should have anything for which it cried—an excellent moral training. Loud crying was allowed on no occasion after a child was about twelve months old. "The subjecting the will," she wrote, "is a thing which must be done at once, and the sooner the better. This is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind. In the esteem of the world, they pass for kind and indulgent whom I

call *cruel* parents, who permit their children to form habits which they know must afterwards be broken." Ten of her children lived to maturity, became Christians, and every one died "in the Lord."

The religious atmosphere of the home may have been a little legalistic, but the children learned to keep the Sabbath day holy, to be quiet at family prayer, and to ask a blessing immediately after, by signs, before they could kneel or speak. They learned to reverence God, and to be ruled by duty, not mere caprice. Certain hours were assigned each week to each member of the family, at which time the mother took the child alone into a kind of confessional, and dealt with each about his soul. Thursday evening was her hour for John, and even in later life, that evening of the week seemed especially sacred to him. The rectory was destroyed by fire, and little John was the last of the family rescued after his life had been almost despaired of. His mother wrote: "I do intend to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child that Thou hast so mercifully provided for than ever I have been, that I may do my endeavor to instill into his mind the principles of true religion and virtue. Lord, give me grace to do it sincerely and prudently, and bless my attempt with good success."

Some might have criticised Susanna Wesley as cruel and Spartan-like in her home administration. But how else can a large family be successfully trained but by sound common sense and system? When we have given to the world sons who have surpassed hers in holiness of life and usefulness, then only may we pose as critics.

The strong bond of affection and respect for her judgment, which the sons ever held for her, is seen in the correspondence which they maintained with her even late in life. How often children outgrow their parents, and outlive the latter's close

sympathy in their affairs. Not so in his case. She was the human spring to their ambitions, their safe counsellor, their tender and faithful helper spiritually. Of their efforts in the Holy Club at Oxford she wrote: "I heartily join with your small society in all their pious and charitable actions. May you still in such good works go on and prosper! Though absent in body, I am with you in spirit, and daily recommend you all to Divine providence." When she was a widow, and her consent was sought that John and Charles might go as missionaries to Georgia, she replied: "If I had twenty sons, I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them again."

She approved field preaching, and stood by the side of her son John as he preached to twenty thousand on Kennington Common. She recognized the usefulness of a "lay ministry," and encouraged her son in permitting unordained men to preach the gospel. This was a great revolt against the established order and the ecclesiasticism which had fettered Christianity for fifteen hundred years. Moreover, in an unassuming way, she addressed assemblies held in her own home, and realized that fields of usefulness were open to women under the anointing of the Lord. Her cool balance of judgment, masculine mental abilities, careful method in execution, governing qualities, and strong religious propensities reappear in her children: John, the human means of the greatest revival epoch of many centuries; Charles, the sweet singer and successful evangelist, and greatest hymn-writer; Samuel, a minister of keen wit and large intellect.

The life of the girls of the home was more secluded, and the married life of some of them was very sad; but their mental and soul qualities shine out from the shadows. Martha married a preacher who shifted from one doctrine to another,

finally becoming a polygamist. At his death he said of her, "I have injured an angel, an angel that never reproved me." She had nursed his mistresses, cared for his illegitimate children, kept her intellect bright, wore a serene face amid all troubles, and died in triumph of faith and peace. She said, "Evil was not kept from me, but evil has been kept from harming me."

When, in her seventy-third year, her children were summoned to her death-bed, she begged that they sing a hymn. And while her children softly sang her requiem, her happy spirit took its flight, July 23, 1742. In the grave-yard, near City Road Chapel, which John Wesley built, lies her clay. Her epitaph is the composition of Charles Wesley.

"*SUSANNA WESLEY*,
(Aged seventy-three)

In sure and certain hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies;
A Christian here, her flesh laid down,
Her cross exchanging for a crown."

JOHN WESLEY

WHY is the name of John Wesley honored in every land? What has given him eminence in ecclesiastical and secular history? True, he was a voluminous writer, having written or abridged over three hundred volumes. He was a polished scholar, and his literary productions are of enduring merit, his *Journal* being ranked with Horace Walpole's "*Letters*," and Boswell's "*Johnson*", and his best production, the "*Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion*", being famous for its clear, forceful English and apt logic. "Wesley's short, packed, monosyllabic sentences are a perfect medium for the swiftest logic the human brain can shape, and they reflect some of the loftiest emotions the human soul can know."

While his contributions to literature were almost all of a religious character, and written generally for the express purpose of placing helpful spiritual literature in the hands of his adherents among the common people, yet they have a rank in literature not unworthy of honor equal to Shakespeare, inasmuch as that which quickens both the spirit and intellect is more commendable than that which is merely instructive.

Yet not for his achievements in the field of literature is his memory most hallowed today.

True, he addressed the largest assemblies of enthusiastic listeners ever gathered to receive a message, political or religious, from human lips, and that not for a brief campaign, but for half a century! No statesman or orator has ever equaled

JOHN WESLEY

his record, either in the frequency or grand total of his addresses, or his continued and sustained popularity, even when he had passed his eightieth year!

Yet not because he was a preacher of most convincing logic, profound weight, and sublime power in the Holy Ghost, is his name held in everlasting remembrance.

It is true, he organized the largest and greatest church known to Protestantism. From 300 preachers and 76,000 laymen at Wesley's death, Methodism grew to 49,000 ministers in its pulpits, and over 30,000,000 hearers in its pews! It has planted its Gospel banner in every nation!*

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*See "*Wesley and His Century*," by W. H. Fitchett," 1908.

Its polity is such a perfect mechanism for effectual church organization and government that it remains today unchanged in its essential features from the original plan of its great founder. Macauley says that Wesley had a "genius for government not inferior to Richelieu."

Methodism, in all its various and vigorous denominational branches, still carries the evangelical stamp of its infancy, and her great biblical doctrines, when preached in their purity, by faithful ministers of the Gospel, bear the same fruitage of powerful conviction to the ungodly, and full salvation to the happy believer, as in those early days when crowds ranging from five to thirty thousand hung eagerly upon the message of the zealous and holy triumvirate, John and Charles Wesley, and George Whitefield.

In fact, Wesley built better than he knew, and could anyone have foretold to what dimensions the mustard seed of truth would grow in the course of time, Wesley himself would likely have been incredulous.

But had he been merely a literary genius, or a truly great preacher, or the founder of an enduring sect, he would not claim today the place in secular history, or the universal respect and religious prestige now, without exception, granted to his memory.

The fact is, that his influence has reached far beyond the bounds of the denomination he founded, brought a new pulse of vigor to the lifeless established Church of his day, awakened the slumbering conscience of the masses, roused the clergy from their lethargy, wine-bibbing and card-playing, created new ideals for the nation, revived the authority of the Word of God, and brought a wholesome, saving influence throughout the social, political and religious life of his century, not only in the United Kingdom, but throughout the world.

"Wesley's *true monument* is not the church that bears his name. It is the England of the twentieth century! Nay, it is the whole changed temper of the modern world; the new ideals in its politics, the new spirit in its religion, the new standard in its philanthropy. Who wants to understand Wesley's work must contrast the moral temper of the eighteenth century with that of the twentieth century, for one of the greatest factors in producing the wonderful change discoverable is Wesley himself."

Southey asserts that Wesley is "the most influential mind of the last century; the man who will have produced the greatest effects, centuries or perhaps millenniums hence, if the present race of men should continue so long."

At the time of Wesley's birth, "Christianity under English skies was never, before or since, so near the death point."

Its literature was foul, its laws were cruel, its religion was without life or faith. "The poor were ignorant and brutal to

utter disbelief of religion, linked a foulness of life now happily almost inconceivable. The fatal thing in the religion of that age was that it had ceased to be a life, or to touch life. It was exhausted of its dynamic elements."

Then came the great revival, which has never fully spent its force. And John Wesley, in the Lord's hands, was the leading human figure in that great religious awakening.

PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD.

"The Wesley family was a household of strong natures, strongly ruled, and ruled to noble ends. A cluster of bright, vehement, argumentative boys and girls, living by a clean and high code, and on the plainest fare; but, drilled to soft tones, to pretty formal courtesies, with learning as an ideal, duty as an atmosphere, and the fear of God as a law. Religion was in the home, as it ought to be, an atmosphere."

The busy mother managed her numerous brood with unusual wisdom, firmness and grace. Her wise counsel, careful religious instruction, and motherly sympathy, moulded the lives of her family in habits of obedience, reverence, frugality, industry and economy, and her clear-brained judgment and devoted faithfulness was rewarded in giving to the world children that were remarkable in holiness, scholarship and usefulness.

The little, irascible, strong-willed and impracticable father attended to his parish duties as rector of Epworth, frequently left home and family to attend religious convocations (though the family treasury was sometimes drained to bear such expense), and wrote laborious rhymes.

Samuel, the eldest son, was born in 1692, John in 1703, and Charles in 1708.

When John was six years old, all the family but him es-

caped from the burning rectory one night. The terrified child awoke to find his room wrapped in flames. It was impossible to rescue him from the stairs. An ingenious fellow rescued the horror-stricken lad by standing on the shoulders of another and reaching him at the window upstairs. The grateful father at once dropped on his knees and thanked God for the deliverance. The mother thereafter felt a particular charge to train this child in Bible paths. She devoted an hour a week to each child, privately, to pray with it and offer correction and advice, as needed. Thursday evening was John's hour, and even in later life the memory of these hallowed hours, alone with God and mother, made Thursday evening an especially sacred time.

The rescue from the crumbling, burning rectory was to John a very realistic picture of the rescue of a lost soul from the fire that never shall be quenched.

One of the very interesting and inexplainable incidents in the home life of the Epworth rectory is that of Old Jeffrey, an imp or ghost, who made his presence known usually between nine and ten o'clock at night, by mysterious raps on doors and walls, thumps on the floor, smashing of crockery, rattling of chains, treading of feet, resisting the opening of doors, etc. At first, the children trembled in their sleep when this unseen visitor was making his presence known. He proved a harmless visitor, and the children came to jokingly remark, when they heard his noisy operations, "Old Jeffrey has come. It is time to go to sleep." The father and mother pursued him from room to room, tried to engage him in conversation, and by various tests and searchings to discover the mystery, but to this day it remains unsolved. Samuel Wesley, the eldest son, says: "Wit might find many interpretations, but wisdom none."

SAMUEL WESLEY, JR.

John was a serious lad, grave, silent, patient, meditative, always inquiring into the reason of things. When eleven years old, he was sent from the protection of that model home to Charterhouse school. Here the hateful fag system prevailed, and the older and stronger boys robbed the younger ones of their meat, and in many ways made their lives hard. But the sturdy lad from Epworth rectory was equal to it, and the hardy discipline of the school supplemented his sensible training at home. His habits of plain, meager diet, early rising, daily exercise in the fresh air, and enduring hardships, gave him a little, trim, muscular body, the complexion of a girl, habits of untiring industry, and ability for hard work never surpassed, and rarely, if ever, equaled.

In 1720 he became a student at the great university at Oxford. The morals and general habits of the students were very loose. However, Wesley did not relax his diligence. He was a model student, doing everything with method and close application. He took his Bachelor's degree in 1724, became Fellow of Lincoln in 1725, was elected Lecturer of Greek and Moderator of the Classes a year later, and in 1727 he took his Master's degree.

Samuel, his elder brother, was at that time an instructor in Westminster, and Charles, the younger brother, then seventeen years old, had a scholarship at Christ Church, Oxford. The Wesley family was, by nature and habit, a studious group.

HIS SEARCH FOR SALVATION.

The mother of the Wesleys was an heroic woman, resolute and methodical in her religion. In addition to being the mother of nineteen children, she was their school-teacher, almost their bread-winner, gave an hour per week to each child's spiritual examination and instruction, and yet managed, by her

unvarying methods, to take an hour in the early morning each day alone with God, and another hour regularly in the evening, and generally an hour at noon. Frequently she wrote down choice meditations which are as breaths from the upper world.

The piety of her children partook of the same heroic stamp. The fear of offending God was always upon them. They gave most diligent attention to all the outward forms of religion, and that with a deep reverence and spirit of obedience. Wesley writes: "What I then hoped to be saved by was (1) not being so bad as other people; (2) having a kindness for religion; (3) reading the Bible, going to church, and saying my prayers."

The choice of a career is a turning point in any youth's life. Wesley's keen mind fitted him well to succeed as a lawyer, but his sober, pious mind, as well as the home influence and training, inclined him to the ministry. He records: "When I was about twenty-two, my father pressed me to enter into Holy Orders. I began to alter the whole order of my conversation, and to set in earnest to enter upon a new life." He was ordained in 1725.

But there seems to be a strange inversion of order in the ideas of son and parents. His entrance into Holy Orders was that he might "make religion the business of his life", and because it might be "an inducement to greater application in the study of practical divinity." Moreover, he then proceeded to examine his own fitness for so holy a calling. "Diligence," said he, "led me into serious thinking."

Mrs. Wesley proposed to her son that he examine himself, "that you may know whether you have a reasonable hope of salvation—that is, whether you are in a state of faith and repentance, or not. If you are, the satisfaction of knowing it

will abundantly reward your pains. If not, you will find a more reasonable occasion for tears than can be met with in a tragedy."

The spiritual fitness for such a calling, we naturally think, should precede the choice of so great a work. But Wesley chose the career, and then set about fitting himself for it!

And now he entered upon a period of thirteen years of wearisome effort, tireless zeal, and disappointing results in seeking to make his calling and election sure.

The writings of William Law, Jeremy Taylor and Thomas á Kempis profoundly influenced Wesley at this time. The *Imitation of Christ*, by á Kempis, stirred within him deeper religious feelings than he had known before. He saw that religion was more than strict formalities, "that true religion was seated in the *heart*, and that God's law extended to all our thoughts, as well as words and actions." "I set apart an hour or two a day for religious retirement. I communicated (took the sacrament) every week; I watched against all sin, whether in word or deed. So that now, doing so much and living so good a life, I doubted not that I was a good Christian." Taylor's *Holy Living and Holy Dying* taught Wesley the need of absolute simplicity and purity of intention. Law's *Christian Perfection* and *Serious Call* impressed him with the exceeding height and depth and breadth of the law of God.

Still he hoped to be saved by more strictly keeping the whole law, inward and outward, and persuaded himself he was even then in a state of salvation. He missed God's eternal order of forgiveness first, and whole-hearted service second. Almost without realizing it, he substituted his own good life and works for the atonement in purchasing salvation.

He spent the summer of 1726 at home in Epworth, preaching for his father and pursuing his studies. "By the

fireside of the rectory, every evening, Wesley sat with his father and mother, and held high debate on great themes. To a mother of Susanna Wesley's grave and lofty bent, those fireside talks with her brilliant and accomplished son, who came to her from the atmosphere of a great university, and was plainly on the entrance of a great career, must have been an exquisite pleasure."

Looking back later upon this period of his life, he says: "It was many years after I was ordained deacon before I was convinced of the great truths above recited. During all that time I was utterly ignorant of the nature and condition of justification. Sometimes I confounded it with sanctification, particularly when I was in Georgia. At other times I had some confused notions about forgiveness of sins; but then I took it for granted the time of this must either be the hour of death or the day of judgment. I was equally ignorant of the nature of saving faith, apprehending it to mean no more than a firm assent to all the propositions contained in the Old and New Testaments."

The theological ignorance of so keen a mind reminds one of the wise and moral Nicodemus, who needed to comprehend the truth, "Ye must be born again."

John was his father's curate at Epworth and Wroote for over two years, and thus had actual parish work. Yet he seemed to influence no lives in a marked way. He drew no crowds, awakened not the ungodly to repentance, while his austere conception of religion was not generally well received. He had the necessary human equipment of a well-trained mind, ability to think clearly, and to express his thoughts forcibly, in crystalline language, and an intense religious zeal and devotion. But as yet he lacked the liberty, power and unction of the Holy Ghost!

In 1729 he was recalled to Oxford to preside as moderator of the public debates, a training which helped to make him the formidable controversialist of later years.

He found that his magnetic brother Charles had gathered about himself a group of fine young men who took life seriously, met together frequently for mutual spiritual benefit, gave alms to the poor, took the sacrament frequently (which pious observance was regarded as a spiritual thermometer), and ordered every department of life's duties with such precision that they were dubbed the Godly Club, Biblemoths, and Methodists. The last name clung to them because of its apporpriateness, somewhat as the early followers of Christ became known as Christians, first in derision, then in respect.

The pleasing personality of Charles Wesley *drew* men, the masterful individuality of John *dominated* them. John naturally became the leader of the Holy Club, and gave it an even more serious and austere stamp. They were admired by some, and ridiculed by many.

His frequent and prolonged fastings, and arduous labors, broke his health, bringing on hemorrhage of the lungs, but discovering to him no hidden fount of joyful salvation. No, his own self-righteous but earnest endeavors must prove futile. Saving faith is reached when every human dependence is swept away. As yet he had no clear conception of the real way of salvation verified in his own consciousness.

His piety was of the cloistered type, clinging to the institution where a few like-minded men incited each other to holy living in their nightly meetings, but dreading the atmosphere of the world and contaminating contact with men and affairs. Therefore he declined to return to Epworth and relieve his father of his parish cares.

His father's health declined, and in 1735 he died.

"Nothing in the whole story of his life is so beautiful as the manner of his leaving it. Years had mellowed him. Time had cooled the restlessness of his blood. Sickness had given a new perspective to his theology, a new tenderness to his spirit. Something of that strange vision which comes to dying eyes was granted the old man. He often laid his hand upon the head of Charles and said, 'Be steady! The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom. You shall see it, though I shall not.' To John he said, 'The inward witness, son. The inward witness! That is the strongest proof of Christianity.' "

Yes, the inward witness was what John lacked, and when once obtained, it would transform him from a wearied escetic to a jubilant, victorious possessor of saving grace, and would make his barren ministry to blossom as the rose, and multiply its fruits all over the land!

When asked to go as a missionary to Georgia, he wrote asking his widowed mother her wishes in the matter. Her noble reply is characteristic of the great woman: "Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more."

He accepted the call. He wrote: "I have been a grievous sinner from my youth up, and am yet laden with foolish and hurtful desires; but I am assured if I be once converted myself, God will then employ me to preach His name to the Gentiles. I cannot hope to attain to the same degree of holiness here as there. My chief motive is the hope of saving my own soul."

This was indeed a strange missionary, living by a severe legalistic code, yet not sure of his own salvation, and hoping to find it in preaching to the settlers and natives in the woods of America! He seems wearied of the treadmill of the heavy-

footed round of duties of the Holy Club, and hopes in the new field to grasp the elusive secret his heart so longs for.

Charles Wesley accompanied him. The voyage lasted from October 14, 1735, to February 5, 1736. At this time John Wesley began the writing of his immortal journal. He could not afford to loiter away the time consumed by such leisurely navigation. How may we emulate his example by employing the time of traveling in profitable reading or writing, or active soul-winning!

The acid test of the approach of death was applied to his religion on this trip. During a severe storm at sea, all the English passengers were quaking with fear, many of them screaming lustily, but a company of Moravians—simple-minded German Christians—sang calmly their hymn of praise. Even the children were sustained by a sweet trust in the tender, faithful care of the God of their fathers. Because he was not at that time free from fear of the last great enemy, Death, Wesley concluded that there was still something unsound in his religious experience.

He was a very zealous but equally unsuccessful missionary. His high church views and severe requirements were not pleasing to the colonists, while he seems not to have made any impression of note upon the natives. His acquaintance with Miss Hopkey, niece of Mr. Causton, the magistrate of Savannah, ripened into warm affection, but when this deliberate lover asked advice of the Moravian brethren, they plainly counseled him to go no further in the matter. Others, with unclouded vision, thought Miss Hopkey's religion was adopted only as a temporary means to an end, and when she failed of that desire, and her prospects vanished, she hastily married another, and persecution set her against her former lover. Mr. Wesley, always dull to comprehend feminine feelings, and not

usually tactful in pouring oil on sentimental waters, excluded the lady from partaking of the Lord's Supper for reasons he deemed adequate. Twelve charges were made against him in the court, all of them very trivial matters. A minority declared the charges were an artifice of Mr. Causton's, designed to blacken Mr. Wesley's character. While there were several hearings, the case dragged on, and was never finished. Mr. Wesley pleaded guilty of one charge, that of writing to Mrs. Williamson, formerly Miss Hopkey, and demanded to be heard concerning it. But his enemies only wished to injure his influence and drive him from the colony. He found that he could neither get a settlement of the case, nor accomplish any good among them. So he advertised his intention of leaving for England. He set sail in December, 1737.

The outlook was dark; his ministry was a failure, and the spiritual deliverance for which he longed was not yet attained. Yet his missionary journey was not in vain. He was now utterly abased in his own eyes. He felt keenly his defeat. He writes thus: "This, then, have I learned in the ends of the earth, that I am fallen short of the glory of God; that my whole heart is altogether corrupt and abominable; that, alienated as I am from the life of God, I am a child of wrath; that my own works, my own sufferings, my own righteousness, are so far from making an atonement for the least of those sins, that the most specious of them need an atonement themselves. The faith I want is the faith of a son, a sure trust and confidence in God, that through the merits of Christ my sins are forgiven, and I reconciled to the favor of God."

Shortly after his arrival in London he met Peter Bohler, a Moravian missionary. This simple-hearted German helped Wesley to see the simplicity of saving faith. He was now humble and teachable, his own efforts having failed to bring

peace and satisfying comfort. He at once taught the great truth, and so effectually did he teach the way of salvation that a convict, hearing him, believed and was saved, showing a serene peace even when on the scaffold to be hanged.

That salvation was an *instantaneous* work, not a long, tedious and doubtful process, was to Wesley a great discovery. He found that almost every conversion recorded in the New Testament was instantly wrought in answer to faith. Also at the Moravian Mission many testified that God had instantly translated them out of the kingdom of darkness into His marvelous light.

Charles Wesley, after groping many years, as had his brother John, was first in finding the joy of real deliverance. When sick in bed, the inspired counsel of a timid serving woman lent the necessary quickening to his faith, and from that moment his peace was as a river, and he began to recover rapidly from his illness.

May 24, 1738, was a memorable day for John Wesley. All day he seemed to be nearing the goal, and seemed everywhere to catch prophetic echoes of coming deliverance. When he opened the Word he read: "There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises that we should be partakers of the divine nature." Again he read: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." In the evening, in Aldersgate Street, he heard one reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. How fitting that the great German Reformer should speak across two centuries to the great Englishman, and the latter, catching the heavenly flame, should carry the torch of truth over the United Kingdom!

Wesley's own account follows: "About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, *I felt my heart strangely*

warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, 'This cannot be faith, for where is thy joy?' Then I was taught that peace and victory over sin are essential to faith in the Captain of our salvation; but that, as to the transports of joy that usually attend the beginning of it, especially in those who have mourned deeply, God sometimes giveth, sometimes withholdeth them, according to the counsels of His own will."

After the meeting, several accompanied John to the room of his brother Charles, where they rejoiced together. They sang a hymn, and parted with prayer. There was rejoicing both in Heaven and on earth!

His legal night was ended! He was no longer under the law, but under grace. The humble-minded Bohler did the greatest work of his life when he made plain to Wesley the way of faith. "Wesley learned, but learned late and slowly, that faith is not merely the struggle of the unaided soul to reach some act and mood of confidence. It is the surrender of the soul to the helping grace of God; and only when that surrender is made is the soul uplifted by a divine impulse to the great heights of rejoicing trust."

The direct witness of the Holy Spirit to the pardoned soul now became a verified truth to his consciousness, and a great foundation truth in his preaching. Of what practical benefit would a salvation be to us, were we not conscious of its possession? It would do us no more good than a bank account or legacy of which we had no knowledge.

The fight of faith at once began, but he says, "Herein I found the difference between this and my former state. Then I was sometimes if not often conquered. Now I was *always* conqueror!" A life of unbroken victory is the normal life of the Christian. Who lives beneath this blessed standard is short of his privilege through the atonement of Jesus Christ. "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

FIELD PREACHING, AND HOW THE WORK SPREAD

To Wesley's former earnestness of speech and keenness of logic was now added the blessed energy of the Holy Ghost. He became a channel through which blessings streamed to other lives. His preaching had a new, strange, spiritual thrill, that pricked his hearers to the heart and disquieted those who wished to slumber on in their sins. Strange to say that pulpits, one by one, closed against him. Religion in the churches had become a mere opiate to dull the consciences of men and lull them into a vain hope of final salvation. They did not wish to be disturbed. Moreover, as the high priests were the chief instigators of persecution against the Lord, and the leaders in the plot for His crucifixion, so now the bishops and chief dignitaries of the church promptly closed their doors against this flaming evangel of the truth that would rouse people to real repentance and lead them into holiness of life. One by one the churches were closed against him, so that he practically became an ecclesiastical outcast.

Thereupon he betook himself to the jails. In those days the laws were needlessly severe and unjust. Thousands were thrown into crowded, unsanitary prisons, for debt or slight offenses, even children being hanged on the gallows. To such, the doctrine of salvation by faith was a most welcome mes-

sage. They heard him gladly, and many went to their doom rejoicing in their new-found salvation.

Another neglected class were the ignorant, hard-working miners. They had nothing to do with the church, and it had nothing to offer them. So Wesley and his comrades carried the blessed message to them, out on the hillsides or on the great commons. This, too, roused the ire of the clergy, who were more alarmed over the holding of a religious service not strictly according to the established liturgy of the church, than they were concerned over the thousands who never before had had an opportunity to partake of the bread of life.

Several students were expelled from Oxford for extempore praying, and Whitefield aptly remarked that it was to be hoped that some others would be expelled for extempore swearing.

Whitefield was the first to break through the barriers of conventional usage and preach in the open air. His first audience numbered two hundred, the second 3,000, the third 5,000, and increased to 20,000. "I thought," said he, "I might be doing the service of my Creator, who had a mountain for His pulpit and the heavens for a sounding-board." True, he shocked the clerical formality of his day, but he won the tender affection of the common people, who hung affectionately upon his words, wept when he left them, and gave of their scanty means for his far-off orphanage in America.

When Whitefield was to leave for America, he summoned Wesley to come and take up the work. Wesley saw the opportunity as he looked into that sea of upturned faces. He said: "I submitted to be more vile, and, standing on a little grassy mound, preached to a great crowd from the words, 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor.' "

A grouchy land-owner sued Charles Wesley for walking

over his field to address the crowd. It cost the man of God nearly one hundred dollars. The bill still survives as a relic, and at the bottom Charles Wesley wrote: "I paid them the things I never took," and on the back, "To be rejudged on that day."

We realize more fully the prejudices which these evangelical messengers overcame when we read Wesley's own words: "All my life, till very lately, I have been so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church." The fact was that religion in England had long been so oppressed by conventionalities that the very life was strangled out of it. When the great comrades carried the blessed message of salvation to the unwashed miners of Kingswood, or the ragged mob from the London slums on Moorfields common, the fat, sleek, drowsy clergy roused themselves from arm-chairs to oppose this shocking irregularity more vigorously than they had ever fought sin.

The three great leaders of imperishable fame in this great work were the two Wesleys and Whitefield, alike in their anxious search and joyful finding of salvation, but diverse in their personalities and points of strength.

Whitefield never excelled as a student, but there was a radiant brightness in his nature that won universal affection. His natural gift for oratory, his saintly earnestness, and singularly keen religious sensibilities, fitted him to be a magnetic preacher under the anointing of the Holy Ghost. "He was above middle height, with singularly fair complexion, regular features, and small, deep-set, dark-blue eyes, which seemed to flash with brightness. He had probably the most muiscal and carrying voice that ever issued from a human throat. Its sweetness hung in the charmed ears of the crowd; its cadences

resembled the rise and fall of the notes of some great singer. He had, in addition, a body of iron and nerves of steel."

The repetition of his sermons did not weaken them and wear them out. On the contrary, he never reached his highest efficiency until he had repeated a sermon forty times. Then it became on his lips a perfect instrument of persuasion. "The secret of their power lay in the personality of the preacher, the expressive eyes, the matchless voice, the trembling lips, the face that seemed to shine as with a mystic light. What he saw, he had the orator's power, the great actor's power, of making others see. And through all Whitefield's oratory glowed, sometimes flamed, a passion of love for his hearers."

Whitefield's influence resembles the gale sweeping over the surface of the sea. The effect is instant, and visible to every sense. But of John Wesley's work, the true symbol is the coral reef, built up slowly, and cell by cell, in the sea depths, over which the soil forms, and on which great cities will rise, and unborn nations live. The latter built up from the depths, built deeply, and for all time." His work was less dramatic, but more enduring than that of Whitefield.

"Charles Wesley's development of extraordinary power in preaching was both sudden and unexpected." Of his first venture to preach extempore he says: "Seeing so few present, I thought of preaching extempore. I was afraid, yet I ventured on the promise, 'Lo, I am with you always.'" A short time afterward he could speak before 15,000 people, without fear, pause or embarrassment, for two hours.

"To draw such a crowd, to hold it spellbound, to sway it with religious emotion, to melt it into penitence, to kindle it to joy, is one of the greatest tasks for which human speech has ever been used. To do it day after day, sometimes two or three times in a single day; to do it for fifteen years as the

ordinary business of life; to do it intermittently till old age, is a task the mere vision of which might have stricken Demosthenes with despair. And Charles Wesley performed this strange feat! He had not the organ-like voice and the dramatic genius of Whitefield, nor yet his brother's strange secret of calm and overwhelming solemnity of address. The secret of Charles Wesley's power in preaching lay in the realm of the emotions. The tears ran down his cheeks; his voice took cadences of infinite tenderness. It shook with a trembling pathos of emotion; and the contagion of his feeling melted whole crowds. In the prime of his life he was a preacher of almost unsurpassed power, talking in sentences which had the rush and impact of bullets, but which vibrated with electric thrills of emotion."

Charles Wesley was "a little, short-sighted man of hurrying speech, odd in manner, desultory in mental habit, most loyal in his friendships, and with a simplicity of mind that made him eminently lovable. He lacked the strength, the fixity of purpose, the keen logic, the ordered and systematic intellect of his greater brother. But he outran him in some things, and was, perhaps, the more lovable of the two, for the very reason that he was less faultlessly perfect. For love is sometimes nourished by the things it has to forgive."

John Wesley quickly became the most commanding figure in the new crusade. He lacked some of Whitefield's special gifts as an orator, yet he somehow was as successful in open-air preaching as even his great comrade, and he brought to the work more orderly plans, and a more concentrated purpose, than even Whitefield.

What was the secret of Wesley's power as a preacher? In many respects it might be imagined that he was the last man to sway an eighteenth-century crowd. He was a gentle-

man by birth and habit, a scholar by training, a man of fine and almost fastidious taste, with an Englishman's uneasy dislike of emotion, and a High Churchman's hatred of irregularity. He had little imagination, and no descriptive power. He told no anecdotes, as a rule, and certainly fired off no jests. What fitness had he to talk to peasants, to miners, to the rabble of the city, to the slow-thinking farmer, drawn from his plow-tail?

Yet he stood up, a little, trim, symmetrical figure; his smooth, black hair exactly parted; his complexion clear and pure as that of a girl; his hazel eyes flashing like points of steel. And beneath his words the crowd was melted and subdued until it resembled a routed army, shaken with fear and broken with emotion, men and women not seldom falling to the ground in a passion of distress. His voice had no trumpet notes, but it was clear as a silver flute, and ran across the wondering crowd to its farthest verge.

He drew his inspiration from far-off realms. His spiritual insight was hardly less than terrible. He seemed to see into men's souls; to put his finger upon the hidden sin, the unconfessed fear. He had the power of making each man feel as though he talked to him alone. And there was something in his discourse—a note in his voice, a flash in his eye—that thrilled the crowd with awe—awe that not seldom deepened into dread. The mood of the speaker was one of perfect calmness. But it was the calm of power, of certainty, of an authority which ran back into the spiritual world."

Often the effect upon his congregation was overwhelming. Sometimes almost all his audience bowed, as a field of grain in a heavy storm, so were they swept with conviction and bowed down with sorrow. Some who had opposed the work were so agitated that their bodies were wrenched in convul-

sions until, in answer to importunate prayer, the evil spirits came out of them, and they gave joyful testimony to this wonderful salvation. Wesley's journal is as profuse and exact in recounting his own and others' experiences, ordinary and extraordinary, as the record of a scientist, giving data and attendant circumstances. This gives great interest to his journal, while the testimonies have great evidential value in putting to his ministry the seal of personal witnesses.

These remarkable demonstrations appeared more frequently under the ministry of John Wesley than in the work of his emotional brother Charles, or of the dramatic and imaginative Whitefield. Wesley's calmness seemed to strike a deeper awe, a more pungent conviction of sin, a sense of God's nearness. As he preached, "there suddenly broke upon his hearers this sense of the eternal world, with its tremendous issues; of sin and its infinite guilt; of God and the relation of the soul to Him. What wonder that the shaken souls of his hearers not seldom communicated their tremors to the bodies that held them!"

Charles Wesley married in 1749, and the circle of his labors narrowed. Whitefield died in America in September, 1756. Thus John Wesley exceeded his brother in aggressive work more than forty years, and Whitefield by more than thirty. Whitefield preached about 18,000 sermons, Wesley about 42,000. Wesley traveled more than 250,000 miles in his itinerant work. During fifty-one years he kept unfalteringly and cheerfully on his way. "His comrades lagged behind him; his friends forsook him; a world of angry controversy eddied about his name and character. None of these things affected Wesley. The clear flame of his zeal burned long, burned undimmed, burned still, when even the fire of life turned to ashes.

"He traveled where population was thickest. He left almost unvisited the wide, green fields of rural districts, with their slow-moving, scanty population. But where the stream of life was deepest; where tiny villages were growing into busy cities; where tall chimneys filled the skies with their blackness, there Wesley preached and toiled. His mission began with the miners of Kingswood. It ran amongst the crowds of the manufacturing cities. His tours were planned out in advance with great minuteness—the places he was to visit, the hours at which he would arrive, the services to be held. There were no wasted moments, no omitted opportunities, no intervals of rest. He carried out his appointments with iron resolution. Nor storm, nor distance, nor weariness availed to intercept his planet-like course. His custom was to preach in the morning at five o'clock, or earlier. He then mounted his horse, or entered his chaise, and rode or drove to the next place he had appointed, where another great crowd waited for him. So through all the hours of the day, and all the days of the week, and all the weeks of the year, for a long half century, he lived like a soldier on a campaign—lightly equipped, and ready at a moment to march. But for him it was a campaign of fifty years!

"Yet he was a man of exquisite neatness and order, with the delight of a scholar in having everything perfect about him. In his chamber and study, during his winter months of residence in London, not a book was misplaced, or even a scrap of paper left unheeded. He could enjoy every convenience of life; and yet he acted in the smallest things like a man who was not to continue an hour in one place. He appeared at home in every place—settled, satisfied and happy—and yet was ready any hour to take a journey of a thousand miles."

He lived in crowds. His life for many hours a day was

full of noise, hurry and agitation. Yet he was always a student, carrying a limited library with him, reading as he traveled between preaching appointments.

"His light, compact figure had the consistency and toughness of so much India rubber; nothing tired him, few things disturbed him. He was as insensible to vicissitudes of weather as a North Sea pilot. There was not a soft fibre, not an unhealthy nerve or a relaxed muscle; not an ounce of unnecessary flesh in his wonderful little body. Every waking moment had its task, and no one ever gave fewer hours to sleep than did John Wesley."

He wrote books and tracts, corresponded extensively, read and studied, preached and prayed, traveled and visited, yet was never in a hurry!

He suffered much opposition, often was stoned or mobbed by the rabble, and scoffed at by the clergy. Controversies waxed and waned, friends proved untrue, helpers withdrew from his side, influencing as many as possible to follow with them, scandalous lies were published about him, but none of these things moved him, neither counted he his life dear to himself, and he lived to see the great church of his founding deep-rooted, flourishing and permanently established. Moreover, his name outlived all venomous aspersions, and when, as an old man, he continued his itineraries, admiring throngs of all classes blest him as he passed, and hung affectionately on his Heaven-inspired words. Sometimes the stones of opposition are later gathered up to build the monument of a truly great man.

The permitting of unordained men to preach the Gospel was quite a departure from established custom, and very reluctantly did Wesley yield the point. But, becoming convinced that the Lord was most graciously using many of the

lay helpers that arose about him, he dared not do otherwise than encourage them. When he came to London to investigate the matter, his wise mother counseled him thus: "John, take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called by God to preach as you are. Examine what have been the fruits of his preaching, and hear him for yourself." The fruits were convincing, and lay preaching became one of the potent instruments in the spread of the great revival, and is a characteristic of Methodism to this day.

In much the same way the public labors of gifted women came to be recognized. While their call to the ministry was regarded as an exception to God's general plan, yet when His seal was upon their services in the saving of souls, Mr. Wesley encouraged them in the gracious work—nay, even urged them to continue.

Many of these early Methodists were pressed into military service through the malicious efforts of their persecutors. They were as brave soldiers for their country as they were for their God, and among their comrades gathered fruit unto life eternal. Such were John Nelson and John Haime.

"Never did a body of men work more diligently, fare harder, and receive smaller pay in earthly coin than did this first generation of Methodist preachers." The average yearly salary was sixty dollars per year. They lived on Spartan diet, dressed plainly, made it their rule to never be unemployed, never triflingly employed, gave much time to prayer and study, and very little time to sleep. Truly they lived with eternity in view.

To watch over each other's souls, the young converts were placed in classes having capable leaders, who visited among them, held prayer and class-meetings, and gave a strict care to the welfare of their souls. The class-meeting has ever been

a source of encouragement and spiritual power. One great writer truthfully predicts: "When the class-meeting dies Methodism itself, if it survives, will undergo some silent but profound and disastrous change. It will begin to ossify. Forms will once again seem more than fact. The familiar and mournful cycle of change by which a great church petrifies, and fits itself for being thrust aside by some new and more intensely spiritual agency, will have begun."

The distinctive secret of the great revival was the extraordinary outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Not human talents, nor physical energy, nor uncommon zeal can explain a movement spreading with such rapidity and success over England, Ireland, Scotland, and the new world, as America was then called. But the Divine agent of salvation, the personal Holy Ghost, found vessels of prayer and mighty intercession, also chosen men to preach the unadulterated Gospel, under special anointing, fearing nothing but sin, and in "nothing terrified by their adversaries."

"Wesley, in laying the foundations of a new church, did something that, no doubt, outran his own human vision, but which fulfilled a Divine purpose. To destroy a church is easy, but to build one is a task requiring not only the highest gifts of intellect and the richest endowments of spiritual energy, but a combination of external circumstances and forces such as does not often occur in human history. A church, a true province of the spiritual kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ, within whose bounds millions of devout souls may dwell; a church which creates and trains a ministry, sends out missions, builds great institutions, and lives with a life that grows even richer while generations pass—this is one of the great things of history. Its origin does not, indeed, belong to the category of human forces. Its secret and explanation lie in the Divine

realm. And that Wesley, without deliberately intending it, built an indestructible church, is the fact that gives to his career the scale of history."

Whitefield moved with greater rapidity than Wesley, and was a more gifted orator than he, but he did not organize, nor halt to make his footing sure and permanent. Wesley, with the instinct of a great leader, made each step firm before moving on. He did not merely cover territory; he took possession of it. He stopped long enough to organize classes, appoint class-leaders, arrange circuits for his itinerant preachers to travel over regularly, and then, like Paul, re-visited them in the cycle of his own travels. As the work enlarged, Conference Sessions were held yearly, and the preachers assigned to their circuits, doctrines took more definite form, the Episcopal polity became established, the inevitable breach with the Established Church came on; reluctantly, but as necessity required, they ordained their own ministers, and after suffering long inconvenience, permitted their own preachers to administer the sacrament. They had been practically thrust out of the mother church, and nothing remained to make the divorce complete but the death of the great founder, John Wesley.

SOME OF THE EARLY CONTROVERSIES

The doctrines of Methodism were hammered out in the fires of great controversies. First of all was the breach with the Moravians, those who had helped Wesley into the simplicity of saving faith. They drifted into Antinomianism, a pretence to superfine spirituality, which exalted them above the instruction of common sense, and caused them to denounce even the reading of the Scriptures, prayer, the giving of alms, and the taking of the sacrament, as works of the law, and not necessary for one who accepted salvation by faith. They de-

cleared they possessed all things in Christ, therefore had a right to property in any man's store, or to all the women in the world. Wesley took a resolute stand against all this foolishness in the garb of religion; exhorted them all he could, but to no avail, then withdrew, calling upon all who agreed with him to follow him. About eighteen from the little society in Fetter Lane went with him. Time puts its verdict on Wesley's side. Law and grace go hand in hand in making a well-rounded Christian. Far-fetched mysticism, which lifts people's feet off solid ground, and makes them superior to plain, consistent Christian living, is not biblical. The wisdom which is from above is "first pure, peaceable, and easy to be entreated." The other is "earthly, sensual and devilish."

The second great controversy of Methodism was that between the Arminian and Calvinistic creeds. Wesley, Fletcher, and the Methodists, with some few exceptions, held the Arminian view, that universal salvation is purchased by the blood of Jesus, and that whosoever will may come and take of the water of life freely; that whatever are the fore-ordained purposes of God, they do not interfere with the free choice of man; that God could not be just and condemn to everlasting punishment His creatures for committing sin if they had no choice in the matter. Whitefield, Lady Huntingdon and her school, held the view that some are chosen to salvation, and others, without any choice of their own, are condemned to an everlasting reprobation, in outer darkness, with no gleams of mercy or possible salvation. They limited the atonement to a chosen number who would be inevitably saved, yet declared God to be just in unmercifully excluding the remainder of the race of men.

The breach in doctrine between the two factions in the great movement was fundamental, and of so great importance

that the distance widened between them. Whitefield was aggressive in giving wings to the controversy. He could not rest. He must try to convince Wesley and others that his view was the correct one. Champions on each side took up the gauntlet, and the fire of controversy thus kindled rapidly spread. Able men on both sides took up the pen of wit and wisdom, and sometimes even added a little gall, in defense of truth as they saw it. Some came out of the controversy with less grace and not much more wisdom than when they entered. It is agreed by all that the choicest and most able combatant was John Fletcher of Madelcy, who, while he debated with most keen insight and profound wisdom, never lost his temper, nor entertained any but the kindliest feelings of Christian love and respect for his opponents. His writings at that period are a permanent contribution to religious literature, and are profitable for doctrine, reproof, and instruction in righteousness.

Wesley's large-mindedness is evident all through the troublous period. He was a man of peace, and continued without abatement his efforts to win souls into the kingdom. He refused, however, to let the churches become mere debating societies, and was willing that members disagree with him on abstract points, if they were peaceable, and if they were godly and consistent in conduct. But when he was aroused to speak or write on the controverted subject, it was with matchless fire of eloquence and an unequaled weight of logic. Usually, *written* sermons are much like the valley of dry bones of the prophet's vision, and one wonders, when *reading* the sermons of Wesley, where lay the secret of his great success. A written sermon lacks the power of personality, under the unction of the Holy Ghost. But his sermon on *Free Grace* is considered a masterpiece, unsurpassed in ancient or modern ora-

tory. It has the fire and glow of passion, and the crystalline clearness of logic.

"Both the reason and the conscience of mankind have declared themselves on the side of Wesley as against Whitefield's perverse and dreadful theology. Both Whitefield and Wesley maintained the utmost confidence in each other, and rejoiced in the hope of meeting in Heaven.

Wesley was naturally a High Churchman, and remained loyal to it until absolute necessity required him to dissent from it, that the hundreds of young converts might be properly shepherded.

WESLEY'S MARRIAGE

Wesley's love affairs were both amusing and disastrous, but his marriage was a tragedy. We have already briefly told of the affair in Georgia, and its disappointing outcome. In 1748 Wesley suffered a brief attack of sickness. The gentle ministrations of Grace Murray, one of the helpers in the Orphan House at Newcastle, won his grateful affection. She was a widow of twenty-eight. After Wesley's recovery she traveled some with him, assisting in the services. She seems to have been a gifted woman, and useful in the Lord's service. But there seems to have been in her nature a strange fickleness of affection. Or it may have been that another, Mr. Bell by name, exercised too great influence over her mind. The fact is, she seemed to care for each of them. She probably would have been soon married to Mr. Wesley had not Bell, aided by Charles Wesley, interfered. Her engagement to Wesley was broken, and she hastily married Bennet. Within nine months of the marriage Bennet separated from Wesley, taking with him all the members of the society as he could influence.

Had she married Wesley, she probably would have become a well-established and useful Christian worker, and a true heart-mate for the great itinerant. Their separation for life seems to have been unfortunate for both of them.

Eighteen months later he met Mrs. Vazeille, a widow having three children and a good income. She seemed to be a pious woman, "of a sorrowful spirit." Mr. Wesley, who seemed not to be as good a judge of women as of men, took her at face value, and soon proposed marriage to her. At the time a slight accident made him lame for a time, and prevented his usual travels. It seems unfortunate that he did not take a long journey, and, in the usual round of busy work, forget the charming widow. Instead, she nursed him in his affliction, and that was always fatal for Wesley. Before his lameness was cured, without this time giving his brother Charles or any other man opportunity to meddle, the knot was tied that bound him for thirty years to a woman who proved to be ignorant, self-indulgent, and with a semi-lunatic capacity for jealousy. "His wife was nothing better than a human gad-fly. Her business in existence was to sting." For a while she accompanied him in his preaching tours, but her genius for quarreling with everybody about her made too much trouble, and brought that to an end. She then busied herself investigating her husband's correspondence, spying upon him, falsely accusing him in private and in public, and, as much as possible, making life miserable.

Fortunate was it for him that his work called him away so much. Well might it be a trial to any woman to be tied to so comet-like a husband. It is barely possible that if he had married a congenial and loving woman, his usefulness might have been curtailed by narrowing his sphere, for he was not unresponsive to true affection. As it was, he moved on in his

appointed course, making no effort to rectify the slanders uttered and published by his wife. In a brief time her own character became known, and he was vindicated.

Sometimes she left him, then returned at her own pleasure. Finally she disappeared to return no more. In 1781 he received notice of her death.

Charles Wesley had called her his best friend, because she told him his faults most faithfully. But when she accused his loved wife, Sally, of having for several years been the mistress of his brother, it was almost too much for the patient man. Inflamed jealousy had made her a veritable virago.

John Hampson said that marriage would have crippled John Wesley and George Whitefield if God had not sent them a brace of ferrets.

The wife of Charles Wesley was of a very tender and loving spirit, a woman of sound judgment and clear intellect; she was the joyous mother of eight children, made her husband serenely happy, and outlived him many years.

March 29, 1788, the nightingale of early Methodism took his flight. The epitaph on his tomb was written by his own hand:

"With poverty of spirit blest,
Rest, happy saint, in Jesus rest;
A sinner saved, through grace forgiven,
Redeemed from earth to reign in Heaven!
Thy labors of unwearied love,
By thee forgot, are crowned above—
Crowned through the mercy of thy Lord,
With a free, full, immense reward!"

CLOSING LIFE'S DAY

Standing under a great tree, a listening and reverent crowd about him, with trembling lips, John Wesley preached his last

open-air sermon, at Winchelsea, October 7, 1790. The people were bathed in tears.

Though now an image of extreme feebleness, he went on planning, writing, traveling and preaching. He closed each interview, and every meeting, with the message, "Little children, love one another." Eternity was nearing, and he seemed to realize that each service might be his last. The wheels of life had almost stopped. The firm, tough little body that had served him so well for almost eighty-eight years, finally wore out in the Lord's good service.

On Saturady and Sunday fever kindled in his veins. On Tuesday the indomitable old man preached at City Road, and on Wednesday at Leatherhead. It was the faithful preacher's last message. The text was, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."

He shambled into his home on Friday, a stricken man. Making his way upstairs, he asked all to leave the room. There for half an hour, facing eternity, he tarried alone with his God, like Moses on the hilltop. He lingered three or four days. Triumphant days were they, bright with gleams from the heavenly shore.

"I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me," he oft repeated.

In a low, distinct voice, he said: "There is no way into the holiest, but by the blood of Jesus." Occasionally he broke out in snatches of song. "His failing voice ran into music as if by some eager and resistless impulse."

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures."

"He went back to bed, and, lying there, bade those about him pray and praise. He gave composed directions for his funeral, and after lying silent a little, he whispered, with kindling face, 'The best of all is, God is with us.' Then lifting his hand as though to wave it, he cried once more, like a soldier exulting in the moment of victory, 'The best of all is, God is with us.' Hester Ann Rogers came into the room with her husband. 'Who are these'? asked Wesley. Said Rogers, 'Sir, we have come to rejoice with you. You are going to receive your crown.' 'It is the Lord's doing,' answered the dying man, 'and marvelous in our eyes.'

All through the night, broken accents of praise and adoration fell from his lips. On Wednesday morning, at ten o'clock, while a group of faithful and weeping friends stood round his bed, and Joseph Bradford was in the act of praying, Wesley whispered, 'Farewell,' and his spirit passed away. Joseph Bradford at that moment was repeating the words, 'Life up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors.' Then those in the room broke into singing:

> 'Waiting to receive thy spirit,
> Lo, the Savior stands above,
> Shows the purchase of His merit,
> Reaches out the crown of love.'"

Wesley's religion had stood the supreme test. He had faced the last enemy, Death, with an unflinching faith, and had triumphed gloriously. He proved, indeed, that perfect love casteth out fear. His life exemplified the great doctrine of Entire Sanctification, the spreading of which truth was the grand depositum of Methodism.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

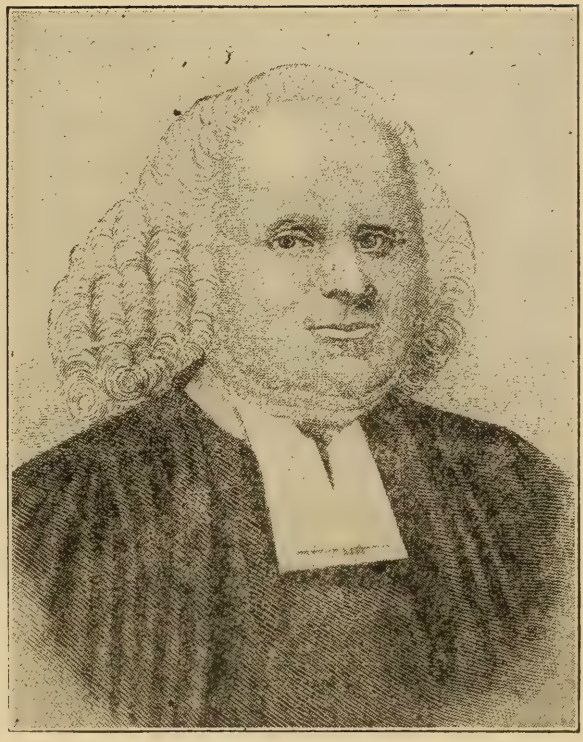
ON the blackest soils grow the fairest flowers, and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward among the rocks."

"It is the north wind that lashes men into vikings; it is the soft, luscious south wind which lulls them to lotus dreams."

With no remarkable ancestry to presage greatness, with environments of vice and vulgarity surrounding his childhood, not having kind, conscientious parents to give him Christian training, in his early years George Whitefield gave little indications of ever attaining success or distinction in any calling. But the quickening of Divine grace awakened latent talents, holy zeal fired his ambitions to be useful to his fellow-men, and Divine ardor ravished his soul and consumed his energies with untiring efforts to reclaim sinners from the error of their ways.

Application, perseverance, concentration, doing one thing and doing it well, doing it better than the usual grade of execution, have done more to lift lives out of the ordinary into the extraordinary than genius alone has accomplished. Indeed, one defines genius as "the art of taking infinite pains."

"If we were to examine a list of the men who have left their mark on the world, we should find that, as a rule, it is not composed of those who were brilliant in youth, or who gave great promise at the outset of their careers, but rather to the plodding young men who, if they have not dazzled by their brilliancy, have had the power of a day's work in them, who



GEORGE WHITEFIELD

could stay by a task until it was done, and well done—who have had grit, persistence, common sense and honesty."

George, the sixth son of Thomas and Elizabeth Whitefield, was born December 27, 1714, in the Old Bell Inn, Gloucestershire, England. The father died when George was two years old, and the mother continued the business of keeping the tavern. When large enough, George, clad in a blue apron, washed mops, cleaned rooms and tended bar. Not a promising outlook, to be sure. For the amusement of others he used to mimic preachers, read prayers and compose sermons. But his conscience began to be troubled, and late in the night he might have been found poring over his Bible, long after the lights in the tavern were out.

In his eighteenth year he entered Oxford. Gladly he joined the Holy Club, composed of pious young men, seriously bent on serving God. Charles Wesley was his spiritual father, John Wesley his early counselor.

In his twenty-first year he was ordained by Bishop Benson, of the Established Church. He went as a missionary to Georgia, and was the founder of an orphan asylum there. This home for destitute children was often the theme of his eloquence and the object of his constant prayers and labors. He received and expended about seventy-five thousand dollars for the orphan house. In it during his life one hundred and forty boys and forty-three girls had been clothed, educated, maintained, and suitably provided for. Shortly after his death the Revolutionary War came on, and a few years later the main building of the orphanage was destroyed by fire. Whitefield was sometimes accused by his enemies of appropriating the funds raised for the orphanage to personal uses. But he kept his accounts open to the public, had them audited and filed

under oath, and the records show that he did not even deduct his traveling expenses.

In appearance Whitefield was large, portly, and not decidedly handsome. He wore a large wig, and preached in the gown and bands worn by the clergy of the church of England. His enemies gave him the nickname of "Squintum" because of a slight squint of one of his sparkling eyes.

But all personal characteristics were lost sight of when his eloquent voice pealed forth the thunders of Sinai, or groans of Gethsemane, or passion of Calvary. He was undoubtedly the prince of pulpit orators. Garrick, the celebrated English actor, heard Whitefield with delight, and said, "I would give a hundred guineas if I could only say 'Oh' like Mr. Whitefield." He declared that Whitefield's eloquence advanced up to the fortieth repetition of a sermon, and that he could make his auditors weep or tremble merely by varying his pronunciation of the word Mesopotamia.

"His face was like a canvas, and on it he painted every passion that stirs in the human breast. It was at one moment terrific, as if all the furies were enthroned on that dark brow; and the next, as by a dissolving view, there would come forth an angelic sweetness that savored of Heaven itself. His eyes, upturned, seemed to the beholder to penetrate the very throne of God. He saw, so it would seem, the celestial host. He addressed Gabriel, as if familiar with that bright archangel. He bade him suspend his flight, and receive the news and bear it upward, that one more sinner had repented. 'Stop, Gabriel, stop,' he cried, as naturally as if the vision were real, and as if Gabriel folded his wings at the preacher's call and received the joyful message.

"His voice was such as man is seldom gifted with. It could be heard distinctly on a clear, still evening, for a mile.

It was smooth, variable, and could express the gentlest emotions. It was capable of swelling into thunder peals, and then every ear tingled and every heart trembled. The great foundation of his eloquence lay in a soul of intense emotions, stirred to its very depths by the power of religion. He was a consecrated man from the first. It was a full, joyful and cordial surrender of all his powers and affections to Christ, and to the love of souls for Christ's sake. He counted everything but loss for Him. His love was the grand impulsive power in all his journeys, his labors, his self-denials and his aims. This burning zeal for Christ found expression in the gesture, the countenance, the voice. In gesture no man ever excelled, perhaps none ever equaled him. A single movement of his finger, with the accompanying expression of his face, would thrill an audience or dissolve them to tears. His face radiant with the light from Heaven, which he had caught on the mount of communion, begat an immediate sympathy as all eyes were riveted upon it."

He studied elocution, practised faithfully in private, and believed that a minister is deficient in training without it. His eloquence never waned, but was greater and more impressive at fifty than at thirty.

"When Whitefield preached before the seamen in New York he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon: 'Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land; but what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts

are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?' The unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose, and with united voices exclaimed, 'Take to the life-boat! Take to the life-boat, sir!' Mr. Whitefield seized upon this reply, urged them to fly to Jesus Christ, the great life-boat, who could save them in the severest hurricane that ever blew. His ingenious application had a fine effect upon the old seamen."

Benjamin Franklin, on one occasion when going to hear Whitefield, determined to give nothing if a collection should be taken. In his pocket he had some gold, silver and copper coins. Under the persuasive power of the eloquent appeal the great but skeptical man decided first to give his copper coins, later the silver, and then the gold. Finally, when the plate was passed, he emptied his pockets into it!

Whitefield charmed Lord Chesterfield. On one occasion the latter was so enthralled by Whitefield's description of the way and fate of the sinner, under the figure of a blind beggar losing his way, groping about on the edge of a precipice, dropping his cane, bending over, and the next instant falling headlong into the yawning chasm, that Lord Chesterfield bounded to his feet and exclaimed, "By heavens, he's gone!"

In doctrine he agreed with Lady Huntingdon, and entered many doors open by her among the nobility of England. Unlike Wesley, he did not organize his converts into classes and provide shepherds for them. He later acknowledged that Wesley's plan was the better.

His written sermons are not remarkable for logic or brilliancy. He was an orator, not a writer.

He was ridiculed by ministry and laity who professed to be doing God service. He was attacked brutally in his bed,

and almost killed. He was mobbed, egged and stoned. He was mimicked on the stage as "Dr. Squintum." But none of these things moved him. He counted it all joy to suffer for Jesus' sake. His popularity increased on both sides of the Atlantic, and never waned. From Savannah to Boston, listening thousands were profited by his tender, flaming, persuasive discourses. He crossed the Atlantic thirteen times.

His last sermon was delivered in the open air at Exeter, Mass., September 29, 1770. Before preaching some one said to him: "Sir, you are more fit to go to bed than to preach." "True, sir," replied Mr. Whitefield, then prayed: "Lord Jesus, I am weary *in* Thy work, but not *of* Thy work. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go on and speak for Thee once more in the fields, seal Thy truth, then go home and die."

The sermon was two hours in length, an effort of stupendous eloquence, his last field triumph. That afternoon he returned to Newburyport with his old friend, Rev. Parsons, at whose house he died. This was Saturday, and Mr. Whitefield was to preach there on Sunday. Crowds gathered to hear him that evening. After stating that he could not say a word, he took a candle and left for bed. Feeling the worth of souls, and seeing the number who were hungering for the word of life, he paused on the stairs and delivered to them an exhortation of powerful eloquence and melting pathos. His voice was musical, the audience was melted, and tears flowed freely. He talked on until the candle he was holding in his hand burned away and went out in its socket.

In the night his asthma came on again. At six o'clock Sabbath morning the glory of the eternal day burst upon his enraptured vision, and he went to his reward.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

FRANCES WILLARD, world famous as the founder of the National and World's organizations of the W. C. T. U., was born at Churchville, N. Y., September 28, 1839. She came of sturdy old Puritan stock, her wise, patient and godly mother being of a family known for piety and integrity. Her father was Josiah Flint Willard. His daughter describes him as "a man elegant in person, devoutly religious, gifted with a fine mind, an inflexible will, and unusual powers of thought and speech."

Verily, the inheritance of spiritual and intellectual powers, as well as physical, with which parents endow their children, are of utmost value in predisposing the child to useful and holy living.

Three children added their bright faces and charming originalities to the home—Oliver, Frances and Mary. Five years were spent at Oberlin College, in Ohio; twelve years at Zanesville, Wis., in Forrest Home's seclusion and idyllic rustic life. Here, "far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife", they grew like tender plants adding zest to their plays and development to their original and precocious minds.

Frances was discovered one day enthusiastically declaiming to passers-by from the top of the gate-post. The wise mother guided her winging ambitions by taking her in her arms and asking her to say her pieces for mamma, because she liked to hear her, and could tell her how to say them well.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

A proper provision for the busy hands and active brains of growing children would direct them into useful channels and save much unpleasantness in so many homes.

Frances was affectionate, confiding, fond of books, eager for knowledge, anxious to see the world, know folks, and live most usefully.

We see the inborn repugnance to alcohol in a childish charter of an imaginary city, in which Frances states, "We will have no saloons or billiard halls, then we will not need any jails."

Education and Conversion

When Frances was fourteen years old, her father and some neighbors hired a competent teacher to come to their rural home and, for ten months, instruct the children. Then the district school was established, where Frances won some laurels for poem and essay.

When she was nineteen, she and Mary entered the Northwestern Female College, at Evanston, Ill. The gentle, retiring Mary at once won all hearts. But Frances had more of a conquest. Her spirit of adventure, talents for leadership, vivacity of intellect, close application to her studies, scorn of that silly weakness so many of her age exhibit toward the opposite sex, rugged wrestling with difficulties, suitable attention to appearance and decorum, without bondage thereto, convinced her classmates of her good mental abilities and excellent character. Modest, merry and wise, she stood at the head of her class. Stricken low with typhoid fever, she was unable to be present at the graduation exercises.

Sabbath had always been a most sacred day in her home, with quiet walks and talks with parents, and singing at twilight hour, "Guide Me, Oh, Thou Great Jehovah", and

other sacred hymns. Living so near to nature's throbbing heart, loving every winged or creeping thing, passionately fond of flowers, Frances' worshipful spirit adored her Lord and aspired to do His will.

But not until she lay so very sick, the candle of life flickering, did the Divine call come clear and insistent. Like Samuel, she said, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." After the struggle of her strong will was over, sweet, restful peace came, mellowing her soul. She called her mother, and told her of her surrender to Jesus. Henceforward her life was not to be her own. It was a happy hour for mother and daughter.

At the age of twenty-seven, in a meeting held by Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, she definitely sought and obtained the experience of entire sanctification. She thought her chief besetments had been "a speculative mind, a hasty temper, and a purpose to be a celebrated person. But in that hour of real self-examination I felt humiliated that the simple bits of jewelry I wore, gold buttons, rings and pins, all of them plain and quiet in their style, came up to me as the separating causes between my spirit and my Savior. The sense of it remained so strong that I unconditionally yielded my pretty little jewels, and a great peace came into my soul. A conscious emotional presence of Christ held me. I cannot describe the deep welling up of joy that gradually possessed me."

Most likely the return to the use of those articles of adornment later was a barrier to her regaining the experience of holiness after once she had lost it.

Just previous to her becoming perceptress at the Seminary of Lima, N. Y., the following fatal advice was given to her by an honored minister: "Sister, there is a strange state of things at Lima. The Free Methodists have done great harm by their excesses in the doctrine and experience of holi-

ness. You must know, I believe thoroughly in, and profess it, but now our church has suffered so much from the Nazarites, as they are called, and I fear if you speak and act so zealously at Lima in this cause as you do here, it may make trouble. Hold to the experience, but be very careful in stating it."

A professor at Lima replied to a student who inquired about holiness that it was not mentioned there. This quietus had its effect.

She says, "I kept still until I had nothing to keep still about." Many times later she thought to regain the experience, but she never gave certain evidence of obtaining it.

They who have never entered into the holy of holies in the Christian walk would consider such small matters as mere trifles. But to the tenderly conscientious, all that bears upon the question of humility and obedience is of vital importance, for "whatsoever is not of faith is sin." Rom. 14:23.

Several events led to her call to the W. C. T. U. work.

A woman of large intellect and great executive ability, she was rapidly promoted in the teaching profession. From country school-ma'am at Harlem, Ill., she became perceptress at her *alma mater* at Evanston, Ill. She was successively president of a Woman's College in Pittsburg, Pa., president of a private school at Evanston, teacher in the Seminary of Lima, N. Y., and president of Evanston College for Ladies. The last was a co-educational institution, in the government of which she was highly successful.

Women are endowed with large mental and soul powers, and should be given their proper place and voice in home, church and state. Two-thirds of professing Christians are women. Women, the natural home-protectors, must be silent, while all her peers in sex, though many of them be far infer-

ior in morals, education and citizenship, may perpetuate home-destroying institutions which greedily snatch from her arms the youth, to furnish recruits for the brothel, gambling den and house of shame. The saloon is a legalized evil, and as such goes on in its damnable business, protected by law.

The ballot is the only means of cleansing our loved nation from this cursed blot on its civilization. The votes of man, unaided by woman, have not accomplished the great work. How long shall pure hands be bound, who long to aid in the great conflict between virtue and impurity, chastity and the brothel, home and the saloon?

Having resigned her position as Dean of the Women's College, Miss Willard was casting about in her mind what course to pursue. Her intimate friend, Kate Jackson, desired a traveling companion. Delighted that his daughter might have the safe and instructive companionship of such an intelligent woman, Mr. Jackson paid all expenses of the two, who spent two and a half years touring Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land. This was an opportunity, indeed, and Miss Willard put herself heartily into labor and study, using her pen diligently. They visited all but one of the capitols of Europe.

She was now about thirty-four years old. The Woman's Temperance Crusade was beginning its noble work, pleading, praying, agitating, in saloons and public meetings, much criticised by the press, and railed at by brewers and liquor vendors. Miss Willard took a warm interest in the work, and publicly espoused the cause, traveling some states in its interest.

In the same mail came two letters to her, one offering her the position of lady principal of a fine school for young women, to choose her own duties and receive a salary of $2,400 per year. The other letter was an official request, begging her to

become president of the Chicago branch of the W. C. T. U., lately organized, promising much hard work and barely a living, with public sentiment yet much against them. Declining the first lucrative position, she accepted the latter. Like Moses, she made a choice. She selected the more despised position because her generous spirit saw in it the greater opportunity to benefit her sex in the conflicts of life.

Thereafter the home of Frances Willard for twenty-five years was the hotel, the boarding house, the train, or the warm fireside of kind friends. Her incessant toils through all those years were Herculean.

In the United States she publicly addressed the people in every city having ten thousand or more inhabitants. For twelve years she averaged one meeting a day, addressing four thousand audiences in that time. She organized hundreds of local societies, became president of the National W. C. T. U., sent representatives to effect organizations in foreign lands, of which the British W. C. T. U., with the excellent Lady Henry Somerset as president, was the largest and most useful in Temperance agitation.

When the World's W. C. T. U. was effected, Frances Willard was made its president. She had an unusual genius for organization, dividing the work into sixty departments, with headquarters at the Temple, a large, costly building in Chicago, built by contributions from all over the land.

National Conventions were held annually, and World Conventions bi-annually. The famous Polyglot petition was signed by seven millions, and in fifty languages.

As presiding officer in large public gatherings, in tact and ability she equalled any statesman, and surpassed many. In her public addresses she showed a remarkable versatility of mind, large affection, heaven-born inspiration and ideals, abil-

ity to convince the understanding and move to action the energies of the masses. She endeared her cause and herself to millions of earnest women.

She then spent some months in England with Lady Henry Somerset, in recuperation, and in relieving five hundred refugees from thé horribe massacre of Armenians by the Turks. At a great reception at Exeter Hall she addressed an enthusiastic audience of five thousand. In many places the scene was repeated.

Returning to New York, she and her secretary continued their labors while entertained at the Hotel Empire. Here her nervous system entirely collapsed, the frail body no longer able to support her great mental activities. Though receiving the best medical aid, it was in vain. Tossing restlessly, breathing forth her devotion to the Lord, giving directions for the future of the Temperance work, those weary days wore on.

Gazing intently upon a large picture of the Savior, softly and eloquently she repeated Tennyson's lines:

"I am Merlin, and I'm dying,
But I'll follow the gleam."

"How beautiful it is to be with God," she whispered.

Again she repeated:

"My bark is wafted to the strand, by breath Divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand other than mine.
One who was known in storm to sail, I have on board.
Above the roaring of the gale, I hear my Lord."

"By angel hands attended, she awoke among the blest" February 17, 1897. Thus closed the life period of fifty-eight years of a noble, gifted, generous Christian woman.

"Manhood is nobler, womanhood truer, childhood safer, because Frances Willard has lived. Transparently frank and

openly ingenious, she never stooped to scheme and intrigue; never swerved one jot or tittle from the straight line of righteous principle. She won all true hearts by the power of love. She did not seek her own."

"She relinquished that which women hold the dearest—the sacred sheltered life of home. For her no children wait around the Christmas hearth, but she has lost that life only to find it again ten thousand fold. She has understood the mystery of the wider circle of love and loyalty. She has understood the Divine motherhood that claims the orphaned hearts of humanity for her heritage, for organized mother-love is the best definition of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union."

MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE

"BUT, oh, mamma, you are not going that way, are you? Oh, mamma, you are not dressed." These were the words, full of anxious concern, uttered by a very small boy, who had silently and wonderingly been watching his elaborately-dressed mother, before the mirror, survey herself, brilliant with diamonds and very exquisite accessory of an elite toilet. His baby touch upon her bare neck and arms, the shocked look upon his innocent face, and his childlike words took away the usual enjoyment in the evening's amusement and frivolity. "The music, in the whirl of the dance, seemed shockingly to remind me of those utterances, and even in my dreams, somehow, the thought was fastened upon my mind, until after a short time God made me realize I needed a change of raiment, and it was not long after this when, as we supposed, with curiosity, both my husband and I went down to 316 Water Street to a little dance hall which had been converted into a mission, to see Jerry McAuley, the converted river thief.

The Lord most marvelously met us there that night, and before leaving that meeting we both returned to the One whose name we bore, yet had so greatly dishonored. Ever since then the love of the world has been crowded out of my heart, and in its place has been created a real hunger for souls, and a desire to meet God's expectation in all things."

Although her husband was a very successful business man,

Mrs. E. M. Whittemore

and she moved in the society of the wealthy and fashionable, Mrs. Whittemore now felt that the Lord called her to devote herself to the rescue of those in the lowest strata of society. He gave her grace to overcome her natural repugnance to people of that class, gave her a great yearning pity and compassionate love that drew them to her, and made her a spiritual mother to thousands.

After some years of personal work, the Lord made it clear that a refuge should be opened to receive fallen and unfortunate women, where, in the shelter of Christian surroundings, they might be helped once more into lives of usefulness and virtue. Moreover, the Lord required that the undertaking be fully a work of faith. According to Divine leading, she put her own money in another channel of service to the Lord, and now trusted Him to provide the funds necessary for so expensive an undertaking in the great metropolis, New York. Neither did the Lord permit her to solicit funds, or to receive money by hinting for it. He held her to the strictest intimacy with Himself in these matters, so that when money was finally received from various sources it came as directly from Him who had called her to the work, and pledged Himself to provide all that was necessary to establish and maintain it. The result was the dedication of the first "Door of Hope", for fallen girls, at 102 East 61st Street, New York, and since then fifty-three more such homes have been opened in various cities, all bearing the same name. In a little over ten years about $77,000 was received to meet the needs of the first home, and over 2,700 souls housed there during that time. This gives a little idea to estimate the work done by a total of fifty-four homes during a period of twenty-five years! May not the Lord say of her, "Oh, woman, great is thy faith"?

Mrs. Whittemore's children were small, so she could not

give her entire time to the work, but while they were at school, each morning she went to the Home.

"After the rooms are attended to, about ten o'clock we assemble together for a Bible reading, singing, prayer, and recitation of verses. On Thursdays we have a public service at 11 a. m., led in turn by ministers and prominent Christian workers. After the morning service, the housework is looked after till luncheon. In the afternoon two hours or more are devoted to sewing. This undertaking requires much patience and perseverance, both by the teacher and scholars as well, for as a rule, in their past, little attention has been given to that accomplishment. In the evening there is fancy-work, type-writing, and sometimes the matron reads aloud for a change, or they go out to a prayer-meeting or lecture, when considered advisable. The object of the home is to keep everyone as much in seclusion as possible, therefore no visitors ever come in contact with the girls, unless considered best for special reasons. When we feel they are fully established, we are confident the Lord will open up places of employment and suitable homes for them in answer to prayer. Every morning we bring our daily needs before the Lord, and the various and repeated answers to prayer have encouraged and strengthened the faith of those so much upon our hearts, possibly more than anything else. For instance, a certain emergency arose which required money immediately. We knelt all together in a little silence, then we asked for exactly what was required, and before rising thanked God for answering prayer. In less than an hour a letter was given me from a friend. In it she expressed much interest in the work, and closed by saying God had put it upon her heart to send twenty-five dollars. This met what was required, and a little over.

"Another time we had a coal bill to pay, and again united in placing it before the Lord, and the same day a friend handed me the amount to the cent we should have, being perfectly ignorant of either our prayers or of the need. And further, He sends us at times occasional luxuries unasked, which does much to cheer the hearts of those who are indeed striving to cast all their care upon Him." She often receives thousands of dollars from single donors, without solicitation, but in answer to secret prayer.

Let me briefly give her experience in healing. Through a fall upon the stairs in earlier years, the lower part of her spine was injured. She consulted many doctors, and tried many means for recovery, but without avail. She was prejudiced against the doctrine of divine healing as fanatical. But, hearing it taught over and over at the Christian Alliance, she finally made it the subject of prayer and investigation. Then the Lord preciously encouraged her faith by applying His Word. "Nothing could be more emphatic, nor could I feel otherwise than *convinced* that God was leading me in a very direct manner. From that moment I sought His truth with greater earnestness, and *determined* that pride or fear should not hinder me from believing or accepting anything God's Spirit might reveal unto me.

"I began to perceive the *completeness* of Christ's atonement. He not only forgave sins and took our infirmities, but *bare* our sicknesses, and 'with His stripes we *are* healed.' Isa. 53:5. This revelation was truly wonderful. After debating a while, in all humbleness and sincerity, I asked for the faith required to be healed, and waited fully several minutes in bewilderment of mind, as no newness of life was experienced. Then I was shown that my healing was to be received in the same way as the forgiveness of my sins when I gave my heart

to Christ. First, it *must* be claimed by *faith*, and afterward the *feeling*, which evidently had been expected, would follow. I then calmly and deliberately claimed a perfect healing. 'The peace of God which passeth all understanding' entered my heart, and a quiet restfulness took possession of me, and with a full assurance I began praising Him for a complete restoration to health.

"No marvelous change in my physical condition was immediately experienced, but I was *confident* my prayer was answered. I was prompted (a few days later) to test the healing which I continually thanked and praised the Lord for. It was by stooping over into a certain position, which, since my accident, had been impossible to do, even thoughtlessly, without producing acute pains. I confess I attempted to do so rather cautiously, and though so unworthily, I arose, feeling satisfied that God *had* cured me, not only by faith, but by feeling. Taking courage, and asking for more faith, I tried it again, as only a little soreness was felt the first time, and this time even that disappeared, and from that day I have never had the slightest sensation of pain in connection with my spine. I cannot but give God all the glory. The physician who had been attending me for several years, and had made a careful study of my complaint, acknowledged in the most candid and straightforward manner, most emphatically, that no human power could *possibly* have given me permanent relief without an operation, and congratulated me most heartily at what God had accomplished.

"No one excepting those who have similarly suffered can really appreciate the *intensity* of joy which fills my heart with loving gratitude at this truly marvelous change. Better far, though, than this, I have in proportion received a richer expe-

rience of God's love, and daily obtain a keener realization and perception of its completeness."

There were very many interesting cases of reclamation wrought by the power of God through the labors of Mrs. Whittemore and her faithful assistants. We wish to call attention to one, known as Delie, or the Blue-Bird of Mulberry Bend.

Owing to the death of her mother, Delia was reared in a convent. At the age of seventeen, bright, unsuspicious, and of a very attractive disposition, she entered a city boarding house. Shortly afterwards she became much flattered by the attentions of a young lawyer. This unscrupulous fellow trifled with her pure love, deceived her, and finally, crushed and broken-hearted, she fled to a distant village, trusting to hide away among strangers. A few months of never-to-be-forgotten misery followed. Although conversant with many an oft-repeated prayer during her convent life, Delia had never actually known the God to whom they had been offered. Therefore she had long ceased giving prayer even a chance to either comfort or save her.

Friendless and penniless, she roamed around until, with reckless indifference, liquor was resorted to. Before many weeks it would have been difficult to have recognized that once lovely-faced girl in the haggard, half-frightened creature hastening from place to place from fear of arrest. She was arrested many times, it usually requiring two policemen to manage her. She had become an expert pick-pocket. Fighting became almost a mania, so that she became a terror, even among the roughs with whom she associated. None of her associates could outdo her in swearing, drinking or smoking. There was hardly a dance hall, gambling den or opium joint

in that section of the city, where she now dwelt, that she did not frequent, so low had she sunk at the age of twenty-three!

One sultry night Mrs. Whittemore and some Christian workers went down into the lowest slums of New York. Finally they entered a sub-cellar in Mulberry Bend. The room was crowded with disorderly men and a few women—smoking, drinking, swearing. The leader of the crowd was none other than Delia, with ugly black marks under her eyes, a bad cut on the forehead, a scar on her ear, and part of her hair plucked out by the roots. The rest of her hair was hanging loosely down her back over a dirty blue cotton dress. She followed the party up to the street, and offered to pilot them into other places. Thinking they might be afraid, she tossed her head disdainfully, and said, "Ah, come along. I'm afraid of neither man, God or the devil."

For nearly an hour she walked with Mrs. Whittemore, from place to place. Their hearts sickened at the vile depths to which men and women had sunk, almost losing the distinction of being human beings. Mrs. W. used her opportunity to plead with Delia to leave her vile life. She replied that she could get all she wanted to eat or drink, and if she needed money all she had to do was to help herself from those who had it. She had yielded to every known sin, she said, and there was not any use to attempt to do differently now. She had become perfectly callous to everything—good, bad or indifferent.

Mrs. W. carried with her that night a beautiful pink rose which someone had given to her. She prayed for Divine direction, and now felt that this wreck of a girl should receive it. "That's all right," said Delia, as she took it with a nod. Also, she promised to come to the Florence Crittendon Mission on the following night.

The next evening Mrs. W. waited until nearly eleven o'clock at the appointed place, but Delia did not arrive. Sad and prayerful, she returned home, pleading with God to do His best to recover the poor soul.

Meanwhile Delia was unusually sad and depressed. She tried to drink it off, but failed. The more she drank the more sober she became. Going down into the same sub-cellar, she went over to the bottle in which she had placed the pink rose. She was about to pin it on her dirty pink dress, when she noticed it was beginning to wilt, and some of its beautiful petals fell to the floor. It seemed but a picture of her own withered life, and something seemed to speak almost audibly, "Delia, your years are dropping off in sin like the leaves of this rose. And the *end?*"

She trembled from head to foot at the awful answer—"Hell"—and her body seemed petrified with horror. Suddenly her promise to go up to the mission came to mind. The dirty cellar was almost filled with men. Quick as a flash she turned abruptly, and said, "Boys, I'm going to leave you tonight." Among the clatter of tongues one said, "Say, Bluey's going mad! Look at her! Guess she lost too much blood in that last row! And where are you going, my girl?"

"Up to the mission to meet that lady who talked to me last night."

"Well, Bluey, have you got the price?"

"No."

"Well, look here. If you're going you shall go like a lady. Diving into his pocket, he pulled out a greasy nickel, the price of his supper that night, and said cheerfully, "I guess I can go without my supper for one night, so that you can ride." Then the whole crowd decided to accompany Delia to the car. They followed down Mulberry Bend, and

as she boarded the car they called out, "Stick to it, old gal!" "God bless you, Bluey!" "Good luck to you. Don't forget us, Delia!" "Oh, I'll *never* forget you!" she shouted back, as she waved her hand.

But it was so late Mrs. W. had gone home. However, some friends took her to the Door of Hope, where she was tenderly cared for, bathed and dressed in clean clothes. Here Mrs. W. found her the next day. She clasped her in her warm, motherly arms, and imprinted the first pure, affectionate kiss upon her sin-scarred face that she had known for many years. Her whole body quivered. Then Mrs. W. and the matron knelt beside her, while she sobbed convulsively as they prayed. "Oh, I never heard anyone talk to God that way! You speak as if you thought He *was real.*" With some help, she prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner", and there was rejoicing then in the presence of the angels over one more sinner who repented. She arose with victory in her countenance.

Two photographs taken of her, one after she was saved three months, the other after she was saved about a year, show a most marvelous transformation, wrought by Divine grace. Hair, features, dress, posture—all told of recovery from the depth to a life of pure womanhood and devotion to the Redeemer.

Her physical condition required medical attention and she was taken to the hospital. There she testified to many of God's mercy to her. When stronger, she and Mrs. W. visited again in Mulberry Bend. The motley crowd paid very respectful attention as they listened to their former companion tell how God forgave her past. Blear-eyed, bruised and battered, clothed in filthy tatters, tears trickling down their hardened faces, they reverently bowed during prayer.

At Auburn prison she addressed 1,500 prisoners. Having lived the same life as they, and addressing them in their own vernacular, they were deeply moved. She never became haughty or cold-hearted toward the "boys" who had been her former chums, and to her dying day she labored for their salvation. Many of them came to visit her as she lay in her last illness, after being saved for about seventeen months, and with every one she talked, and usually prayed fervently that they might yield to God, and find a new purpose in living.

Her funeral was the scene of many tokens of affection, and one night after, at the invitation of Mrs. W., nine of those rough men made a brave attempt at cleaning up, and made their way to the Door of Hope, where Mrs. W. and the matron made the evening pleasant for them, and an ample supper, such as they had not partaken of for many a long day. They ate ravenously, then gathered in the sitting-room for a Scripture reading, a kind heart-talk and prayer. Coming weekly for a while, and bringing others with them, some of them truly found the Lord, lived reformed lives, and once more found places of respectability in the world.

Oh, rescue work does pay, as we will view values in Eternity. Our Lord ate with publicans and sinners, and for it was reviled by the Pharisees.

May the blessed work of the Doors of Hope go on and on, even after their devoted founder has gone to her reward! Many will rise up and call her blessed, and many rescued from the sub-strata of society will welcome her into everlasting habitations, to hear her Lord say, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

WILBERFORCE, THE STATESMAN

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE was born in Hull in 1759. He was a feeble, delicate child, but had a vigorous mind and an affectionate temper. His father, who was a prosperous, wealthy man, died when he was nine years old, and he was placed under the care of an uncle in the neighborhood of London. His aunt was a pious woman, who loved the preaching and doctrines of such men as Whitefield, and taught her little nephew about Jesus Christ. But his mother became alarmed by the pious tone of her child's letters, and hastened to London when he was twelve years old to remove him from what she considered a dangerous contagion. And all that the theater and ball-room and card-playing could do to quench his early piety was resorted to with infatuated zeal, and with too much success. At first he resisted. When taken to a play, it was almost by force; but, by degrees, he acquired a relish for this kind of life. No pious parent ever labored more to impress a beloved child with sentiments of piety than his relatives did to give him a taste for the world and its pleasures. So he tells us himself. And by the time he was old enough to go to Cambridge, all thoughts of God and of Christ had been driven from his mind. The battle, which had been fought on the field of his soul, was decided, to all appearance, in favor of the world, and everything at the university tended to confirm the victory. The night of his arrival there, he was introduced to as licentious a set of men as

can well be conceived. They drank hard, he says, and their conversation was even worse than their lives. Though happily they never succeeded in dragging him into the mire of licentiousness, he could not, in after life, look back on this period without unfeigned remorse. He was only twenty-one years of age when he was returned to Parliament, in great triumph, as member for his native borough. And now he was thrown into a vortex which well-nigh proved his ruin. He became a member of all the leading clubs in London, and joined in the gambling which the great statesmen of that day indulged in without hesitation.

In 1784 he went down to York, and was the joy of the races. But the eye of mercy followed the young trifler, and led him by a way which he knew not. He asked a friend to accompany him on a tour to the Continent. This friend well understood the doctrines of Christ's Gospel, and had a high respect for religion, though, in his own life, he exhibited, at that time, none of its influence. Of his religious opinions Wilberforce knew nothing when he asked him to be the companion of his continental tour; and, if he had known, he would not have asked him. When luxuriating on the shores of the Mediterranean, religious topics were often discussed speculatively, but there was nothing in the life of Wilberforce's companion to give much weight to his reasonings, and the young statesman held on his ungodly way unmoved.

One day, just before their return, Wilberforce took up, casually, "*Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*," which Mr. Unwin, Cowper's friend and correspondent, had given to the mother of a fellow-traveler. Casting his eye over it hastily, he asked his companion what sort of a book it was. "It is one of the best books ever written," was the answer. "Let us take it with us and read it on our journey."

They did so; and he determined, at some future season, to examine the Scripture for himself, and see if things were stated there in the same manner. There was, as yet, however, no conviction of sin.

The following year, Wilberforce and his traveling companion returned to Italy, but their conversation became more serious than before. They began to read together the Greek Testament, and to examine its doctrines. "By degrees," he says, "I began to imbibe my companion's sentiments, though I must confess with shame that they long remained merely as opinions assented to by my understanding, but not influencing my heart. My interest in them certainly increased, and at length I began to be impressed with a sense of their importance." At Spa, in Germany, notwithstanding this, he joined in all the fashionable amusements of the visitors, but his soul was not at ease. "Often," he says, "while in the full enjoyment of all that this world could bestow, my conscience told me that in the true sense of the word I was not a Christian. I laughed, I sang, I was apparently gay and happy, but the thought would steal across me, 'What madness is all this, to continue easy in a state in which a sudden call out of the world would consign me to everlasting misery, and that when eternal happiness is within my grasp!' " At length such thoughts as these completely occupied his mind, and he began to pray earnestly.

"It was not so much," he said, "the fear of punishment by which I was affected as a sense of my great sinfulness, in having so long neglected the unspeakable mercies of my God and Savior; and such was the effect which this thought produced that for months I was in a state of the deepest depression from strong convictions of my guilt." On the tenth of November he returned to his home a new man. His former

life at Wimbledon is separated from that on which he now enters by a dark gulf of ungodliness. But the gulf is crossed, and the regenerate man stands on the Rock of Ages.

But a new trial now awaits him. How will the gay senator, who has been courted alike by statesmen and by the votaries of fashion, treat the circles in whose pursuits he has hitherto taken so deep an interest? Will he be ashamed of Jesus? or will he avow himself manfully as on the Lord's side? For a time he concealed his new-born feelings, and mixed in some measure in uncongenial company. And then he was startled by the very possibility of so foul a crime as being ashamed of Christ. In the course of a few weeks, however, he received grace to make a frank avowal of the change which had taken place to those who had been the companions of his thoughtlessness. Some treated the announcement as the effect of a temporary depression, which social intercourse would soon relieve. The great statesman, William Pitt, thought that his friend was out of spirits, and hastened to Wimbledon to cheer him, and to reason him out of what he considered his fancies. But Mr. Wilberforce was prepared to receive him. He had looked up, and Divine strength was given him. For two hours the man of the world tried to reason the young Christian out of his convictions. But in vain. The young Christian was steadfast as a rock. He now withdrew his name from all the clubs of which he was a member, and sought the friendship of those that feared the Lord. He seemed to himself, as he expressed it ten years after, to have awakened from a dream, to have recovered, as it were, the use of his reason after a delirium. And how thoroughly he was awakened and restored to a truly sound mind appears from the nearly fifty years which, from this period, he devoted to the glory of God and the good of man. The love of Christ was from this date his

talisman, to use his own words. It was this that made him the champion of freedom and the friend of the slave. And we now set him before you as a witness for Christ, to stimulate you to enter on the Christian race, and to persevere in it. Within two months of his death he was consulted by a young friend as to what profession he should choose. His reply was: "Think particularly whether you are choosing for time only, or for eternity, for, of course, a sensible man will wish to choose that which will be best on the long run. And then it is just as much part of the consideration, what will be best for me between my thousandth and two-thousandth year, as between my twentieth and thirtieth." Think of his, young reader. Be not so near-sighted as to fix your exclusive regard on that portion of your life which lies between this hour and the grave. Look into the future. A thousand years, ten thousand years hence, you will live as much as you do now. Yea, by that time your power of life, your capacity of misery and enjoyment, will be immensely expanded.

Wilberforce did not regret, in his dying hour, that the last forty-eight years of his life were spent in the service of Christ.

His noblest monument is not that in Westminster Abbey, nor yet his great achievement in the abolition of the slave-trade, but the example he has left of the power of evangelical truth, and of the practical energy of evanglical love.

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